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THE GRANITE MONTHLY

A New Hampshire Magazine

DEVOTED TO

History, Biography, Literature
and State Progress

VOLUME XLIV
NEW SERIES, VOLUME VII

CONCORD, N. H.
PUBLISHED BY THE GRANITE MONTHLY COMPANY
1912

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CONCORD, N. H.
THE RUMFORD PRESS
1912

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THE GRANITE MONTHLY

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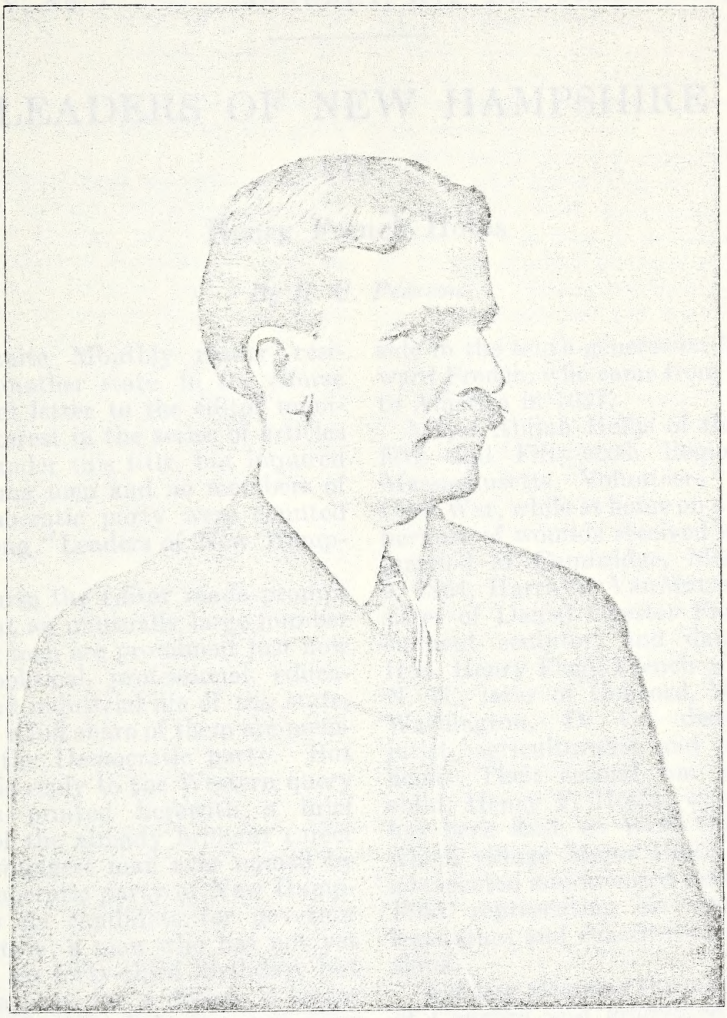
Issued by The Granite Monthly Company

HENRY H. METCALF, Editor and Manager

TERMS: $1.00 per annum, in advance; $1.50 if not paid in advance. Single copies, 15 cents

CONCORD, N. H., 1911

Entered at the post office at Concord as second-class mail matter.



HENRY FRENCH HOLLIS

THE GRANITE MONTHLY

VOL. XLIV, No. 1 JANUARY, 1912 NEW SERIES, VOL. 7, No. 1

LEADERS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

VII

Henry French Hollis

By H. C. Pearson

A Granite Monthly reader, resident in another state, in the course of a recent letter to the editor manifested interest in the series of articles printed under this title, but inquired if no young men and no members of the Democratic party were counted now among "Leaders of New Hampshire."

Of course the editor made prompt reply that an unusually large number of young men are prominent just now in the political, professional, educational and industrial life of the state, and that a full share of them are members of the Democratic party. But in specific reply to the Western query there is printed herewith a brief sketch of the already brilliant career of the youngest man ever named by the Democratic party of New Hampshire as its candidate for governor of the state; a man who has not yet reached his forty-third birthday, but who has been for a decade a leader in his profession of the law, not alone in New Hampshire, but in New England as well.

Henry French Hollis was born in West Concord (Ward Three of the city of Concord) on August 30, 1869. On his father's side he is in the seventh generation from John Hollis, a resident of Weymouth, Mass., in the 17th century; and on his mother's side in the tenth generation from Edward French, who came from England to America in 1637.

Major Abijah Hollis of the Forty-fifth and Fifty-sixth Regiments of Massachusetts Volunteers for the Civil War, while at home on a furlough because of wounds received in action, married at Cambridge, Mass., July 9, 1864, Harriette VanMater French, sister of Daniel Chester French, the eminent sculptor, and daughter of Hon. Henry Flagg French of Chester, N. H., later of Concord, Mass., and Washington, D. C., distinguished jurist, agriculturalist and public official. Their second son and third child, Henry F. Hollis, was born, as has been said, at West Concord, of which village Major Hollis has been a respected and honored resident since 1865, representing his ward in the legislature and constitutional conventions.

The boy attended the public schools of Concord and graduated from the high school in the class of 1886. At once after graduation he went to the far west, and during the rest of the year 1886 and in 1887 he was employed by the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad in civil engineering work between Denver and San Francisco. Returning east, he finished his preparatory school work at Concord, Mass.,

and in September, 1888, entered Harvard College.

At Cambridge he showed the intellectual force and brilliance which have since marked his career, and graduated in June, 1892, with the rare distinction of magna cum laude rank, receiving also the honor of an election to the Phi Beta Kappa society, the national scholarship fraternity, whose emblem is the golden key that unlocks the stores of knowledge and the gates of success.

Mr. Hollis's rank was the more remarkable in that, while pursuing the prescribed courses which secured for him the degree of Bachelor of Arts, he also attended lectures and passed examinations in nearly two years' work in the Harvard Law School. At the same time he took a lively interest and active part in the social and athletic sides of college life, being a member of the university glee club and track athletic team, and playing on his class baseball nine.

So far had he progressed with his legal studies at Cambridge that he needed only a few months in the law offices of the late Hon. William L. Foster and the late Hon. Harry G. Sargent to complete his preparation for the New Hampshire bar, to which he was admitted in March, 1893, and of which he has since been a member, with offices in Concord.

From 1893 to 1899 Mr. Hollis was associated in partnership with the late Mayor Sargent and with Edward C. Niles, Esq., now chairman of the state public service commission. For a further period of six years, or until 1905, he was the partner of Attorney-General Edwin G. Eastman, the firm maintaining offices in Exeter and Concord. Then, for a few years, he practiced alone until, in 1910, one of the strongest and most successful law firms in the state was formed by Mr. Hollis, Hon. James W. Remick, former justice of the supreme court of the state, Alexander Murchie, Esq., city solicitor of Concord, Robert Jackson, Esq., and Robert C. Murchie, Esq.

The firm of Remick & Hollis occupies as an office building the former residence of the late John A White at State and Capitol streets in Concord, a part of the famous civic center of the capital, and known to New Hampshire people as the temporary home of the Governor and other state officials during the reconstruction of the state house in 1909 and 1910.

Mr. Hollis's success as a lawyer has not been in the least surprising, for it was predicted by eminent practitioners who knew him as a boy and watched his first appearances in the courts. In a way it is inherited, for his father studied law and was admitted to the Massachusetts bar, giving up that career for the service of his country; the legal standing of his grandfather, Judge French, has been mentioned; and one maternal great-grandfather was Chief Justice William M. Richardson of the supreme court of New Hampshire while the other was Attorney-General Daniel French, also of New Hampshire. The fact that his younger brother, Allen Hollis, Esq., is also a successful and prominent lawyer adds to the proof of this influence of heredity.

As a lawyer Mr. Hollis is distinguished by the soundness of his training; the exactness of his knowledge; and the fertility of his resource. To thorough preparation of his cases he adds the powers of the eloquent advocate and the keen cross-examiner, with the result that he is considered the leading jury lawyer among the younger men of the New Hampshire bar.

Some of his successes, in the line especially of heavy verdicts secured against great corporations, have been almost startling, notably the verdict for $24,416.66 in Piper v. Boston & Maine Railroad, the largest verdict ever awarded in New Hampshire in a personal injury case, and secured by Mr. Hollis, without assistance, at the hands of a Merrimack County jury.

Mr. Hollis took a leading part in the litigation concerning the John H.

Pearson estate of Concord, the Hiram Barker estate of Farmington, and the Percy Summer Club cases, in which he represented the State of New Hampshire as special counsel for many years. At one time he was special counsel for the State, for Merrimack County and for the City of Concord on different matters, when all three were of a complexion politically opposed to him. His services, moreover, have been equally valued in the less public fields of advice, consultation and office practice.

From boyhood Mr. Hollis has been interested in politics, meaning by that term the consideration and solution of the problems of the day as applied to city, state and national affairs. Always a sincere and outspoken believer in the principles of the Democratic party, he has voted with it and worked for it from the time of his majority. It was natural that he soon should be numbered among its leaders and it was characteristic of his temperament that he did not wait to pass through the apprenticeship which New Hampshire politics used to demand of all young men before allowing them to advance from the ranks.

His first political candidacy was for Congress in the Second New Hampshire District in 1900, when he had but just passed his thirtieth year; and this he followed in 1902 by becoming the candidate of his party for governor of the state, making a second run for this same office in 1904. Those were the days when the Republican party in New Hampshire was at its apex of united strength and efficient organization and Mr. Hollis knew when he entered the fight that he was contending against great odds. But he had the satisfaction in 1902 of cutting in two the Republican plurality of 1900; and in 1904 of increasing his own vote over that of two year before.

He has worked as hard for the success of other candidates on the same platform as for his own, and much credit for the present condition of his party in this state is due to his active service on the Democratic state committee as a member, as chairman and as chairman of the executive committee. He is known, too, in Democratic circles of the nation, having been member of the Democratic congressional committee from New Hampshire; vice-president of the Anti-Imperialist League; and a close friend and confidant of several national leaders of the party.

He always has been an intelligent friend of the cause of labor and a willing worker in its interests. Several of New Hampshire's advanced laws on this subject, notably the present effective child-labor law and the 58 hour work week for women and children, are the result of his initiative.

As a political leader and speaker Mr. Hollis is distinguished by his direct appeal to the people. A student of public problems and affairs he long ago formulated and gave to the public as his personal platform new ideas in government which since have been adopted by the majority, not only of his own party but of his opponents as well. He is in much demand throughout New England as a stump speaker because of his knowledge, his eloquence, and his ability, on occasion, to pour oratorical hot shot into the camp of the other party.

Recently, Mr. Hollis has announced that he will be a candidate for election by the legislature of 1913 as United States Senator from New Hampshire in succession to Henry E. Burnham of Manchester; and to an unbiased observer, on the other side of the political fence, it would appear that the Democratic party in New Hampshire could choose from among its number no man more deserving of the honor of the nomination, both by reason of his ability, training and reputation, and his political record and services.

At home, in Concord, Mr. Hollis is popular as a leader in social life and highly esteemed as a public-spirited citizen. He is a trustee of the New Hampshire Savings Bank, one of the

oldest and strongest financial pillars of the state; has been a member of the board of education; and is a leading layman of the Unitarian church.

One of the secrets of his success on all lines has been his insistence upon keeping himself physically "fit" by refusing to give up athletic sports and the out-of-door life. In the years when the Wonolancet Club of Concord had the best amateur baseball team in the state he was its captain. He has been president of the Beaver Meadow golf club at Concord and ranks among the dozen best men over the links in the state. In winter snowshoeing is a favorite sport. Besides various New Hampshire societies and clubs he is a member of the University club of Boston and the Vesper Country Club of Lowell, Mass.

Mr. Hollis married, at Norwood, Mass., June 14, 1893, Grace Bruerton Fisher, a graduate of the Bridgewater, Mass., Normal School, and they have two children, Henry French Hollis, Jr., who is fitting for Harvard at Phillips Exeter Academy; and Anne Richardson Hollis, a pupil at St. Mary's school for girls, Concord. Mr. and Mrs. Hollis have a striking and happy similarity of tastes and Mrs. Hollis is active in club, church, social and out-door life. She is an officer and active worker of the Concord Equal Suffrage association which just now is making a vigorous campaign for the adoption of a suffrage amendment by the coming constitutional convention, and is also the secretary of the New Hampshire Woman Suffrage Association.

NEW HAMPSHIRE

By Fred Myron Colby

The hills of New Hampshire, how grandly they rise,
Contrasting their green with the blue of the skies!
Their glory arises in prospects that please;
New Hampshire, New Hampshire, I love thee for these.

The lakes of New Hampshire, what sylvan scenes lie
Around these bright waters so fair to the eye!
No lakes more enchanting beyond the broad seas;
New Hampshire, New Hampshire, I love thee for these.

The streams of New Hampshire, that flow to the sea,
Each lined with proud cities, emporiums to be;
The dash of their waters brings fortune and ease;
New Hampshire, New Hampshire, I love thee for these.

The vales of New Hampshire, like visions they cheer,
They shame the Elysiums described by the seer;
Fair Edens of beauty, tempting sun and the breeze,
New Hampshire, New Hampshire, I love thee for these.

The men of New Hampshire, how sturdy and strong;
Their deeds are emblazoned in story and song;
They're heroes and patriots, nay, kings if you please;
New Hampshire, New Hampshire, I love thee for these.

THE OLD ALLENSTOWN MEETING HOUSE

By John Dowst

[Read before Buntin Chapter, D. A. R., Suncook, N. H., Nov. 30, 1910.]

Allenstown, unlike many other towns, has no published history, and, unfortunately, lost by fire the earliest records of the town up to the year 1843. The necessary materials, therefore, for a town history must be gleaned and gathered from other sources than the records, and the supply is very limited, indeed.

After twenty-five years of effort, much relating to its early days has been found, some of it worth printing and some not, and it is necessarily fragmentary and disconnected.

I have a list of Revolutionary soldiers numbering nineteen, many of the war of 1812, quite a fair list of town officers, the old Selectmen's account book from 1806 forward and the old inventory book from 1817 to 1841. Old newspaper files yielded many valuable items, especially in the line of marriages and deaths, and some advertising gave pointers in regard to local affairs. With time at my command, I could make quite a volume, but it is more particularly of the old church organization and meeting house that I propose to speak tonight.

It was thought until recently that the religious history of Allenstown was wrapped in the deepest obscurity, but such proves not to have been the case, although much has evidently been lost. Unlike many of the older towns of the State, and perhaps, some no older than our own, it never had a church of the Congregational order with a minister supported by taxation and a long disagreement over the location of the church edifice, as was frequently the case. Perhaps the principal reason for this was the fewness of the inhabitants and their location, then, as now, like a fringe around the borders of the town, instead of clustering around a central village. We find that some of those in the eastern part of the town went to Epsom and Deerfield to attend services; those in the western part to the church on Pembroke street, and probably the Halls and others in the South parish to Candia.

The earliest preaching in town, of which we find any mention, was by traveling or evangelistic parsons, and the meetings were evidently held in private houses in cold weather, and in barns in the summer, for in those days they had no school houses, but hired a room in a private house in which to conduct the school.

The first religous services of which we have found any record were held at the house of Ede Hall Burgin in April, 1791, by Elder Elias Smith, then on his way from Haverhill to Newmarket, N. H. He arrived at the Burgin's Saturday night, a stranger, and during the evening they learned that he was a preacher, and Sunday morning they sent notice throughout the surrounding country and so gathered the people in to hear him.

This Elias Smith, then a young man just beginning his ministry, visited Allenstown and preached at intervals until 1840, and, perhaps, later. He, with Elder Abner Jones and one other, founded the New England section of the Christian Church. A few years later we find other ministers coming to the town and preaching in various homes and finally in the school houses, and the present venerable meeting house now nearing its century mark.

Elder Randall, founder of the Free Will Baptist denomination, preached at Samuel Kenison's July 8th, 1802, and Elder Mark Fernald was a frequent visitor here during his long ministry, beginning in 1808 and ending in 1852. Two or three settled

pastors evidently served the church at various periods, but we have a record or mention of but two, and two others are named by tradition only. Many itinerants are known to have been here —Elders Swett, Harriman, Blodgett, Churchill, Sleeper, Blaisdell, Peavey, Winkley, Meader, McCutcheon, Dickson, John Harriman Clark and others that we will not take time to enumerate. Throughout its history, embracing a period of fifty-five years, the church was served principally by such ministers and most of the prominent men in the denomination were heard in this pulpit.

Some years ago I learned that the records of the Christian Church of Allenstown were in the possession of the family of the late John Clark of Pittsfield, and I procured them and found that a church was organized here July 10, 1807, which would make it one of the earliest in the history of the denomination, for Elder Abner Jones did not commence to preach until 1801, in Lyndon, Vt. These records give the details of the organization and rolls, with additions for some years, articles of faith or belief, and seem to have been well kept by Hall Burgin, Clerk, the last entry being July 3, 1828. This was regarded as a treasure and a most valuable contribution to the history of our old town; but what was more surprising than all was the finding, a year or more ago, of another record, rather more complete than the first, yet not altogether the same. This record was found in the possession of the late Andrew J. Cate, but it now appears, by the statement of Miss Mary F. Kenison, that it was for long years in the keeping of her family, and only temporarily in his hands. It commences September 26, 1818, was kept by Hall Burgin, Clerk, and covers ten years of the last part of the other book. I should judge that the second book was a reproduction of the first were it not for the fact that quite a number of names appear in the older book that are not carried forward into the more recent work, and they are names that we can account for, and also for the further fact that the church was strong and large enough in 1815, three years before the second book commences, to undertake the erection of a church edifice. Unless there was a division of the church, splitting it into two factions, we cannot understand the two records. Whether such was the case or not, we believe that the church was the result of the preaching of Elders Abner Jones and Elias Smith, who established churches of the Christian denomination throughout New England, and what is more reasonable to suppose than that such a church was gathered by them here when the town was not supplied with means for regular worship.

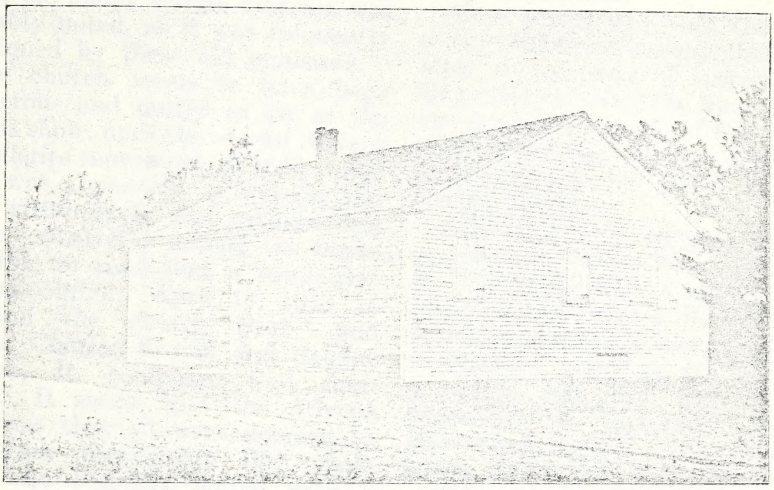
A creed, or statement of belief, was adopted, and, on September 26, 1818, Elder Abner Jones was called to "take the fatherly care and oversight of us so far as to occasionally assist us in Laboring with us and Administering the ordinances to us as much as his other avocations will admit." He was evidently in no hurry to accept, for the records of January 15, 1821, almost two and one-half years later, read, "By order of Elder Abner Jones I hereby record that he accepts of and agrees to comply with the above desire. Hall Burgin, Clerk." Many of these old time ministers were pastors of more than one church, and one writes that he was pastor of three churches, one of which he had not visited for thirteen months.

The list of members in the second book is largely, especially in the earlier years, a repetition of that in the first, but the following names do not appear in the second: Jacob Edes, who lived near the present Allenstown R. R. Station, James Clark, Frederick McCutcheon of Pembroke, Jonathan Martin of Candia, Benjamin, David and Moses Robinson of Epsom, John Connor and Nehemiah Cofran of Pembroke,

Josiah and Bathsheba Allen of Epsom, Lois Evans, widow of Capt. George Evans, who afterward became a Universalist, and Deborah Edes. Then for a few years the two lists are practically duplicates, and, after 1827, many new names appear in the second book. Time will not permit me to give the complete roll, but it contains the names of most of the older families of Allenstown and some from other towns. The families represented were, the Dickeys, Tripps, Bickfords, Worths, Davises and Robinsons of Epsom; the McCutcheons, Connors and Cofrans of Pembroke; Jonathan Martin of Candia and the Philbrick, Burgin, Johnson, Clark, Perkins, Rowell, Cate, Nelson, Kenison, Dowst, Bachelder, Marden, Haynes, Brown, Hayes, Evans and other families from Allestown. Almost every family in the Eastern and Southern part of the town was represented.

Elder Abner Jones was undoubtedly the first pastor, although John Harriman Clark once wrote that the church was organized by his grandfather, Ichabod Clark; that Rev. Robert Allen was the first pastor, and that Mr. Clark, an unordained preacher, took the supervision. This could hardly have been correct for Robert Allen preached here as late as 1825 or 1830, and Mr. Henry Dowst, born in 1820, remembered that he lived with Joseph Brown on the present Fred Page farm and preached, as well as worked on the farm.

Hall Burgin was for many years Clerk; William Clark and Samuel Kenison, Jr. also filled that office, and J. G. Martin was the last to hold the position.



Old Allenstown Meeting House—Exterior View

The deacons, or a portion of them, at least, were, J. G. Martin, Charles Rowell and E. T. Philbrick.

As to pastors, it is not at all probable that Elder Jones, the first pastor ever lived here, but came occasionally; but Elder Robert Allen lived here for a time, and Elder Taft was a resident, but probably for a short time, as his name does not appear on the tax lists. On April 5, 1844, Frederick Cogswell writes, "Myself and wife have preached here about three years. I once had faith in the '43 doctrine but became convinced and readily confessed my error."

Tradition has it that the wife was much the better preacher of the two, but, in any event Allenstown was one of the earliest to call a woman to occupy the pulpit. J. G. Martin was chosen to fill the vacancy as pastor, but was probably not ordained. There is reason to believe that this was quite an important church in the Strafford Conference to which it belonged, and we find that frequent Conferences were held here. Elder Mark Fernald mentions one, August 21, 1822, another May 27, 1828, and on June 18, 1842 he preached an hour and fifty minutes. The hospitality at the old Judge Burgin mansion was probably noted, as it was frequently mentioned by these old ministers.

The church seems to have been prosperous and united as far as the records show, until the second Advent or Millerite movement in 1843, when there was apparently a division and some withdrawals, and perhaps, not a little controversy among the members, for we read that a committee was appointed, April 10, 1843, to "demand the church book" and Deacon Charles Rowell and Samuel Kenison, Jr. composed that committee. It seems that the Advent belief was that all were doomed to destruction throughout the whole world who honestly united with a church for their good and edification. They taught that all who did not have their names erased or blotted from the church records were at Christ's coming to be destroyed.

This doctrine evidently made some impression in the Allenstown church, and Jonathan Philbrick, Albon Perkins, John Clark, Polly Perkins, Sally Clark, Mary Clark, Robert Evans, Moses Martin and Hannah Martin had their names erased, but not so effectually but what they are legible today. Sally Clark in 1853, not long before her death, wrote a long and able article, which is preserved, giving her reasons for withdrawing, and it throws much light on that famous Advent or Millerite period which is still remembered by our older inhabitants.

The church organization seems to have been kept up, and, on August 1, 1859, Edwin T. Philbrick, a son of Simeon Philbrick, and grandson of Jonathan, and himself a member of this church, was ordained to the Christian ministry in the old meeting house, by Elders Swett, Holmes, Bartlett and Dickson. He preached here two or three years and then gave up the church and founded another in New Rye, where he and most of his parishioners lived, instead of in Allenstown.

Here practically ends the history of the Christian Church in Allenstown, after an existence of something like 55 years, covering the most prosperous period in the life of the old town and embracing in its membership representatives of about all of its leading families.

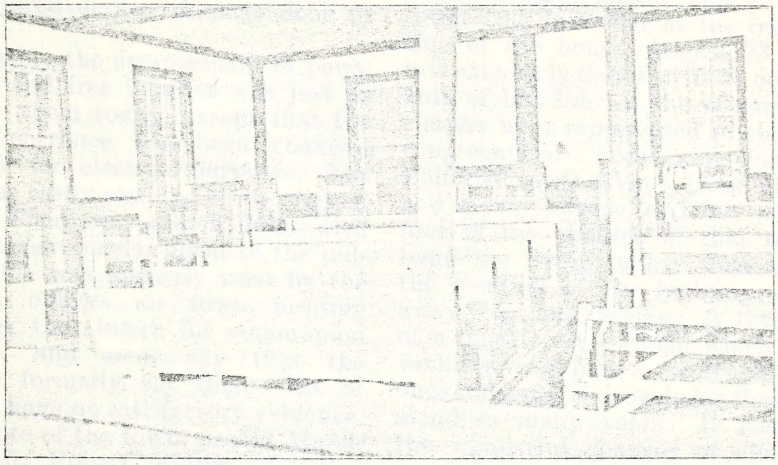
After that time services were held occasionally until 1862, when Rev. W. M. Ayres, then a student in the Methodist Institute at Concord, came here and preached a year or more very successfully, but I do not know that a church was ever organized, but remember one baptismal service at Bear brook, in front of the old meeting house, during his pastorate.

Elder Joseph Harvey of Pittsfield, during the years of his long and busy life, frequently preached here, especially one Sunday in August, and Brice S. Evans of Boston, one who never forgot his native town when he could be of service to her, brought many famous ministers to assist him in the "August meetings," which to the last years of his life were never omitted, but were favored to the last with an ever increasing interest and attendance.

So much for the church organization and our respected ancestors who composed it. We now turn to the old "meeting house" itself, which Buntin Chapter has so generously and patriotically taken upon itself to repair and restore to its former

estate, as it stood when occupied by our parents and grandparents, and also by the earlier citizens of the town for their annual elections and other purposes, as an educational convention was once held here, a singing school and various political meetings preceding elections. This house is probably the first public building erected in town, although it is somewhat uncertain from any records that I have found. Perhaps, there was a school house in District No. 1 (the Evans District), as in 1811, the town paid for glass, etc. for repairs, and there was a tax assessed in 1818 for a new school house in that district and also in the same year in District No. 3 (Buck St.) There was apparently no school house erected in the South Parish, (District No. 2), until later, for in 1822 the town paid Charles Rowell rent for a room in which to keep school.

The first mention of anything in the line of a town house is in 1813 when they paid John Porter three dollars for rum, "hauling the meeting or town house," and Hall Burgin for cider for the same purpose. It seems that Judge Burgin gave a building for a town house, which had to be moved in 1813, and in 1814 money was paid to Samuel Gleason and others for work on "the town house, the old one" in fitting it up. This was, perhaps, never used, or, at the most, but once or twice before we find indications of a new one. It is current tradition, and probably correct, that the Christian Church or Society, heretofore described, commenced this edifice and was not able to complete it as the cost would have been too heavy for them. Probably the church never numbered more than thirty families, most of whom were in moderate circumstances and a building like this would mean more to each than they would feel able to pay. Therefore, the town assumed the burden and, as a partial offset, sold the pews. In the researches that I have made the first mention is in 1815, when the town paid Samuel Kenison for making clapboards and shingles, which were then made altogether by hand, and not by sawmills. There appears to have been nothing paid for lumber, of any account, and the timber was quite likely hewed in the forest, and it was so plenty and cheap in those days that it was quite likely free for such a purpose, and,



Old Allenstown Meeting House—Interior View

perhaps, the sawing was given by Judge Burgin who was the richest and most prominent man in the congregation and owned a sawmill near by. We find that James, Samuel and Nathaniel Kenison, Alexander Salter, Ichabod Clark, Jacob Edes, Andrew O. Evans, Joseph C. Wallace and Jonathan Brown all did work upon it, and Jonathan Philbrick and John Johnson put in the underpinning, for which they received forty dollars. It is said that the men were at work on the building at the time of the great gale in September, 1815, but it is not recorded whether any one was injured or any damage done or not.

Probably the arrangement of pews, pulpit, and free benches was just as you see them today, except that the pulpit entrance has been changed recently for election purposes; but it can be easily restored to its original form. There was also a desk, with a seat inside, just in front of the pulpit, which was formerly used by the election officers on town meeting days, by the church for communion services, and some say that the deacons formerly sat there, but of that we have no satisfactory evidence.

By vote of the town, passed March 12, 1815, Robert Buntin, Ichabod Clark and Simon Bachelder were appointed a committee for the purpose of selling the pews in the meeting house and giving deeds to purchasers, and in October, 1816, we find them performing the duties of their trust. These deeds were for no part of the land on which the building stood, but were for "meeting privileges" only. There seems to be no complete record of the purchasers, but we find in the town books the following list of persons giving notes for the same, which would not include cash purchasers, if any. The names are as follows: Jonathan Philbrick, A. O. Evans, Hanover Dickey, Israel Marden, Samuel Wells, Joseph Brown, Jeremiah Fiske, Henry Dowst, John Johnson, Esquire Burgin, John Davis, Joseph Wallace and Ichabod Clark. This does not account for all of them, but it is related that Esquire Burgin took several, to help out, and Joseph Wallace, Ichabod Clark and Henry Dowst evidently took two or more each. The notes were almost all for twenty dollars and that was probably the fixed price and there are some odd figures that indicate that they paid something extra for their choice.

Most of these pews can be located today, and several of them are yet in the hands of descendants of the original owners. Later many of them changed hands, and it is an interesting fact that at the rededication of the house, August 23, 1909, it is extremely doubtful if the descendants of but four of the original purchasers were represented in the large congregation. Those were Jonathan Philbrick, A. O. Evans, Israel Marden and Henry Dowst, and but three or four of the children of that pioneer band are living today. Considering the location of the building, so far away from any dwelling, in the midst of a pine forest through which a fire would sweep like a whirlwind if it once started, it is remarkable that it has stood so many years. It has seen the wonderful changes of almost a century—travel on horseback replaced by the stage coach, which probably commenced to run through the town soon after the building was erected, then later, the light and comfortable carriages of the present day, and last of all the automobile, breaking the solitude for but an instant in its rapid flight. The old church yet stands, a lonely sentinel by the wayside. The founders have all passed on and most, or all, of their children. The heavy pine forests have fallen and are no more; the hospitable mansion of Judge Burgin has been consumed, and the family scattered, but the dusty road and Bear brook remain alone unchanged.

Buntin Chapter D. A. R. is to be congratulated on securing this monu-

ment of a fast disappearing type as a home, and praised for the interest that has prompted it to secure it and take steps to preserve it as a modest specimen of the church and town house of our forefathers and a building that was once the house of worship and the voting place of several revolutionary soldiers whose memories you seek to perpetuate.

THE AVIATOR

By Mary H. Wheeler

It's up, up, up o'er the tree-tops tall,
And the crowds that are upward staring,
While the trees and the crowds and the hills grow small
To the voyagers over them faring.

While the shadows lie on the green earth's side,
To mount where the light is clearest,
On the waves of the upper air to ride
To the white cloud hanging nearest.

To fly with the wind and to drop and to rise,
And to feel one's own heart beating
With the joy of the lark when he seeks the skies
To carol his morning greeting!

To dare the track that no eye can trace,
Preceding or pursuing.
Where time is naught and the awe of space
Is lost in its swift subduing.

Oh, ye of a race earth bound no more,
Leave your creeping and your prating;
Away with the lark, with the eagle soar
To the boundless freedom waiting!

Go look from above on the earth's expanse,
Through the clearer air of the azure;
Take the town and the mountain range at a glance,
And dust with infinity measure!

Oh, joy for the race, growing wise apace,
Through this last impulsion given,
For with ether shod, on the heights of God,
Men may travel the cloud-ways of heaven.



Mrs. Susan W. FitzGerald

A GRANDDAUGHTER OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

Susan W. (Mrs. Richard Y.) FitzGerald

By H. H. Metcalf

For some weeks prior to the recent municipal election in Boston, involving the choice of two members of the school board, among other officials, the attention of the people, not only in that city but throughout New England and even beyond its borders, was commanded by the vigorous canvass made by a woman, Mrs. Susan W. FitzGerald, for one of these positions—a canvass which resulted in her securing a very substantial vote, notwithstanding the opposition of the party machines and powerful non-partisan organizations, though not sufficient to insure her the victory which the best friends of the public schools in and out of the city earnestly hoped she might win, not only because they believed her to be peculiarly well equipped for the office but because they believed that woman should everywhere have a part in the management and direction of school affairs.

It may be remarked, by way of parenthesis that it is particularly discreditable to the city of Boston that it has had no woman member of its educational board for several years past, the membership thereof, in fact, having been greatly reduced upon the adoption of the new charter in order to render a woman's election more difficult, if not impossible.

Mrs. FitzGerald was well known to the public, indeed, before she engaged in this vigorous and somewhat spectacular canvass, in which she addressed scores of outdoor and indoor meetings, exhibiting zeal, earnestness, purpose and determination in a measure seldom witnessed, and that in the face of almost insuperable difficulties, since she had participated, actively and conspicuously in the woman suffrage demonstration throughout the state, preceding the November election, and made herself known as a leading champion of the equal suffrage cause. Yet comparatively few people in the Granite State, who have noted and admired her efforts, in each of these directions, are aware of the fact that she comes of distinguished New Hampshire stock and knows and loves the State as well as a majority of its daughters. Such, however, is really the case.

She is the daughter of the late Rear Admiral John G. Walker,* the famous naval officer in whose name and fame every intelligent New Hampshire man and woman takes special pride. A native of the town of Hillsborough,

*Rear Admiral John Grimes Walker, son of Alden and Susan Grimes Walker, was born in Hillsborough, N. H., March 20, 1835. He was a nephew of the late Hon. James W. Grimes, of Iowa, his mother being the sister of the latter by whom he was adopted in boyhood, and with whom he had his home until his appointment as a midshipman in the navy in 1850. He graduated from the naval academy at Annapolis in 1856; was made a lieutenant in 1858, and was in active service during the Civil War. He took part in the capture of New Orleans and the siege of Vicksburg; was made a lieutenant commander July 16, 1862, and commanded an iron-clad in Porter's Mississippi squadron. He commanded a naval expedition up the Yazoo River, during which his vessel was destroyed by a hidden torpedo. He commanded the *Saco* of the North Atlantic blockading squadron in 1865, and the *Shawmut* at the capture of the defenses near Wilmington, N. C. He was promoted commander July 25, 1866, and captain June 25, 1877. He was Chief of the Bureau of Navigation from 1881 till 1889; in February of which latter year he was made a Commodore and assigned to the command of the new "Squadron of Evolution." Subsequently he was successively given command of European, South Atlantic and North Atlantic squadrons. January 23, 1894, he was made a Rear Admiral and assigned to command of the Pacific squadron, serving from March until August of that year, after which he was chairman of the Light House board till his retirement, March 20, 1897. He was president of the Nicaragua Canal Commission from 1897 to 1899 and subsequently

Admiral Walker was adopted in childhood by his uncle, the late Senator Grimes of Iowa,* another distinguished son of the old Granite State. He married, in early manhood, a Pickering of Roxbury—a noted old-time Massachusetts family,—and their daughter—Susan Grimes—was born in Cambridge, Mass., May 9, 1871. Her early life was passed in different places, as determined by the service assignments of her father, and her preliminary education gained in Boston, Salem, and Washington, D. C. She also studied in Europe, where in different countries which she visited, with her family, she obtained a knowledge of the French and German languages, which she has always retained. She entered Bryn Mawr College, Pa., from which she graduated in the class of 1893, having been a leading spirit in her class from the start, and a prominent factor in the college life. She remained at the college the year after graduation as secretary to the President, and was largely instrumental in systematizing the administrative department of the institution. Here it was that she first became interested in political matters, and to her initiative was due the organization of the Students' Self Governing Association, the first of its kind in the country, soon followed by many similar organizations.

Her work at Bryn Mawr was followed by three years service at Barnard College New York, where she was at the head of Fiske Hall, having control over nearly a hundred employees, with charge of the buildings, care for the home life of the pupils, and management of the dining hall for non-resident students. Subsequently she was for three years head worker of the Richmond Hill Settlement house in New York, and was a leading member of the first New York Child Labor Committee, which drafted and secured the enactment of several child labor laws, and a compulsory education bill. Later, she took a civil service examination for the position of truant officer with a view to testing the efficacy and real value of the law, from a social and civic standpoint.

In 1901 she became the wife of Richard Y., FitzGerald a lawyer and author, of Boston, Mass., who sympathizes heartily with her views and purposes, and her earnest efforts in the line of social, educational and political progress; but it was not until 1907 that she made her permanent home in Boston. Meanwhile, among other experiences, broadening her acquaintance with life in its various phases, she spent two years on a Western ranch, familiarizing herself with every kind of labor incident to such life.

Since her residence in Boston, Mrs. FitzGerald has been active in various lines of effort for social and civic betterment. She was for three

president of the Isthmian Canal Commission, having charge of the preparatory work for the great Panama Canal enterprise. Admiral Walker received the honorary degree of LL.D. from the University of Pennsylvania in 1903. He died at York Beach, Me., September 15, 1907.

*Hon. James Wilson Grimes was born in Deering, N. H., October 2, 1816, graduated from Dartmouth College in 1836, studied law and located in practice in the "Black Hawk Purchase," afterward Burlington, Iowa, in 1837, where he had his home through life. He was a delegate in the territorial assembly in 1838 and again in 1843, a representative in the state legislature in 1852, Governor of Iowa from 1854 to 1858, and a Senator in the Congress of the United States from 1859 to 1869 when he resigned. He was a delegate in the Philadelphia Peace Convention of 1861. He was an active member of the Senate Committee on Naval Affairs, an early advocate of the construction of iron-clads, and of earth works for coast defense. He was a Republican in politics, but was never controlled by the party lash, acting always in accordance with his own convictions of right and duty. He opposed the increase of the regular army; also opposed a protective tariff, and voted against the impeachment of President Johnson. He was a warm friend of education and a liberal benefactor of Iowa College. He received the honorary degree of LL.D. from both Dartmouth and Iowa Colleges in 1865. He died February 12, 1872.

years secretary of the Boston Equal Suffrage League for Good Government. She is a leading member and Secretary of the Massachusetts Woman Suffrage Association and was, last year, secretary of the Boston School Voters League, whose organization was largely due to her efforts.

Mrs. FitzGerald became a candidate for election as a member of the Boston school committee, not only because of her deep interest in the cause of education and the welfare of the public schools, but also because she believed there was urgent necessity for a woman's presence on the board and participation in its work.

Miss Alice Stone Blackwell, editor of the *Woman's Journal*, in advocating her election in a signed editorial published during the campaign, said:

"Mrs. Susan W. FitzGerald ought to get a large vote because she is this year the only woman candidate for the Boston School Board. Half of the school children are girls, and nearly all the teachers are women. A board which has to do mainly with women and children clearly ought to have at least one woman upon it.

"She ought to get a large vote on her merits because she is exceptionally well qualified to do good service on the board.

"She ought to get a large vote because she is the choice of the teachers. The teachers know more about the schools than any other set of persons in the community, and are better qualified to judge who will make a useful member of the school board. They are experts.

"She ought to get a large vote as a protest against the methods which are being used to defeat her. One of these methods has been the attempted intimidation of teachers. When teachers worked for the re-election of a member of the present school board (Mr. David A. Ellis) they were not only permitted to do so but were praised for it. Now, when they exercise their right as citizens to work against the re-election of Mr. Lee and Mr. Brock, the same people who praised them before threaten them with penalties, and declare that the teachers must be driven out of politics.

"Mrs. FitzGerald ought to get a large vote in the interest of political independence. The main argument used against her is that she cannot be elected. If everybody who would like to see her on the school board votes for her, she will be elected. Under the new charter, it is hoped that less weight will be given to party labels and more to individual merit in school committee candidates. Even under the old régime, Mrs. Emily A. Fifield (who served twenty years on the Boston School Board, and was one of its most respected members) got a bigger vote on one occasion, though she had the nomination of only one of the great parties, than another candidate who had the joint nomination of both.

"Mrs. FitzGerald ought to get a large vote as a protest against the present régime. There is no need to call in question the good intentions of the school board. But the situation in Boston today shows what a serious botch a small group of well-meaning men can make by ignoring entirely the women's viewpoint, in a matter which especially concerns women, and about which the women know more than they do."

Although defeated for election, Mrs. FitzGerald has no regrets for her part in the campaign. She was contending for principle and not for self interest, except as her own children are affected by the condition in the public schools in which they are being educated. She feels, moreover, that the work done will bear fruit in time to come and that another election will result in the choice of at least one woman upon the Boston School Board.

Naturally Mrs. FitzGerald takes a deep interest in the campaign now under way in New Hampshire for the submission and adoption of a constitutional amendment conferring full

suffrage rights upon the women of the state, because of the general interest she has taken in the equal suffrage cause for many years, and her strong love for the old state in which her father was born, in which many of her kindred have their home, and in which her summer days were passed for many years, at Portsmouth, at Rye Beach, at Dublin and, notably, at Wilton, which was her father's summer home for the last fourteen years of his life.

Mr. and Mrs. FitzGerald have three daughters—Anne, Rebecca and Susan, nine, six and three years of age respectively, the two eldest being public school pupils.

A LIFE STORY

By L. Adelaide Sherman

I will sing of spring, and the flowers and trees,
I will catch the tune that the wood-thrush sings,
And the melody of the brook and the breeze—
(And the world will listen to me, I said)
I will sing of wonderful, beautiful things.

I will sing of the promise of days to come,
Of honor and fame, with their hopes and fears,
Of wisdom's heights where my feet shall roam—
(And some will listen, I know, I said)
I will sing of the glory of future years.

I will sing of love, for this sweetest theme
Fills all my heart with its rapture blest.
In the June-sweet bowers where I wait and dream
(And you will listen, dear heart, I said)
I will sing for him whom I love the best.

I will sing the song of an aching heart—
I will tune my harp to a minor strain.
I will sing as I watch my joys depart
(But who will listen to this? I said)
Of a broken faith and a cureless pain.

I will sing of the peace that comes at last
When the gates of heaven soft swing ajar,
And a saving ray to the earth is cast—
(And God will listen and hear, I said)
I will sing of the path that leads to the star.

Warner, N. H.

HISTORIC INNS

By Eva F. T. Staniels

[Read before Rumford Chapter, D. A. R., of Concord, N. H.]

The most modern hotels of the present day cannot compare relatively in importance with the ordinaries, or inns, opened in the early settlement of our country by order of the General Court and under the direct jurisdiction of the minister and the tithing man.

These worthies were given authority to enforce the laws which prohibited the inordinate sale of liquors.

As the inns were often required by law to be situated next the meeting house, many a pleasant nooning did our ancestors spend before the hospitable fire.

The landlords were men of distinction, being often the local magistrates, and the tavern in Ipswich was presided over, in 1771, by the grand-daughter of Governor Endicott, thus showing that some of the best families in New England were represented in this business, also showing that women were appointed innkeepers, so well did they perform their duties.

These houses were primitive affairs, often having but two rooms and a lean-to, and frequently travellers had difficulty in securing beds.

One's dinner cost sixpence by order of the General Court, regardless of quantity or quality, the landlord and his wife often acting as host and hostess at the table.

Several of these taverns bore unique signs, one in Medford representing two old men shaking hands and bowing. This gave to the place the name of Palaver's Tavern, which proved so offensive to the inn-keeper that he substituted another and more appropriate design, in the form of a fountain pouring punch into a large bowl. This Fountain Tavern had substantial platforms in two large shade trees connected with each other and the house by bridges. In these tree rests, the traveller might sit, cool and remote among the branches, drinking tea or a substitute and watching horsemen and pedestrians come and go.

One ancient inn, in Byfield, Mass., was kept by "Old J. P." as he was familiarly called from the fact that these initials were stamped on the barrels of rum with which his cellar was filled.

This tavern of Jeremiah Pearson was a lively centre on Muster days, and many a yarn was spun across the board in the Independence Hall, so christened at the dinner given the returned troops after the Revolutionary War.

Copied from one of the favorite signs of England, "The Bunch of Grapes" formerly hung from a tavern of that name in State Street, Boston. It was made of baked clay, brought from England, and a portion of this sign can be seen in the Essex Institute, Salem, while two bunches of the grapes are stored in a steel vault in the Masonic Temple, Boston, for the Masons take every precaution to preserve this old relic of the inn, in which all the meetings of the oldest benevolent association in New England were held in 1767 and 1768. Here also the first president of the United States stayed. The tavern of "Bunch of Grapes" was moved to Congress Street, and here General Stark came after his victory at Bennington.

A sign verse which hung in front of Mother Red Cap Inn, Holway, England, and which was reproduced on ancient signs in America, savors strongly of our dear old Mother Goose.

Old Mother Red Cap, according to her tale, lived twenty and one hundred years, by drinking this good ale. "It was her meat, it was her drink, and medicine beside, and if she still had drunk this ale, she never would have died."

Although a few of the original New England taverns still exist, many of those now standing are more recent ones, built on the same site, and bearing the same name.

The house at Stockbridge, Mass., first built in 1773 on the stage route between Boston and Albany, was a large and popular hotel when burnt in 1896. In the public room of the present tavern, rebuilt on the old site is a collection of old-fashioned furniture, crockery, and bric-a-brac, considered by collectors of the antique the best in the country.

The Wayside Inn at Sudbury, Mass., made famous by Longfellow's "Tales of the Wayside Inn," was the assembly place of the soldiers after the battle of Lexington.

Wright's Tavern of Concord, Mass., calls to mind a thrilling scene when Major Pitcairn, the British commander, stirring a glass of brandy with his bloody finger, the morning before the battle of Concord, boasted that he would thus stir the blood of his enemy before night.

Salem was the possessor of several inns—The Ship's Tavern, the Salem Coffee House and Thomas Beadles' Tavern, where the preliminary examinations in witchcraft were held.

The first temperance inn was opened in Marlboro, N. H., when liquor was of prime importance in all taverns. This innovation was looked upon with disfavor by drivers of stage-coaches and loud were their lamentations; being assured, however, that coffee and tea would be served them, the tavern became one of the most popular in New England, and thus our first coffee house was started.

One of the quaintest and most picturesque taverns in all Essex County is Ferncroft Inn, Danvers; the views from the piazza are unsurpassed in beauty and grandeur.

It would puzzle the heads of our modern architects, should they attempt to duplicate the architectual designs of this ancient structure, erected in 1692, with low ceilings and heavy oak cross beams, that make the six-footer duck his head, while the broad fire-places easily accommodate seven foot logs. Ancient china, books and prints are here in profusion, with two arm chairs, once the property of Robert Burns. The paper on the office walls is Shakesperian; old English landscapes are in the hall, while hunting scenes and sports of "Merrie England" delight the eye in the dining room. The front of the inn is an exact reproduction of the home of Anne Hathaway.

The Boynton Tavern, in old Newbury, was presided over by a very eccentric man. One of his sons, who was born while the tavern was being torn down, was named Tearing; the second son, coming when an addition to the inn was under way, was named Adding.

Mr. Boynton was the inventor of the first silk reel, and groups of mulberry trees were set out, furnishing proper food for the worms, and some of these trees are in a flourishing condition on a farm in Byfield.

The "West Parish" of Boxford boasted for many years an old tavern that was erected in 1776, where the militia met to be reviewed. The fine country inn, now located in "East Parish" was refitted from an old tavern by Deacon Parker Spofford. Here the first post-office was kept, mails being brought by the stage-coach. The mails were taken to the church and distributed by Mr. Spofford to people living at a distance. Even in those days the good deacons used drawing cards for church services, it seems.

In the town of Danvers stands the old Berry Tavern, built in 1741.

This public house has been maintained continuously from that time, being at the present day a thoroughly equipped hotel.

Our own City of Concord can boast its share of historic taverns. Its first public house was a development of James Osgood's garrison, on the east side of North Main street, just south of the junction with Depot street. This refuge from danger became gradually a house for entertainment, and thither were borne the slain in the fight with the Indians, on the Hopkinton road, August 11, 1746—an indication that its shelter was then a place of common rendezvous.

Asa McFarland, in an article entitled "Memorials of Olden Time, printed in the *Statesman* of February 14, 1845, says he was told by an old citizen that the Prince de Tallyrand was in Concord, a lodger at the Osgood tavern, during his exile from France, 1793–1795.

There was a tavern long ago at the corner of North Main and Church streets, kept by Benjamin Hannaford, who dwelt there as early as 1777.

The earliest south end tavern was that of Samuel Butters, a portion of which remains, numbered 131 South Main street; it is mentioned as being a tavern as early as 1780. In its late years it was called the Concord Railroad House. It was there that the red coated company of troopers in the Eleventh regiment disbanded, and in one of its rooms, February 3, 1795, a meeting was held for the organization of the corporation which built the lower or Pembroke bridge.

There was in the last century a Kinsman House, kept by one Aaron Kinsman, who served as captain in a New Hampshire regiment at Bunker Hill and owned an eight-acre estate, with a good frontage on North Main street, opposite School. On this site he kept a hotel before 1790, when he married a Hanover widow and moved to the college town. The property was sold to George Hough, in 1791, who maintained there a printing office. In 1817 it went into the ownership of Joseph Low.

The Stickney Tavern, which bore on its sign a picture of a bold Indian chief, was on Main street, just north of its junction with Court. Broad gardens and orchards surrounded it, enclosing ground now covered by Court street, as well as a part of City Hall square. Its site came near being chosen in 1816 as the place for the state house. The tavern was a plain, spacious New England mansion and William Stickney opened its doors to travellers, January, 1791.

Both lines of Boston stages drew rein at Stickney's, and its crescent-shaped driveway turned off Main street, as far away as Pitman street, and returned almost as far north as Chapel. In March, 1798, there was a ball at Stickney hall to celebrate the ordination of a pastor for the old North Church. The hours of dancing parties at Stickney's were seemly, for the newspapers of 1808 make mention of such assemblies to begin at 5 p. m.

Gale's Tavern obtained mention as early as 1797, and as late as 1832. It was at the north corner of North Main and Warren streets, and was kept by Benjamin Gale.

The house numbered 250 North Main street, was a portion of the Washington Hotel in the early part of the nineteenth century. President Monroe was entertained there in 1817. The teamsters who frequented this tavern half a century ago were accustomed to pay fifty cents for supper, lodging and breakfast. This included a cigar and a glass of rum.

John P. Gass, a young man of twenty-seven, was the landlord of the Columbian Hotel. It had abundant room, and in 1830 stages to Boston, Portsmouth and Haverhill departed from its doors. This hotel was destroyed by fire in 1869.

Another Concord hotel, around which pleasant memories cluster, was the Phenix, built by Abel Hutchins

on the site of his burned dwelling and opened in 1819. This house was destroyed by fire in 1856, and the existing hotel, which has been run in connection with the Eagle, since 1890, was built upon its site.

The original Eagle Coffee House was built in 1827, on the site where the Eagle Hotel now stands. In Grecian hall, connected with this property, the notable Jackson ball was held in 1828; also the first public dramatic entertainment ever given in Concord. There were noted names on the books of the Eagle—Andrew Jackson, who neglected the dainties and ate bread and milk; Benjamin Harrison, Levi P. Morton, Jefferson Davis and others.

The rates at the Eagle may be taken as specimen charges of the better hotels. From 1840 to 1850 they were one dollar a day; tourists to the mountains paid one dollar and fifty cents, and if a guest looked like a real millionaire two dollars was timidly suggested.

For more than thirty years the American House was a grateful abiding place to many travellers. It stood on the north corner of North Main and Park streets, and the names of many noted men could be found on its registers.

The Elm House stood for nearly half a century on the corner of Main and Pleasant streets.

Many others could be mentioned of more or less celebrity, but time will not permit.

Could we, for a short time, bring before us pictures of the young farmers on their way to Boston, from all parts of New England, on their jumpers, or long sleds, where they heaped the corn, grain, bundles of yarn, homespun cloth, etc., which were to be exchanged for other merchandise; of the severe storms they encountered, making them willing prisoners for a while at these hospitable houses; of the buxom lasses met and oft-times made the partners of their joys; of the merry making in the long winter evenings, would not all this compare favorably with the present mode of enjoyment of our young people; and does it not make us wish for a glimpse of some old time inn? For

No longer the host hobbles down from his rest
In the porch's cool shadows to welcome his guest
With a smile of delight, and a grasp of the hand,
And a glance of the eye that no heart could withstand.

When the long rains of autumn set in from the West,
The mirth of the landlord was broadest and best;
And the stranger who paused over night never knew
If the clock on the mantel struck ten, or struck two.

Oh! the songs they would sing and the tales they would spin,
As they lounged in the light of the old fashioned inn;
But the day came at last when the stage brought no load
To the gate, as it rolled up the long, dusty road.

TALES OF ANCIENT DOVER

I

A Woman in the Stocks

By P. L. F.

In early days the Indian dwelt by Pascataqua's side
Where Wecohamet planting ground his simple wants supplied,
Hard by the Devon fisher's spoil, won from a treacherous main,
In long flakes drying in the sun, told of the season's gain.
The great pine felt the woodman's blows: rang the loud crash afar
While down the foaming rapids ran, strong boom and tapering spar.
Tribute of forest, stream and sea, in those far distant days,
Claimed thus the men of Dovertown, strong, steadfast in their ways.
Their earliest care to build a church on Dover's highest ground,
'Twas there good Parson Maud held forth to sinners all around,
'Twas there that Richard Pinkham's drum—in measured time he smote—
Loud booming on the Sabbath air, sped forth a martial note.
Full twenty years of Arcady—old Dover's golden age—
Since "Combination," "Protest" too were spread on history's page.
Few troubles fretted life's smooth stream by Pascataqua's tide
When Puritan and Churchman in peace dwelt side by side.
But Massachusetts' stringent laws now swayed old Dover town,
Absence from Sabbath meeting brought stern persecution down.
With fine and beating, jail and stocks, the Quakers too were tried
Yet thrived they on affliction with the inner light their guide.
A tale that bears repeating, though oft before been told
Is that of Jellian Pinkham and the grim stocks of old.
'Twas thirteen Sabbaths since to church she trod the village path
When stern old Parson Reyner rose up in righteous wrath
Far down the dusty highway on duty bent he strode,
Surcharged with pent emotion his austere countenance glowed.
"Now hark ye Jellian Pinkham! you scandalize the town,
The elders and the magistrates upon your action frown.
I've endeavored to persuade you, counselled and implored,
But I find your heart is hardened to the preaching of the word.
Now come you forth on Lord's day to your accustomed place
Or the magistrates in session will consider well your case."
"Now list to me John Reyner! thee feeds thy people chaff,
God's golden grain of truth ye lack, but worship still the calf.
The magistrates may fine me, or worse if so they choose,
With Waldron's heartless constables to carry out their views.
Remember Alice Ambrose and Mary Tompkins too,
And loving Anna Coleman in all things kind and true,
They were fastened at the cart's tail, their bare backs beaten sore,
The powers of evil, Reyner! can scarce to me do more."
Before bigoted magistrates who enforced fanatic laws,
In trembling and in weakness, she pleads a prejudged cause.
That bigotry has had its way the sequel well discloses,
"Five shillings for each Sabbath day," the fine the law imposes,
If still she proves so obstinate as to refuse this fine
The law provides a pair of stocks exposed to rain and shine.

So good dame Jellian Pinkham—so doth the record run—
Sat in the village stocks that day beneath the summer sun.
Fast by, a giant red oak towered and within its grateful shade
There stood the stoic Indian by his shoulder nude betrayed,
There were sailors, traders, woodmen in that rude and motley crew
Assembled near the blackened stocks her punishment to view.
The thoughtless pressed around her, with many a taunt and jeer,
But some stood by in sympathy and murmured words of cheer.
The spectacle, lamentable, outraged religion mocks
And nevermore did Dover see a woman in the stocks.
The court that sat in Dover upon that summer day,
Its magistrates and culprits too have gone their destined way.
The stocks, the meeting house, the fort with "flank arts" tall
Have answered in entirety to time's insistent call.
The brooding fields of Dover now calm deserted lie,
Across the neck the nightbreeze wafts the seabird's plaintive cry;
While the stars that shone o'er Dovertown still faithful vigil keep,
As, through the long and fateful years, both saint and sinner sleep.
But who the saint? The sinner who? Ah who can tell
Save He who through the storm and strife hath guided well.

THE GRANITE HILLS

By H. B. Merriam

Rising beyond the busy mart,
  Clothed in their robes of blue,
Of the fair heavens they seem a part,
  Till nearer brought to view.

The air grows dense, with fog that chills
  And darkens in its fall;
It hides the beauty of the hills
  And drapes them like a pall.

A glorious sunset gilds the west,
  Its brilliant clouds it fills
With roseate, gold and amethyst,
  Reflecting on the hills;

Till from each lifted crest there slips
  A light we fain would keep,
As lovingly, with rosy lips,
  They kiss the hills to sleep.

THE TRAINED NURSE

By Evelyn Waite

There is so much to say upon the subject of the "Trained Nurse" one hardly knows where to begin. She is trained in so many more things than just the care of the sick. The trained nurse is an embodiment of tact, diplomacy, serenity of nerves, amiable disposition, and strong character. When a trained nurse goes into a home to care for some one's loved one, immediately the family shifts all responsibility upon her shoulders. Florence Nightingale has done more for the general public than any other woman, simply by establishing a school in St. Thomas Hospital in London, for nurses, whereby women could be trained properly to care for this vast ailing humanity.

It will be recalled, after Miss Nightingale returned from the Crimea, that England, being so grateful for the amount of good she had accomplished presented her with a large sum of money. This money she refused to accept for herself, but established a training school for nurses, in connection with the St. Thomas Hospital. The fund was known as the "Nightingale Fund." Fifteen probationers were to be admitted into the Hospital, and their board, lodging and cost of tuition and supervision were to be charged to this fund. This first class of fifteen were entered in 1860 for *one* year's training.

The trained nurse has such a wide field! Take for instance the surgical nurse—imagine her active brain in entering an operating room. The life of the patient on the operating table depends largely of course upon the doctor's skill and alertness with the knife. The nurse must follow every movement of his hand, and be ready to place into his fingers the proper instrument at the precise moment he is ready to use it; the correct needles used to draw the incision together at the moment he puts down his last instrument, and she must be ready to read his every thought as to his next move.

The public school nurse! There are very few branches of nursing which are so vastly interesting as that of the public school nurse, and with such a wide scope of usefulness—dealing entirely with children, and regulating their ideas, and conforming their habits for young womanhood and manhood. The ailments of the public school children, of course, are necessarily limited in treatment, as the only cases that they would practically handle would be the eye, ear, throat and nose.

The district nurse has, without doubt, the hardest life of any of her colleagues in the work. She works among the poorer class, who are, by the way, extremely sensitive and proud, as a rule. She goes into their homes daily. There are perhaps ten or twelve in the family, living in one room. There is the old grandmother, who longs for her sunny Italy. Poor, tired, patient mother, and hard working father, and, strange as it may seem, they have as much heart and as much thought for their family of little ones as the American parent, hard as it seems to make people understand this! Then there are six or seven children, with a step between, and the sick, feverish body, and necessary boarders.

As the "Trained Nurse" goes into one of these homes, the doctor tells her on their way there that he depends upon her to educate the family into a sanitary way of living. We will enter a house in the slum district, climb a circular pair of steep stairs, enter a room in which we find a patient who has had measles and pleurisy, with effusion, which became purulent. She is running an even tem-

perature of 105°, and sweating profusely. Every window and door closed tight, and a temperature of 80° with perhaps an air tight stove in the room. The floor has not been swept and the room has every appearance of filth. The patient has on a heavy flannel night dress, dirty woolen shirt, flannel petticoat, and stockings; has had no bath for weeks; lying on a feather bed, and bed piled high with blankets and "comforters." She *will not* have a nurse or doctor. However, the nurse, in her tactful way, has opened the windows, swept the floor, bathed the patient, changed the bed, and combed the patient's hair, yet hardly disturbing her, making her much more comfortable; discarded the feather bed, and, in very short order, the temperature is reduced, and the patient very comfortable. The trained nurse, in her matter of fact way, has shown the whole family how easy it was to give a blanket bath, take temperature and pulse, give castor oil in a sandwich, so it is not nauseating; to sweep without dust, by putting a damp cloth on the broom, and that people must *undress* when they go to bed. Education is very necessary along the lines of ventilating the living and sleeping rooms, and regarding the diet.

There is no limit to the extent of help an intelligent nurse can be to the teeming masses of uneducated and educated public, along the lines of diet and fundamental sanitary principles.

Perhaps to the obstetrical nurse comes the most satisfaction, two human lives depending upon her skill. The mother needs attention day and night, and the baby *demands* care. Doctor De Lee, in his book, "Obstetrics for Nurses," states that seven per cent. of all the deaths of women between twenty and forty years, are due to some form of puerperal infection, while thousands more wives and mothers live lives of semi-invalidism from lack of proper care during child-birth, and the lying-in period; while one-third of the blindness in the nation is due to the ignorance and carelessness of those who care for the infant at the time of birth and the first few weeks afterwards. It is an humiliating fact that while the death rate from puerperal infectious disorders has lessened until puerperal fever has been almost vanished from the hospitals, yet the death rate in private obstetrical practice, the country over, is as great as it was three decades ago.

The trained nurse has a life of anything but perpetual sunshine. "The District Nurse," "The Public School Nurse," "The Surgical Nurse," "The Tuberculosis Nurse," are all doing a noble work. I have yet to speak of the "Department Store Nurse," which I will touch very briefly. This is a comparatively new feature of the work and life of the trained nurse. In Boston some of the larger firms have established in their stores, a nurse, a doctor, and a Hospital Department. The doctor makes a visit of an hour three days in the week, for examinations and consultations of the employees. The nurses are graduates of the Massachusetts General and city hospitals. Those coming to the Hospital Department,, or we might say clinical department, are saleswomen and men, bundle, cash or check girls and boys, and other employees of the store. The cases treated are almost too numerous to mention, from minor surgical work to stomach, bowels, and nerve cases. There are from six to eight cots in the "sick room," which is composed of three large, airy, sunshiny, well-ventilated rooms, at the top of the building if possible. The physician is on call at any moment of the day, in case of accident to employee or customer, and should they require further medical treatment, they are sent to a neighboring hospital, at the expense of the store, in which they are injured. This comparatively new idea of medical treatment and aid in a department store is a most excel-

lent thing for the average man and woman employed in a large store, earning a comparatively small income a week, as the medical assistance is entirely free of charge.

The nurses during the extreme heat of the past summer (June, July, and August) saw between sixty and eighty patients *a day*, and they average at this time of the year, with grippe, colds, tonsilitis, pneumonia, etc., from thirty to fifty a day. The trained nurse comes in contact with a great many personalities daily, and as many different kinds of religion, and it would surprise the average person what effect the medicine has upon them concerning their religion.

The idea the true nurse has, is not how hard she works, not how many "hard luck" stories she hears (and each one of the thirty to fifty have an individual "hard luck story"), but what good she can do; how much help she can give those dependent ones and how much of her own sunny nature she can impart to her patients to help lighten their burden.

THRENODY

By L. J. H. Frost

The red sun has sunk in the sea;
The wind is mournfully sighing;
My heart beats sadly. Ah, me!
On the hearth the embers are dying.

There's a withered rose in my hand;
Long ago it was full of sweetness,
For it grew in a sunny land,
And dreamed not of summer's briefness.

Now it tells of a joy so sweet
That it banished all thought of sorrow;
Could the past and the future meet
The dead rose would bloom on the morrow.

The wraith of a buried hope
From its dark, cold bed has risen,
And my heart in its narrow scope
Beats its bars as a bird beats its prison.

Oh, hopes that have long lain dead;
Why have you risen unbidden?
My soul is to sorrow wed,
I need not your awful chrism.

IRISH WIT AND HUMOR

By Mary E. Smith

Irish wit is proverbial. Ireland is sometimes called, "The Land of Ter-na-nog," which means the "Land of the Young."

Saint Patrick is said to have expelled toads and snakes from the "Island of Saints," but he did not expel wit and repartee.

Hours are long, work hard, and wages low. We all know the privation and poverty caused by the landlord system and England's oppressive laws. In spite of these conditions the Irish are a merry, warm-hearted people, indulging in many a jest to cheer their weary way along.

They do not talk for effect. Their wit is not studied. It is not tinctured with sarcasm, but is permeated by good humor, and provokes mirth, not anger.

An Irishman occasionally uses the best words possible in explaining a thing. A man named "Martin" had a precise way of measuring his syllables. A friend described his method of speaking thus: "It's a quare sort of a way Martin talks. It's as if he took the words our of his mouth and looked at them before he gives them to yez."

To fully enjoy these precious morsels of everyday life one must live among the people and be of them. A doctor who lived in Ireland tells this story.—A vicar asked a woman, a great grumbler, "How are you, Mrs. Neale?" "Ah! very, very bad. 'Tis degestion, your reverence, like a hive of bees a-buzzin' an' a-buzzin' in my buzzum." "Is it always the same?" asked the vicar. "Nay, not always, your reverence. 'Tis often like a load of bricks a-poundin' an' a-a-poundin', that's when the bees ain't a-buzzin'. But (the wrinkled old face brightened), but, the doctor —God Bless him—is after givin' me a description an' if it don't cure me, he'll describe me again."

Some of the Irish people do not practice the precept that "Cleanliness is next to godliness," as is shown by the following anecdote. Granny, "the thimble-man," was a woman, who lived near a ditch. She was once offered a shilling to wash herself. "I've heerd ov' washin' a corpse, but never ov' washin' a live wan," was her indignant response.

A doctor was once obliged by ill-health to leave Ireland. When he returned to his native land after several years absence his hair was threaded with silver. A "bhoy" of eighty (every man is a "bhoy" until he is married) met him and accosted him thus: "An' your honor never got married *beyant.*" "Never once, Henry, I'll give my word," answered the doctor. Old Henry lifted his arms thankfully. "And hadn't you great luck, doctor, dear, that you didn't get yourself implicated with a family," was his cordial comment as he shook hands with the doctor.

Irish humor is not entirely confined to the humbler class. A gentleman was on the witness stand in a case being tried in Dublin. The prosecuting attorney asked him, "Did you go to the public house?" "I did, sir." "And did you take something there, sir?" "I did," answered the witness. "Gentlemen, you hear the witness admit that he went to this public house and took something" (the attorney thinking that the gentleman had imbibed a fiery beverage there). "And what did you take?" he asked the witness. "I took a chair to sit on" was the reply, which convulsed the court with laughter.

In Samuel Lovel's novel of Irish life, "Handy Andy," is a striking illustration of the Irishman's keenness and readiness of wit. Father Blake, otherwise known as Father Phil, was one of the two priests who celebrated mass in a dilapidated chapel, which leaked badly. Father

Phil wished to raise a subscription to repair the chapel, which was no easy matter among an impoverished people. It rained on the Sunday that Father Phil wished to obtain the subscription, which was favorable to his plan. The people crowded about the altar, so as not to get wet. Then Father Phil would reprove them in the midst of the mass. These interruptions occurred in the most serious places, producing a ludicrous effect.

A big woman was elbowing her way toward the rails of the altar, when Father Phil interrupted his appeal to Heaven to address her thus: "Agnus, you'd better jump over the rails of the althar, I think. Go along o' that, there's plenty of room in the chapel below there." Then he would proceed with the service. While he prayed the shuffling of feet edging out of the rain disturbed him, and he cried, "I hear you there—can't you be quiet and not be disturbin' the mass, you haythens?"

He addressed the congregation regarding the subscription thus: "Here it is and no denying it—down in black and white, but if they who give are down in black, how much blacker are those who have not given at all; but I hope they will be ashamed of themselves, when I howld up those to honor who have been contributing to the uphowlding of the house of God. And isn't it ashamed of yourselves you ought to be, to leave His house in such a condition—and doesn't it rain a'most every Sunday, as if He wished to remind you of your duty? Aren't you wet to the skin a'most every Sunday? Oh, God is good to you! to put you in mind of your duty, giving you such *betther* coulds that you are coughing and sneezin' every Sunday to that degree that you can't hear the blessed mass for a comfort and a benefit to you; and so you'll go on sneezin' until you put a good thatch on the place and prevent the appearance of the evidence from Heaven against you every Sunday, which is condemning you before your faces, and behind your backs, too, for don't I see this minit a strame o' wather, that might turn a mill, running down Micky Mackavoy's back, between the collar of his coat and shirt." Here a laugh ensued at the expense of Micky Mackavoy who certainly was under a very heavy drip from the imperfect roof. "And is it laughing you are, you haythens?" said Father Phil, reproving the merriment, which he himself had purposely created, that he might reprove it. "Laughing is it you are,—at your backslidings and insensibilities to the honor of God; laughing, because when you come here to be saved you are lost intirely with the wet. And how, I ask you, are my words of comfort to enter your hearts, when the rain is pouring down your backs at the same time? Sure, I have no chance of turning your hearts while you are undher rain that might turn a mill; but once put a good roof on the house, and I will inundate you with piety! Maybe it's Father Dominick you would like to have coming among you, who would grind your hearts to powdher with his heavy words." (Here a low murmur of dissent ran through the throng.) "Ha! Ha! so you wouldn't like it, I see. Very well, very well,—take care then, for if I find you insensible to my moderate reproofs, you hard-hearted haythens, you malefacthors and cruel persecuthors, that won't put your hands in your pockets, because your mild and quiet poor fool of a pasthor has no tongue in his head! I say your mild, quiet, poor fool of a pasthor (for I know my own faults, partly, God forgive me) and I can't spake to you as you deserve, you hard-living vagabonds, that are as insensible to your duties as you are to the weather. I wish it was sugar or salt you were made of, and then the rain might melt you, if I couldn't; but no—them naked rafters grin in your face to no purpose; you chate the house of God; but take care, maybe you won't chate the divil so aisy"—

(here there was a sensation). "Ha! ha, that makes you open your ears, does it? More shame for you; you ought to despise that dirty enemy of men, and depend on something *betther*—but I see I must call you to a sense of your situation with the bottomless pit under you, and no roof over you.

"Oh, dear, dear, dear, I'm ashamed of you-troth. If I had time and sthraw enough, I'd rather thatch the place myself than lose any time talking to you, sure the place is more like a stable than a chapel. Oh, think of that! The house of God to be like a stable! for though our Redeemer, in his humility, was born in a stable, that is no reason why you are to keep his house in one."

He proceeded to read the list of subscribers and the amount given by each, awarding due praise to those who had given what they were able, and scolding those who had been niggardly in their donations.

The required sum was raised and the chapel repaired.

These bitter lines as an epitaph on a "bad pay" were written by a Dublin medical wit of high repute:

"Here lies O'Grady, that cantankerous creature,
Who paid, as all must pay, the debt of nature;
But, keeping to his general maxium still,
Paid it—like other debts—against his will."

We are all familiar with Peter F. Dunne's writings. An uneducated Irishman, Mr. Dooley by name, gives his opinion on current events and customs to his friend, Mr. Hennessey. Underlying the exaggeration, ludicrousness, and seeming ignorance of Mr. Dooley's remarks is much trenchant sense. I quote the following from "Mr. Dooley on Card Playing among Women" (this paragraph treats of smoking). "I didn't read what ye'er good friend said, but I know what he said just th' same. He's sure women ar-re not what they were. An' no more they ar-re. Th' women I see to-day ar-re not the same women I knew a hundred years ago or more whin I was on the turf. They're alive. Look at th' way th' women iv th' day smoke cigareets. 'Tis true I niver see thim, but I don't have to preach about thim. Th' vice iv cigareet-smokin' is desthroyin' th' nation. In countless cities, towns, villages, an' hamlets in this unhappy land, wretched women ar-re bein' sthrangled an' gettin' the smoke in their eyes fr'm these turr'ble inimies iv society. I know it f'r th' preachers tells me so. They was no cigareet smokin' in my day. Th' varchous women iv me gin'ration, th' faithful wives, th' affectionate sisters, th' lovin' mothers, smoked pipes. Those were th' simple times, an' thrue. I raymimber seein' th' vin'rable mothers iv fam'lies settin' around th' open fire which sildom wud burn an' hittin' up their little clays while they discussed th' roomatism that was so common in the merry days now past. How much betther it wud be to see thim, instead iv runnin' home to smoke a little cigareet secretly out th' window, get on a sthreet car, haul a dhudeen out iv th' shoppin' bag, fill it up with *kinikinick* an' get a light fr'm the conductor."

The character of the Irish people has been to some extent misrepresented, as ludicrous, full of brogue and blunder. On the contrary, they are by no means inferior in any respect to the people of any nation. Perhaps their most pronounced traits are their cordiality and hospitality, which proceed from a warm heart.

Many of our brightest, most intellectual people trace their descent back to one of Erin's children.

We cannot fail to see what a prominent element the Irish have become in the political life of our great cities, and they will be in the future an important factor in our national life. They are just as patriotic citizens as we are, for they are Americans too, though a few generations nearer the Old World than we.

FAITH FOREVER

By Stewart Everett Rowe

Oft' times this world is dark and drear to me
And life does not seem hardly worth the while;
Death's unknown darkness seems to lure, beguile
And tempt me oft' to solve its mystery.
But then I feel that, after all, may be
This world is not so bad, and later on
Life's darksome night will lift—life's day will dawn—
And all my clouds of doubt will fade and flee!

I can but feel that all is for the best,
And that the right will surely win at last;
I can but feel that when I'm laid at rest
My sorrows and my griefs will all be past;
And so, within my troubled, aching breast,
My heart with hope and love for all beats fast!

THE MOUNTAIN VOICE

From the German of Heine, by Ellen M. Mason

A knight rode through the mountain vale,
At pace so sad but brave:
"Ah! ride I to my love's embrace?
Or ride I to the grave?"
The voice answer gave:
"To the dark grave!"

Still onward rode the knight,
Sore sorrow in his heart;
"Must I sink in the grave so soon?—
Ah, well, the grave is rest."
Echoed the low voice blest;
"The grave is rest!"

The horseman dried away his tears,
That told of pain he could not quell;
"If in the grave be rest for me,
The grave will make all well!"
Echoed in bell-like swell
"All will be well."

NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY

DR. JAMES A. LEET

James A. Leet, M. D., a prominent physician of Grafton County, long practising in Enfield, died at the hospital in Hanover, after a long illness, November 11, 1911.

He was born in Claremont, April 12, 1855, the son of George H. and Sarah F. Leet. He was the youngest of three sons who were of the seventh generation from Gov. William Leet of Connecticut. He was educated in the public schools, studied medicine three years with Dr. O. B. Way of Claremont, spent a year at the Taunton, Mass., hospital, and graduated from the Dartmouth Medical School in 1883. He located in practice first in Marlboro, but soon removed to Enfield, where he continued. He was eminently successful in tyhoid fever treatment, and was for many years the physician for the Enfield Shakers.

He was a member of the Methodist Church at Enfield and active in its affairs; a Mason and an Odd Fellow, being specially prominent in the latter order. He married in 1884, Miss Jennie Farnum of Claremont, who survives. He also leaves one brother, Dr. George E. Leet of Concord.

HON. BENJAMIN M. FERNALD

Benjamin Marvin Fernald, a native of Somersworth, N. H., born February 14, 1847, died at his home in Melrose, Mass., October 30, 1911.

He was educated at Phillips Exeter Academy and Harvard University, graduating from the latter in 1870. He studied law with Judge Joseph F. Wiggin of Malden, (formerly of Exeter) was admitted to the bar in 1873, and immediately formed a partnership with his tutor, in Boston practice, which continued for many years. He had for some years past been an Associate Justice of the Malden district court, and was prominent in the affairs of Melrose.

He was a Republican in politics and served on the city and state committees of his party. He represented Melrose in the Massachusetts legislature in 1881 and 1882 and was a member of the State Senate in 1891 and 1892. For three years past he had been Associate Justice of the Malden District Court. He was a prominent Mason, a member of the Middlesex Club and of the Melrose Congregational church.

In 1874 Judge Fernald married Miss Grace Fuller of Cambridge, who survives him with two daughters, Misses Ethel and Margaret Fernald of Melrose.

DR. DAVID P. GOODHUE

David P. Goodhue, M. D., long a successful medical practitioner in the town of Springfield, died at his home there, November 5, 1911.

He was the youngest son of Jacob and Mary Goodhue of Dunbarton, born in that town January 10, 1838. His family removed, in his childhood, to Wilmot, and later to Boscawen where he attended the Elmwood Institute. At the age of 21 he commenced the study of medicine with Dr. E. H. Webster of Boscawen. He attended medical lectures at the University of Vermont and Dartmouth Medical College, receiving his degree at the latter in 1863, and continuing his studies in Philadelphia. He served as Acting Assistant Surgeon in the U. S. Navy from January, 1864, to October, 1865, and in February, 1866, bought the practice of Dr. Valentine Manahan in Springfield where he remained through life, winning universal respect and esteem as a skilled and devoted practitioner and a worthy and public spirited citizen. Politically he was a staunch Democrat. He held numerous town and county offices, including those of representative, member of the school board, town clerk and county auditor. He was a member, and had been president of the Center District and the New Hampshire Medical Societies and of the Sullivan County Medical and Surgical Society, and was a member of the U. S. Board of examining surgeons at Newport.

On November 14, 1867, he was united in marriage with Abbie J. Davis of Springfield. Four children were born to them, of whom two—David H. and Libbie A.—survive, with their mother.

LORENZO W. DOW

Lorenzo W. Dow, a native of that part of the town of Meredith now Laconia, born July 27, 1815, but who had lived in Somerville, Mass., for the last seventy years, died at his home in the Clarendon Hill District of that city January 5, 1912.

Mr. Dow was a farmer, with a large holding in the Clarendon Hill region, when he built the house in which he died, nearly sixty years ago. At that time there were only two other houses on the hill, but one store in town, and a wide expanse of farm land met the eye in every direction. Many years ago the building boom had enabled him to dispose of most of his land at large profit, but in the midst of the city he continued the simple habits of farm life, after long experience as the largest market gardener in Middlesex County. He was universally known as "Honest Ware Dow" and the "Grand Old Man of Clarendon Hill." He is survived by two sons—Walter A. and Henry Ware Dow.

THOMAS S. PULSIFER

Thomas Scott Pulsifer, a leading citizen of Campton and one of the most widely known agriculturists of Grafton County died at his home in that town, November 20, 1911.

He was a son of Maj. John and Polly (Palmer) Pulsifer, born on the farm where he resided through life, April 5, 1825. This farm had been held in the family since its original settlement by Joseph Pulsifer from Ipswich, Mass., in 1781.

Mr. Pulsifer was educated at the district school and Plymouth Academy. He was eminently successful as a "mixed farmer" even raising the wheat for his family flour, until within the last few years, but giving particular attention to dairying, the excellence of his products, both butter and cheese, being unsurpassed in the state.

He was an earnest Republican in politics, had held all important town offices, represented Campton in the legislature in 1865 and 1866, and was a justice of the peace for 55 years. He was prominent in the Grange, an active member of the Congregational church and a director of the Pemigewasset National Bank at Plymouth.

He married, January 1, 1852, Hannah P. Cook of Campton who died two years since. One son, John M. Pulsifer, survives.

HON. OLIVER TAYLOR

Hon. Oliver Taylor, ex-mayor of Haverhill, Mass., died in that city January 4, 1912.

He was a native of Atkinson, N. H., born in 1827, the son of Oliver and Lettice (Page) Taylor. He attended Atkinson Academy, and engaged for a time in farming, but removed to Haverhill and engaged in the grocery business in 1852, which he continued for many years, but later went into the clothing trade with his brother, Levi, who was Mayor of Haverhill in 1872 and 1873. He was also engaged in the coal and lumber business, in carriage manufacturing and later in real estate, and was a director in banking and other corporations. He was a member of the Massachusetts legislature in 1876 and 1877, serving on important committees, and was elected Mayor of Haverhill in 1903 and 1904, as a Republican, with which party he was affiliated.

He married, November 12, 1857, Mary E., daughter of Samuel Fellows of Haverhill, who survives, with several children.

JOHN BRADLEY PEASLEE, PH.D.

John Bradley Peaslee, born in Plaistow, September 3, 1841, died at Cincinnati, Ohio, January 4, 1912.

He was the son of Robert and Harriet (Willets) Peaslee, was educated in the public schools of his native town and of Haverhill, Mass., at Atkinson and Gilmanton academies and at Dartmouth College, where he was graduated in the class of 1863.

He went west with his classmate, Judge Jonas Hutchinson, of Chicago, on recommendation of Dr. Nathan Lord, president of Dartmouth College, and was elected principal of the North grammar school, Columbus, Ohio. On October 3, 1864, he resigned his position at Columbus, and went to Cincinnati to assume the duties of first assistant in the third district school of that city. In 1867 he was elected principal of the fifth district school; in 1869, of the second intermediate grammar school. In 1873, the ninth district school was also placed under his charge. In 1874, he was elected superintendent of the Cincinnati public schools and during his twelve years' superintendency inaugurated a number of important reforms in the schools.

He was the originator of the "School Arbor day," and inaugurated the celebration of "Authors' birthdays." He was clerk of the court of Hamilton county, Ohio, for six and one-half years; candidate for lieutenant governor on the ticket with Governor Campbell, trustee of Cincinnati University, Miami University, and life member of the National Educational association. He was the author of many books, pamphlets and addresses; the most popular being "Memory Gems" and "Thoughts and Experiences in and out of School."

JOHN G. W. COFRAN

John G. W. Cofran, Vice President of the Hartford Fire Insurance Company, died at Hartford, Conn., January 15, 1912.

He was born in Goshen, N. H., June 13, 1855, but spent his youth in the town of Newport, where he lived with his mother and obtained his early education. At the age of nineteen he found employment in the office of the Commercial Insurance Company at San Francisco, Cal. In 1881 he became a special agent of the Hartford Fire Insurance Company. He was made associate manager of the Pacific Coast department for that company in 1886, and nine years later, became assistant general agent of the western department, with headquarters in Chicago. In 1896 he became a general agent and in December, 1909, was made vice president of the company. He leaves a wife and one sister, the latter living in Minneapolis.

SAMUEL S. RAND

Samuel Streeter Rand, a native of Portsmouth, but a long time resident and prominent business man of Claremont, died at the residence of his son, Fred D. Rand, in Roslindale, Mass., January 15, 1912.

He was born June 1, 1819, and after he had passed his school life, removed to Claremont, where he was actively engaged for a long time in the stove and tinware business. He was a public-spirited citizen, and particularly active in the affairs of the Universalist Church in Claremont, as well as in the Masonic order, being a prominent member of Sullivan Commandery, K. T. Politically he was a staunch Democrat. He retired from business some years ago and made his home with his son in Roslindale. Another son, Oscar B. Rand of Claremont, also survives him.

EDITOR AND PUBLISHER'S NOTES

That the "political pot" will soon begin to boil, in New Hampshire, regardless of the situation in the country at large as regards the next presidency, is manifest from the fact that during the present month two men have formally announced themselves as candidates for election to the United States Senate, to succeed Hon. Henry E. Burnham of Manchester, who has announced his purpose to retire from the office at the close of his second full term, on the 4th of March, 1913. These are Henry F. Hollis of Concord, Democrat, and Rosecrans W. Pillsbury of Londonderry, Republican. Mr. Hollis has been his party's candidate for Congressman and Governor and has effectively championed its cause on the stump in several campaigns. Mr. Pillsbury has been prominent in the legislature during several sessions, has been an active aspirant for the gubernatorial nomination and is the controlling proprietor of the *Manchester Union*, the only morning daily in the state. That there will be other candidates in the field before the lists are closed is not to be doubted. It is already generally understood, indeed, and has been for some time past, that Ex-Governor Henry B. Quinby of Laconia, will be a candidate in case the Republicans control the legislature, and strong newspaper support is already assured him. Governor Bass has also frequently been spoken of in the same connection, but the general expectation now seems to be that he will conclude to run for the Governorship for another term and if successful, seek to step from the executive chair into the seat now occupied by Senator Gallinger in 1915. Winston Churchill is also mentioned as a possible Republican candidate. Nor is it likely that Mr. Hollis will have the field entirely to himself, in case the November election shall result in a Democratic majority in the legislature—a situation by no means impossible. Clarence E. Carr of Andover, the gubernatorial candidate of his party in the last two campaigns, is regarded by many as a probable candidate in such contingency; while Oliver E. Branch of Manchester, and one or more of the present Democratic judges, are by no means out of the question.

As the time for the election of delegates to the forthcoming Constitutional Convention approaches attention is being given, to some extent, to the importance of judicious selection in that regard. The press is, very generally, reminding the people that men should be chosen for this important service who can be depended upon to sink all other considerations in the welfare of the State. There is a general desire expressed that partisanship be everywhere disregarded and the best available men selected—men of character and ability—who can be depended upon to serve the state as their own honest judgment shall dictate. If in a Republican town or ward the best man is a Democrat, his political affiliations should not rule him out, and *vice versa*. A good example along this line was furnished ten years ago when William E. Chandler was the delegate chosen in Ward 8, Concord—one of the strongest Democratic wards in the State.

The active campaign for the proposed equal suffrage amendment to the Constitution, under the auspices of the N. H. Woman Suffrage Association, was formally opened in Nashua, Wednesday evening, January 24, at a well attended meeting over which Gen. Elbert Wheeler presided, and, following a short address by Miss Mary N. Chase of Andover, president of the State Association, Rev. Ida C. Hultin of Sudbury, Mass., presented one of the ablest and most convincing arguments in favor of woman's enfranchisement ever heard in the State. Miss Chase has been engaged for some days past in forwarding the work in the lower part of the State, and will speak in Bedford, February 1.

At the annual meeting of the New Hampshire Board of Trade, held in Concord, January 18, Capt. Olin H. Chase of Newport, president of the Newport Board of Trade, was chosen president in place of Ex-Gov. N. J. Bachelder who has served for a number of years past and positively refused to hold the office longer. Captain Chase is an enthusiastic board of trade worker, and will efficiently further the work of the organization. One new local board was admitted to membership—that recently organized in the town of Hillsborough.

Upon receipt of this first number of the GRANITE MONTHLY for 1912, subscribers should be reminded to examine their address labels and see if the date thereon appears satisfactory to all concerned.

Send $1.00 for the GRANITE MONTHLY for 1912

VOL. XLIV, No. 2 FEBRUARY, 1912 New Series, Vol. VII, No. 2

THE GRANITE MONTHLY

A New Hampshire Magazine

Devoted to History, Biography, Literature and State Progress

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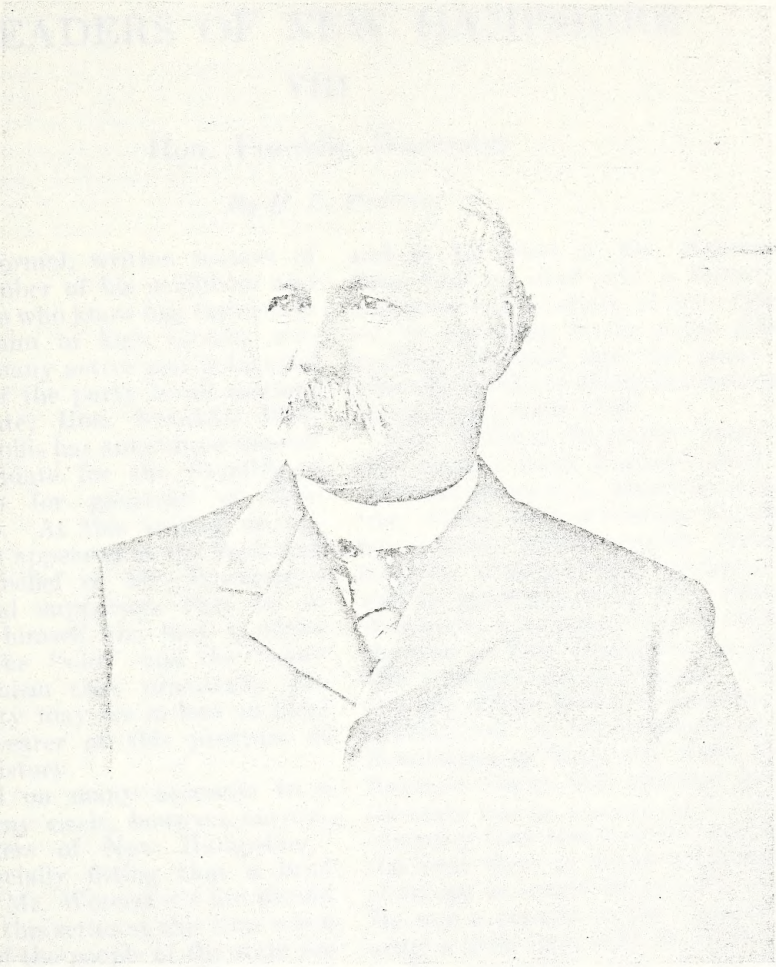
Issued by The Granite Monthly Company

HENRY H. METCALF, Editor and Manager

TERMS: $1.00 per annum, in advance; $1.50 if not paid in advance. Single copies, 15 cents

CONCORD, N. H., 1911

Entered at the post office at Concord as second-class mail matter.



HON. FRANKLIN WORCESTER

THE GRANITE MONTHLY

VOL. XLIV, NO. 2 FEBRUARY, 1912 NEW SERIES, VOL. 7, NO. 2

LEADERS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

VIII

Hon. Franklin Worcester

By H. C. Pearson

At the formal, written request of a large number of his neighbors and friends, men who know him intimately and hold him in high esteem, seconded by many active and influential members of the party in all sections of the state, Hon. Franklin Worcester of Hollis has announced himself as a candidate for the Republican nomination for governor of New Hampshire. At this writing no opponent has appeared in the field, and it is the belief of Mr. Worcester's friends and supporters that he so unites in himself the best qualities of both the "old" and the "new" Republicanism that practically the entire party may see in him an ideal standard-bearer at this juncture of political history.

Entitled on many accounts to a place in any circle, however narrow, of "Leaders of New Hampshire," it is especially fitting that a brief sketch of Mr. Worcester's life should appear in this series at this time when the eyes of the people of the state are fastened upon him, upon his personal qualities and upon his public record. And, certainly, the more clearly these may be made to appear in public print, the more laudable and worthy Mr. Worcester's present ambition will be seen to be.

To trace aright from the beginning the career of any public man it is necessary, first, to consider the elements of heredity and environment; and in the case of Mr. Worcester these lead at once into a historical and genealogical study of deep interest, for his family is one of the oldest in New England and the home in which he dwells at Hollis has sheltered his ancestors since 1750.

Rev. William Worcester came to this country from England prior to 1640 and planted an American family tree, whose wide-spreading branches have borne many notable divines, lawyers, scholars and soldiers. It was his great-grandson, Rev. Francis Worcester, who removed from Massachusetts to New Hampshire in 1750. The youngest son of Francis, Noah, was one of the Hollis "Committee of Observation" at the beginning of the Revolutionary War, and when Paul Revere's alarm call sounded across the state line he was one of the Hollis company that reported in Cambridge the next day, as rapid mobilization of troops as would be possible today. He was a captain in the Continental army a little later with 42 Hollis men in his company. One of his sons, Noah, Jr., was the fifer, and another, Jesse, took part, when fifteen years of age, in the march on Ticonderoga.

Jesse had nine sons, six of whom graduated from Yale or Harvard College and another died as he was about to enter Dartmouth. One of them was Joseph E. Worcester, the world-famous lexicographer. Another was the late Congressman Samuel T.

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Worcester of Ohio. A third was John Newton Worcester of Hollis, member of the executive councils of Governors Berry and Haile, and of his nine children are the three successful business men and prominent citizens, the Worcester Brothers of today, Samuel Augustus, Frederick and Franklin Worcester.

In the pages of that delightful book about Hollis, "My Cranford," by the late Arthur Gilman, these gentlemen appear frequently as "the Cheeryble Brothers," a characterization whose aptness can be fully appreciated only by those who know well both Dickens and the Worcesters.

Franklin Worcester, the youngest of the children of John Newton and Sarah E. (Holden) Worcester, was born in Hollis on October 27, 1845. After attending the town schools he prepared for college at Appleton Academy in New Ipswich and entered Dartmouth in the fall of 1866. He graduated from that institution in 1870, receiving the degree of Bachelor of Arts and being one of a notable class of fifty members including also such men as Bishop Talbot of the Episcopal church; President Brown of the General Theological Seminary, Mr. Worcester's senior year roommate; Professor Boss, the astronomer; the late Ballard Smith, the journalist; Major Irving W. Drew of the New Hampshire bar; Judge John H. Hardy of Massachusetts, and many other wellknown names.

In this connection it is quite remarkable to note that while the state of New Hampshire takes great pride in her Dartmouth College she has not elected a graduate of the Hanover institution to be her governor since Hon. Moody Currier of Manchester was chosen to the office in 1884.

At the time of his graduation from college Mr. Worcester's tastes inclined towards the legal profession and he entered the Harvard law school, doing its two years' work in one year. He passed the state bar examinations in Middlesex county, Massachusetts, but intended to begin practice with one of the leading firms in Minneapolis, Minnesota, and went there for that purpose. Returning home to arrange for sending his effects west, he was prevailed upon by his parents to remain with them and to give up the law for business pursuits.

In these he always has been successful, individually and in connection with his brothers. He carries on a large farm at Hollis; has been and is an extensive lumber operator; and is a partner with his brothers in a furniture and upholstery business at Cambridge, Mass., employing many people. As a man of affairs Mr. Worcester's long career has shown him to be keen, practical, sagacious and sensible. He knows every detail of the operations he conducts and is able, and willing, on occasion, to step in and do the work of any one of his employees. And it is almost needless to say, in a New Hampshire magazine, that he always has upheld the family honor; that his word ever has been as good as his bond.

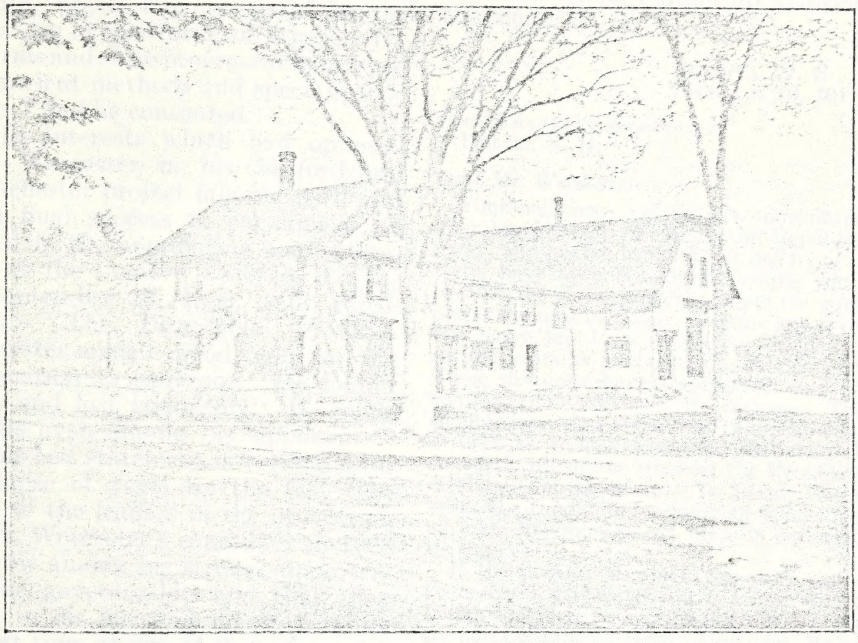
Mr. Worcester's active participation in public affairs was so natural as to be almost inevitable. Beginning with his home town, he has been zealous all his life for its best interests, social and material. He led in the movement for the establishment of a public library, contributed personally the major share of its initial cost and has served it faithfully as trustee. For almost forty years he has been identified with the educational interests of Hollis at first as superintendent of schools and later as chairman of the board of education. The town's heaviest tax payer, his voice and influence have been given in all things to make a healthy, happy and handsome Hollis. The commodious Cranford Inn, one of the town's most useful ornaments, is his property and is only one of several local monuments to his public spirit.

In 1877 and again in 1878 he represented the town in the state house of representatives, and in the latter year was chairman of the Committee on Agricultural College and instru-

mental in securing for that institution a liberal appropriation. He also offered and secured the passage of the first law allowing towns to transport pupils to school at the public expense, thus making possible the consolidation and grading of country schools and initiating a public policy in this regard now fully established.

Ten years later he was elected to the state senate for the fifteenth district and was made chairman of the committee on railroads in the upper branch of the legislature. That was the longest and most famous session of the legislature in New Hampshire's history, and, as is well known even to younger generations, its chief issue was railroads. Senator Worcester's important part in the deliberations of the session was a creditable one and he was of conspicuous influence even in that unusually able body which included such men as Frank D. Currier, now Member of Congress, Ezra S. Stearns, later secretary of state, Leonard A. Morrison, the historian, whose biography, by the way, has been written by Mr. Worcester, the late Dexter Richards, Nathan C. Jameson and Edward H. Gilman, to name no more.

Mr. Worcester's position as to the chief subject of consideration at that session was based upon his belief that New Hampshire needed development, on several lines, but especially as to railroad service; and this belief he put into personal action by securing for the people after a struggle a charter for the Brookline railroad. Then he went before the railroad commissioners of Massachusetts and secured a charter for the Brookline and Pepperell railroad. He was chosen president of both corporations and afterwards in connection with Thomas S. Hittinger built both roads, as also in 1893 the Brookline and Milford road. And of the extension of the Milford road to Manchester he was an early and enthusiastic promoter against determined and discouraging opposition. To the best



Residence of Hon. Franklin Worcester, Hollis, N. H.

of his ability he fought the unwise policy of allowing consolidation by competing roads.

It was his desire for real progress of and in New Hampshire that led Mr. Worcester to enter the field in 1898 as a candidate for the Republican gubernatorial nomination. The New Hampshire Development Association, in which United States Senator William E. Chandler, Governor Charles A. Busiel, Professor Jeremiah W. Sanborn, and others, were leading spirits, urged him to stand for the office on a platform of "legislative reforms and state progress unhampered by ancient methods and special privileges," and he consented.

The interests which had opposed Mr. Worcester in his Milford and Manchester project labored hard and with final success to encompass his defeat in the nominating convention, but as the *Concord Evening Monitor* of September 13, 1898, said editorially: "The Honorable Franklin Worcester made a good fight for the nomination for governor. He fought fairly and lost honorably. He made friends even among his opponents."

This last statement is verified after the lapse of years by the fact that some of the leaders in the opposition to Mr. Worcester's candidacy in 1898 are now among his strong supporters for the governorship and that they point to his fair and manly conduct at that time as one of the reasons for their present position.

While in the intervening years Mr. Worcester has not been a candidate for public office he has retained a lively and active interest in the affairs of state and nation and the support of his advice and influence have been highly appreciated by those who have led a successful advance along the lines of progress and reform.

Of fine appearance, engaging courtesy and attractive personality, Franklin Worcester sets for himself the same high standard in personal rectitude and in official duty, in private life and in public position. He is straightforward and prompt in thought and action, clear and concise in written and spoken word. A man of birth, breeding, culture and high social position, he is at the same time a true democrat in tastes and habits, a glad companion and true friend of the people, a willing and potent co-worker with them.

In connection with Mr. Worcester's present prominence in the public eye the following self-explanatory letters give a view of the existing political situation which require no additional comment.

NASHUA, N. H.,
November 10, 1911.

HON. FRANKLIN WORCESTER,
HOLLIS, N. H.

Dear Mr. Worcester:—

Your neighbors and friends, remembering your loyalty and service to the Republican party, and having in mind the welfare of the state, have been considering asking you to become the Republican candidate for governor at the next election. You are aware that our party has been somewhat divided for several years as to its policies in this State. These divisions have endangered, and will continue to endanger its success. They should cease, that we in New Hampshire may in 1912, as we have ever since 1856, cast the electoral vote of the state for the Republican candidate for president. To insure victory we need a candidate for governor upon whom all loyal Republicans can unite in enthusiastic support.

If the policies of which you were one of the earliest exponents did not immediately triumph, you have ever had confidence that the party of Lincoln, Grant, McKinley, Roosevelt, and Taft would live up to its honored traditions and meet new issues as it has those of the past, courageously and successfully. Consequently you have been content to contend within the party for those principles that you believe to be for the best interest of the state and nation.

In the opinion of those who know you best, the time has come when the party may fittingly acknowledge its obligations to you. Furthermore, from inquiries made by your friends, we feel sure that your candidacy at this time will meet with favor from all Republicans who believe in the principles of the party and who desire its success.

We therefore ask you to permit us to formally present you as a candidate for the Republican nomination for Governor of New Hampshire.

Very truly yours,

F. W. ESTABROOK,
And 200 others.

HOLLIS, N. H.,
November 25, 1911.

HON. F. W. ESTABROOK,
NASHUA, N. H.

Dear Sir:—

After reading many letters received from prominent men within the party, and glancing over the names of two hundred men living in this vicinity who signed your request that I should consider and allow my name to be presented at the primaries next September as a gubernatorial candidate of the Republican party of New Hampshire, I note many prominent men among them who were identified in forming and organizing the Republican party, laying the foundations on the bedrock of freedom and equality before the law, also many who fought valiantly during the whole contest for the preservation and integrity of the Union, as well as many friends and neighbors. Such a request takes near the form of a command which I should hesitate to disobey should a like sentiment prevail throughout the state. But I must be the candidate of the Republican party united and strong, declaring that Republicanism embodies progressiveness and that all questions must be decided on merit regardless of party interests, that in the future we should be known as Republicans, acting unitedly and zealously for the best interest of the state and nation, and no longer known as "progressives" "reactionaries," or "insurgents": that at the proper time a platform embodying the principles of the Republican party should be submitted to the electors for their consideration and approval.

Please accept my assurance of the high appreciation of the honor conveyed, which comes more forcibly to me as it was your voluntary act after considering what you thought to be for the best interest of the state. And since it comes with no implied obligation of any kind to any individual or factions and thus leaves me free to act conscientiously and in accordance with my conviction of duty in considering any proposition that might come before me, in that spirit I would consider it and in that spirit only.

Very respectfully yours,
FRANKLIN WORCESTER.

HOLLIS, N. H.,
January 30, 1912.

To the Republicans of New Hampshire:

When recently some two hundred Republicans of Hillsborough County, mostly my neighbors and friends, requested me to be a candidate for governor of our state, I said in a communication to Mr. Estabrook of Nashua I would do so if the Republicans generally throughout the state appeared to favor my candidacy.

In the interval very many active members of the party in all parts of New Hampshire have conferred with me and the movement seems so general and substantial that I now announce my candidacy for the Republican nomination for governor.

I think I have the right to appeal to all members of the party to which we belong to give me their support at the primary.

Republican principles as they have been set forth in our state and national platforms, I have always believed in as a consistent member of the party and during all the period in which I have had the right to cast a ballot, the place of which has always been the State of New Hampshire, I have never failed to support its nominees.

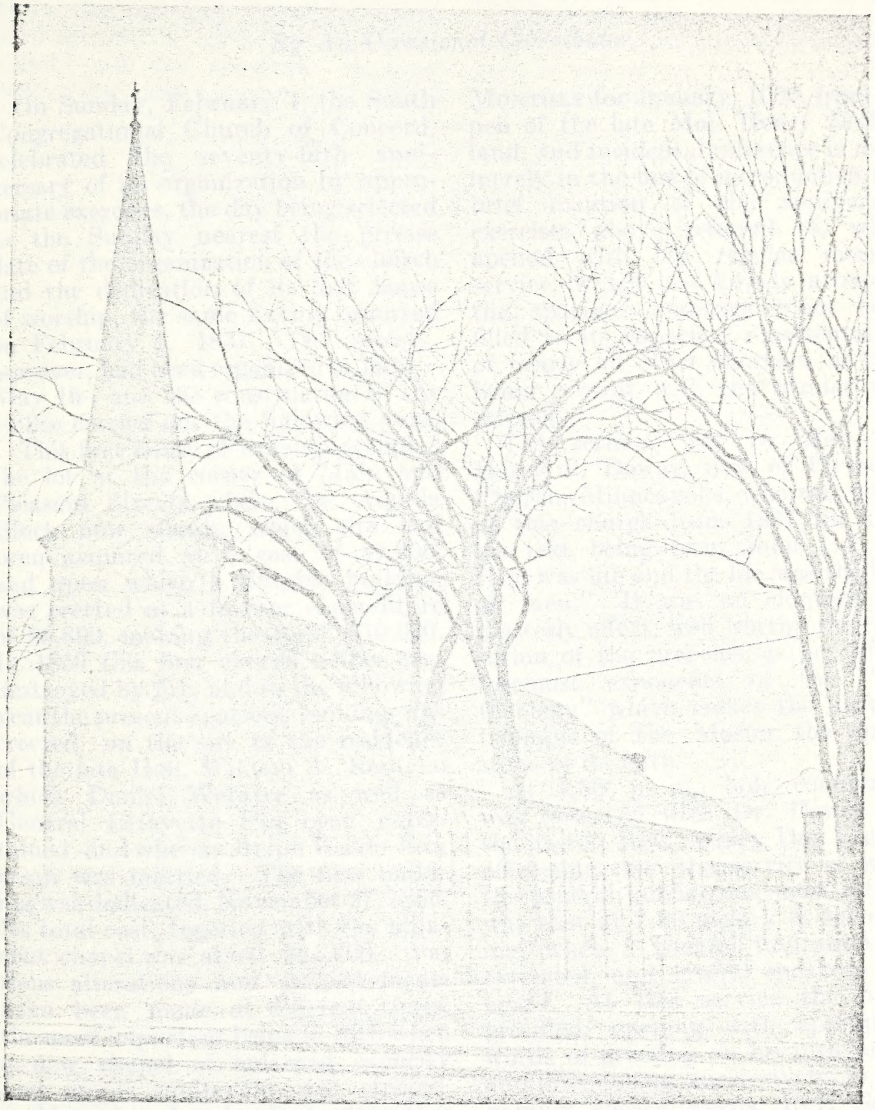
It is well known that some years ago in common with others I believed certain reforms should be instituted in political affairs of the state and in and out of the legislature I gave my sincere support to bring about those changes that now are accomplished.

What the Republican party has done in New Hampshire in the past few years is fully abreast of its long record of achievement in state and nation. With such a past we can courageously face the coming problems. We shall neither step backward nor down.

I believe in the doctrine of a sound currency; in adequate protection to the industries of our state; in liberal legislation for the laboring classes and the soldiers, and in such other measures as will promote the welfare and happiness of our people. The patriotic administration of President Taft I most cordially endorse. Under great embarrassments, I believe he has tried faithfully to carry out the principles of the Republican party and to give to the country a wise and economical administration.

If nominated and elected to be governor of the State of New Hampshire, I promise to give to the conduct of public affairs the full measure of my ability and especially to direct my efforts so that the business of the state shall be conducted as economically and prudently as is consistent with the demands and requirements of our day and time.

(Signed)
FRANKLIN WORCESTER.



SOUTH CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH

A NOTABLE OCCASION

Seventy-Fifth Anniversary of the South Congregational Church, Concord

By An Occasional Contributor

On Sunday, February 4, the South Congregational Church of Concord, celebrated the seventy-fifth anniversary of its organization by appropriate exercises, the day being selected as the Sunday nearest the precise date of the organization of the church and the dedication of its first house of worship, the same having occurred on February 1, 1837. The society, however, had been organized in 1835—May 16—and the construction of the edifice carried out the following year.

This first house of worship occupied the lot at the corner of Main and Pleasant Streets where the Aquilla Block now stands, which site had been acquired at a cost of $1,200, and upon which a suitable building was erected at a further expenditure of $8,800, making the total, $10,000. In 1859 this first church edifice was destroyed by fire, and in the following year the present spacious building was erected, on the site of the residence of the late Hon. William A. Kent, in which Daniel Webster as well as General Lafayette had been entertained and wherein Ralph Waldo Emerson was married. The new building was dedicated, November 27, 1860. Its total cost, together with the adjacent chapel was about $25,000. Various alterations and improvements have been made at different times, the most important being in 1896 when a new chapel of enlarged capacity and ample equipment was erected, making the church plant altogether one of the largest, most conveniently arranged and most complete in the state, in all respects.

It is not the purpose of this article to present a detailed history of the church, or society, the same having been presented in the GRANITE MONTHLY for January, 1900, from the pen of the late Maj. Henry McFarland, and incidental reference is made merely in the line of introduction to a brief mention of the anniversary exercises above referred to, which opened with the regular morning service, which was largely attended, the spacious audience room being filled to its capacity, representatives of nearly all other churches in town being present with the regular worshippers.

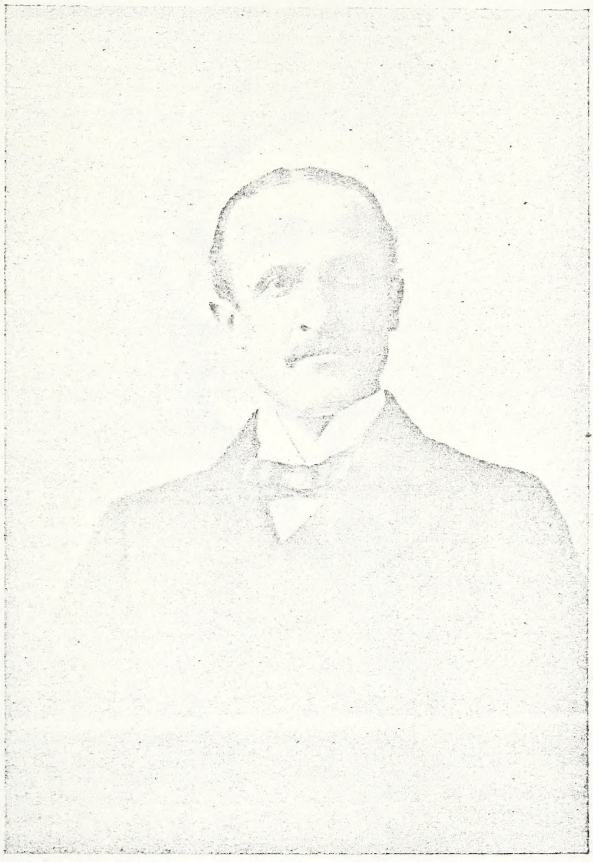
The sermon was by Rev. Dr. Harry P. Dewey, now of Plymouth Church, Minneapolis, who was pastor of this church from 1887 till 1900, his text being from John 1:4, "In Him was life and the life was the light of men." It was an eloquent and masterly effort, well worthy the reputation of the preacher as one of the foremost exponents of the "new theology" which makes the ultimate triumph of the Master the cornerstone of its faith.

At 4:30 p. m., holy communion was observed with Dr. Dewey and the pastor, Rev. Ashley Day Leavitt, officiating; but the service in which the general public took most interest was that at 7:30 o'clock in the evening, when a general invitation was extended, and several speakers were heard. At this service the pastor presided, opening with appropriate words of greeting on his own behalf, and introducing, successively, in most happily chosen words, Rev. George H. Reed, D.D., who brought greeting from the old North or Mother Church; Rev. Edward A. Tuck of West Concord, who spoke for the sister Congregational churches; Rev. John Vannevar, D.D., of the Universalist Church and president of the Concord

Ministerial Union, speaking for the other Protestant Churches of the city; Rev. Charles E. Harrington, pastor of the church from 1878 to 1882, and the Rev. Dr. Dewey, who, as in the morning, was heard with deep interest by all present, as were, indeed, all the speakers. A most interesting and appreciative letter was also read from Rev. Dr. Edwin W. Bishop, now of the First Congregational Church at Grand Rapids, Michigan, who was the pastor from Dr. Dewey's resignation in 1900 till 1908. The exercises of the evening were interspersed with appropriate music.

The anniversary observances were fittingly concluded Monday evening by a parish reunion and reception, to the pastor and wife and Dr. and Mrs. Dewey, to which the clergymen of the city were invited, and which many attended.

It may be proper to add that the South Congregational Church of Concord is one of the largest and most prosperous of the denomination in the state, as well as one of the most tolerant and progressive. It ranks with the Franklin Street Church of Manchester, the First Congregational Church of Keene and the First Parish Church of Dover, and is exceeded materially in membership only by the First or Hanover Street Church of Manchester. The parish list includes over 1,000 names; the church member-



Reverend Harry P. Dewey, D. D.



REVEREND ASHLEY DAY LEAVITT

ship numbers 446; and the number enrolled in the Sunday School is 316. The current expenses of the church, society and auxiliary bodies for the last year, including $5,000 for repairs, amounted to over $12,500 while the amount of the various benevolences brought the total expenditure up to nearly $40,000, including individual gifts. The church has a permanent fund now amounting to $12,800, the interest of which only can be used.

Rev. Ashley Day Leavitt.

The present pastor of the South Congregational Church was born in Chicago, Ill., October 10, 1877, the son of Rev. B. F. and Lucina (Day) Leavitt now residing in East Boston, Mass. He removed with his parents to Massachusetts when in his fourteenth year, and received his preparatory education in the public schools of Greater Boston, graduating at the Cambridge Latin School, from which he entered Yale University, graduating A.B., from the latter institution in 1900. He studied divinity at the Hartford Theological Seminary, from which he graduated with the B.D. degree in 1900. He was assistant pastor of the South Church of Hartford in 1903-04, and pastor of the Congregational Church at Willimantic, Conn., 1904-08, whence he was called to his present pastorate, being installed therein May 12, 1908. He has already won high rank among the preachers of the state, and has proved a worthy successor in a long line of able and distinguished pastors.

Mr. Leavitt, although born in the Middle West, and educated elsewhere, is a New Hampshire man by descent, on both the paternal and maternal sides, his father being a grandson of Dr. Roswell Leavitt, an early settler and long time medical practitioner in the town of Cornish, and his mother a daughter of Sewell Day of Nelson, and a native of that town. His grandfather, Erasmus Day Leavitt, settled in Lowell, Mass., and had five sons, three of whom including Burke Fay, father of Mr. Leavitt, entered the ministry.

As would be expected in view of his ancestry, Mr. Leavitt is strongly interested in New Hampshire and all that pertains to its welfare, and, as the pastor of one of its leading churches, whose membership includes a large number of active representative men and women, by whom he is held in high esteem as well as by the community at large, he is doubtless destined to exercise a strong influence for good upon the future of the commonwealth.

He is a close student and a ready, vigorous and incisive speaker, who never fails to arouse interest and command attention.

Mr. Leavitt married, September 7, 1904, Miss Myrtle R. Hart of Hartford, Conn. They have one child—Hart D. Leavitt.

A RETIRED VETERAN

Hon. Edward E. Parker Leaves the Hillsborough County Probate Bench

By H. H. Metcalf

The legal and orderly distribution of the estates of deceased persons, which the Courts of Probate have in hand, is surpassed in importance by no other function of judicial power. It surpasses all others in fact, so far as the magnitude of the financial interests involved is concerned. Such being the case, it is not to be wondered that care is almost invariably taken to select men of sound judgment, well balanced mind, and good legal training for Judges of Probate in the various counties of our own and other states.

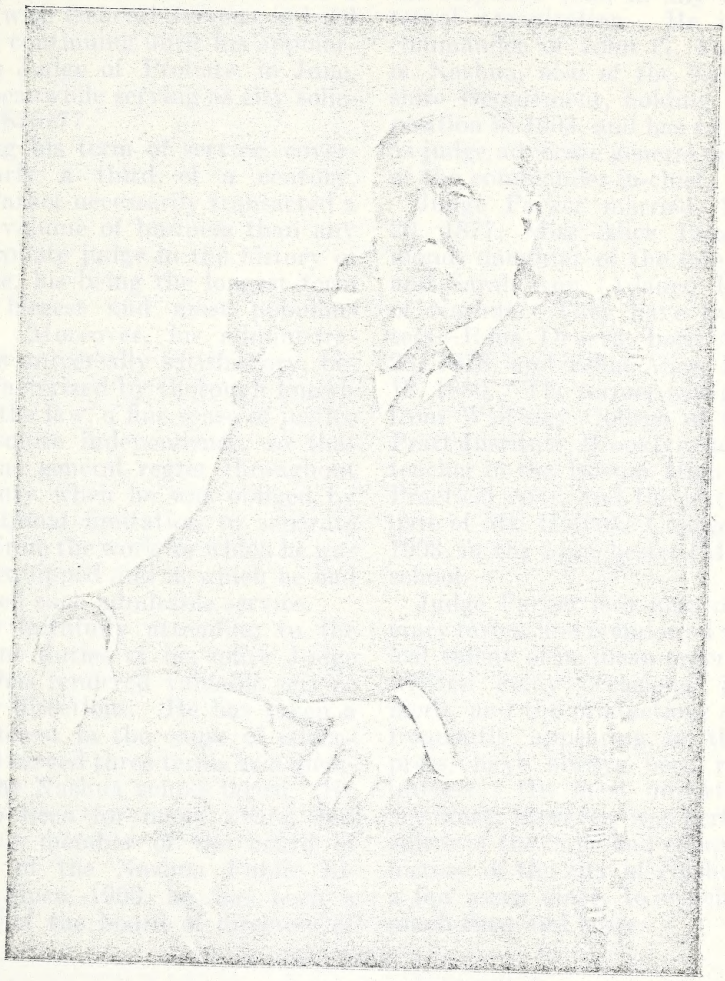
In the county of Hillsborough, the largest and most populous in the state, nine men, in all, have held the office of judge of probate during the last one hundred years, all being men of first-class ability. These have been John Harris of Hopkinton, Clifton Claggett and Edmund Parker of Amherst, Luke Woodbury of Antrim, William C. Clarke, David Cross, Lucien B. Clough and Henry E. Burnham of Manchester and Edward E. Parker of Nashua.

Judge Harris served from 1812 to 1823, when Merrimack County was constituted, largely from towns in the northern portion of Hillsborough, of which Hopkinton, in which he resided, was one; Judge Claggett from 1823 to 1829; Judge Edmund Parker from 1829 to 1836; Judge Woodbury from 1836 to 1851; Judge Clarke from 1851 to 1856; Judge Cross from 1856 to 1874; Judge Clough from 1874 to 1876; Judge Burnham from 1876 to 1879, and Judge Edward E. Parker from June 3, 1879 to January 7, 1912, when he was retired by virtue of the constitutional limitation as to age, having completed his seventieth year on the latter date. Of the two living predecessors of Judge Parker—Judges Cross and Burnham—the former served a longer term than any other, eighteen years, while Judge (now United States Senator) Burnham held the office but three years.

Edward Everett Parker was born in the town of Brookline, January 7, 1842, the son of James and Deverd ancestor of the name settled in Tyngs- (Corey) Parker. His first American boro, Mass., about 1660, and his grandfather was one of the first settlers of Brookline, and represented that town in the legislature in the Revolutionary period. Prudence (Cummings) Wright, wife of David Wright of Pepperell, Mass., who led the band of patriotic women who arrested Col. Leonidas Whiting, the tory leader, at Jewett's Bridge, on the morning after the Battle of Lexington, on his way from Canada with dispatches for the British at Boston, was his maternal great-grandmother.

Judge Parker received his early education in the public schools and at Phillips-Exeter and Appleton (Mont Vernon) Academies. In 1863 he enlisted in the navy, serving as yeoman on the brig, *Perry*, from August, 1863, till October, 1864. Returning home he determined to pursue a college course, completed his preparation for the same at Colby Academy, New London, entered Dartmouth and graduated in the class of 1869. He was the centennial poet at the commencement exercises of that year.

Following his graduation he was principal of the Warrensburg (N. Y.) Academy one year, and was, later, principal of the Wareham and Midleboro (Mass.) academies, but, deciding to pursue the study of law, he en-



Hon. Edward E. Parker

tered upon the same in an office at Warrensburg, N. Y., coming thence to the office of the late Gen. Aaron F. Stevens of Nashua in 1871, where he continued his studies until his admission to the bar at the August term of court at Amherst in 1873. Immediately after admission he became a partner with General Stevens, in legal practice continuing until his appointment as Judge of Probate, in June, 1879, meanwhile serving as city solicitor in 1876–77.

During his term of service, covering nearly a third of a century, Judge Parker necessarily transacted a greater volume of business than any other probate judge in the history of the state, his being the longest term in the largest and most populous county. Moreover, his administration was universally satisfactory, being characterized by thorough knowledge of the law, a fine sense of justice and absolute independence, so that there was general regret throughout the county when he was obliged by constitutional limitation to separate himself from the work for which he was so well equipped and in which he had performed such admirable service.

While faithfully attending to the important duties of his office Judge Parker has rendered valuable service in other directions. He has taken a deep interest in the cause of education and served three terms as a member of the Nashua school board. He has also been for many years, and still is, a member of the board of trustees of the Nashua Public Library. Since 1900 he has been a member of the board of directors of the Indian Head National Bank. He is a Free Mason, a member of Rising Sun Lodge of Nashua, but was initiated in Benevolent Lodge of Milford, in 1868. He is also a Knight of Pythias, but has been more active and prominent in the Grand Army of the Republic than in any other fraternal organization. He is a past commander of John G. Foster Post of Nashua, also of the New Hampshire Department, holding the latter position in 1903, and has twice served as judge advocate general on the staff of the commander-in-chief.

Judge Parker married, December 20, 1877, Miss Alice Prince Hammond, daughter of the late Evan B. and Sarah Ann (Adams) Hammond of Nashua. They have two daughters—Rena Deverd, born November 23, 1878, and Edna Alice, December 13, 1880. The former who graduated from Wellesley College in 1901, and Pratt Institute, Brooklyn, in 1907, is a teacher in the Boston High School of Practical Arts, and the latter a graduate of Mt. Holyoke College, class of 1903, in the Manchester (Mass.) high school.

Judge Parker is a man of fine literary tastes, and is endowed with poetical talent of no mean order. He has written many occasional poems of merit, and the productions of his pen frequently appearing in the public press, have always been read with interest. His most important literary work, however, was performed as editor of the large and comprehensive history of the city of Nashua, issued a few years since, to which he gave much time and labor.

RETROSPECTION

By Frank Monroe Beverly

Ah, well do I remember that evening long ago
When Ina Belle smiled sweetly, with love-lit cheeks aglow;
And she for me was smiling—such smiles could she bestow!
Her thoughts with mine were mingling, for something told me so.

'Twas at her father's husking, a pleasant autumn time;
Anon we sang by snatches, then quoted bits of rhyme,
And some by fits grew clownish and deigned to play the mime;
Then came the girls all laughter, with festive words to chime.

'Twas red ears won; the prizes were lasses' cheeks to kiss;
To whom the Fates proved kindly would come the longed-for bliss,
And if red lips were sweeter, no lass could prove remiss—
The world seemed fair, celestial—no sweeter boon than this.

Fair Ina Belle, beside me, then sat in girlish glee,
And oh, her eyes so softly she ever turned to me!
And for an ear vermilion I prayed "the powers that be,"
When one from out its hiding I drew as pearl from sea.

I looked; I saw her blushing—by lantern's light 'twas plain,
But Spartan-like she met me; my lips did she enchain,
And did I to the blissful from grosser things attain—
'Twas bliss the gods enjoy and mortals seldom gain.

By ten, the heap, once massive, was but an empty space,
And in the bin stored safely the corn was in its place;
Then to the feast of harvest! The parson said his grace,
And we his "table comforts" did satingly embrace.

Then out beside the doorway, half hidden from the light,
I stood and gazed at Luna—she'd climbed a dizzy height—
When Ina Belle came by me like airy fairy, slight,
And whispered me low, softly, "You'll not go home tonight."

But Tom would not excuse me, said he, "You'll have to go,
For ere I'd come you promised you would return, you know;
The way would be so lonely, the sprites would scare me so—
And now we're off, already—the late hours smaller grow.

'Twas thus the Fates did grip me, and evil was the hour;
Their purpose stern, relentless, and absolute their power;
I felt their clutches ruthless—my hopes they did devour,
And rang their heartless laughter—they'd snatched a priceless flower.

That night her love another, a gallant, sought and won—
Or so the world have it—the world was ill begun—
Some women have a nature that slights will brook from none,
And this per contra nature had left me thus undone.

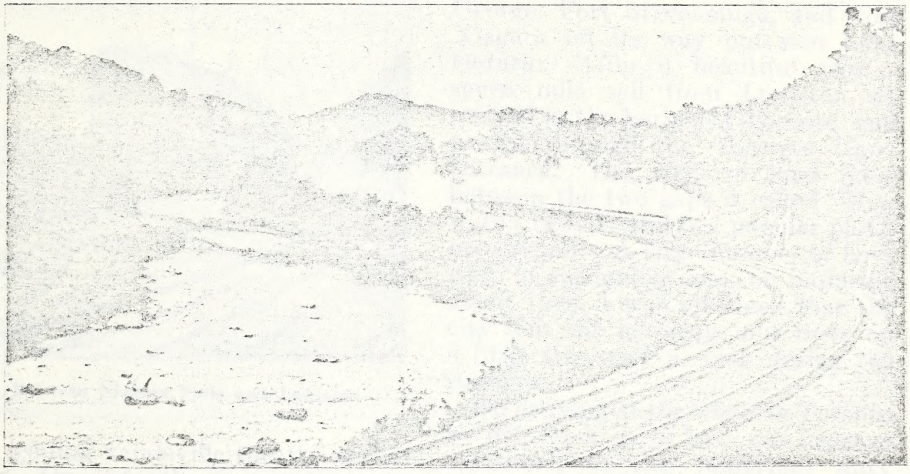
But like a gentle flower, betouched by withering blast,
From all things cold and earthly, with broken heart she passed,
For preying on her vitals some fiend had held her fast,
And over friends and kindred a pall of sadness cast.

But lo! her gentle spirit back from Lethean lands;
Again it is embodied, and as of yore it stands;
I see those brown eyes lovely—from o'er Time's changing sands;
I fancy she remembers the red ear in my hands.

A STRENUOUS VACATION TRIP

By Harry V. Lawrence

One Sunday morning in July, 1910, the writer left Boston at 10 o'clock, and arrived at Niagara Falls, N. Y., at midnight. By making the trip during the day one can see the splendid scenery of the Berkshire Hills, in western Massachusetts, the Erie Canal, and many prosperous cities of northern New York. In order to make this trip during the day it was necessary to change trains at Albany and Buffalo. While riding through Dalton, Mass., the home of United States Senator Crane, I had my luncheon in the dining car and did not get another meal until Niagara Falls was reached, at midnight, as the dining car was taken off our train at Syracuse, N. Y.



In the Berkshires, Western Massachusetts

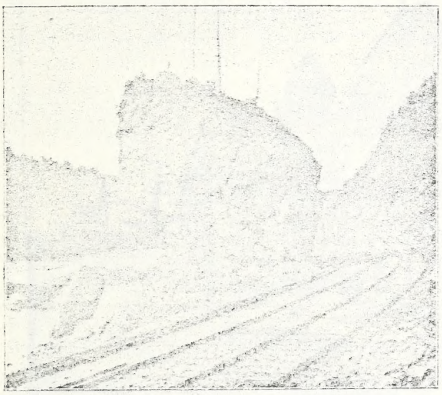
On arriving at Niagara Falls I was very much surprised to find the main street in the city all lighted up with electric lights strung across the street in a series of arches. On inquiring of a citizen about this well lighted street, I was informed that power was so cheap in their city that they kept this street lighted up all night in this manner. It seems that they send the power developed from Niagara Falls all through the upper part of New York state to light cities and run cars. After a night's rest at the International Hotel I started out to "see the sights."

The first place visited was Goat Island, and then the trip in the little steamer "Maid of the Mist" was made, after the passengers had put on the rubber coats and hoods loaned by the steamboat company. When our little steamer got under the Falls, and I looked up at that deluge, I did not doubt that 58,000 barrels of water pass over the Falls every second and 100,000,000 tons every hour. Geologists claim that the Falls were originally at Lewiston Mountain, seven miles below their present location, and have been about 35,000 years wearing to their present site. These remarkable Falls are visited by over 1,000,000 people every year.

While we were on the little steamer we could see a number of people making their way across the bridge to

visit the "Cave of the Winds" under Niagara Falls. In the afternoon an electric car was taken for the famous trip on "The Great Gorge Route." Many travelers claim this trip is the finest of its kind in the world. The trip is from Niagara Falls, N. Y., across a steel arch bridge to the Canadian side, Horseshoe Fall, Brock's Monument, Queenston, across Suspension Bridge to Lewiston, N. Y., thence through the gorge, passing Whirlpool Rapids, where Captain Webb lost his life, and then back to the starting point.

At 6.45 p. m. I took a ride to Buffalo and spent the evening at



Between Niagara Falls and Lewiston

the leading vaudeville theatre in that city. One of the women on the stage would ask the audience to write a question on a piece of paper, sign their name to it, and she would give the correct answer. While I was writing my question on a slip of paper, a young lady seated next to my seat, asked me if this woman would call one's name out before the audience. I immediately told her that I didn't care whether she called my name out or not, as I was a stranger in Buffalo. Before leaving this beautiful city I had an opportunity to see the McKinley Monument and the Temple of Music.

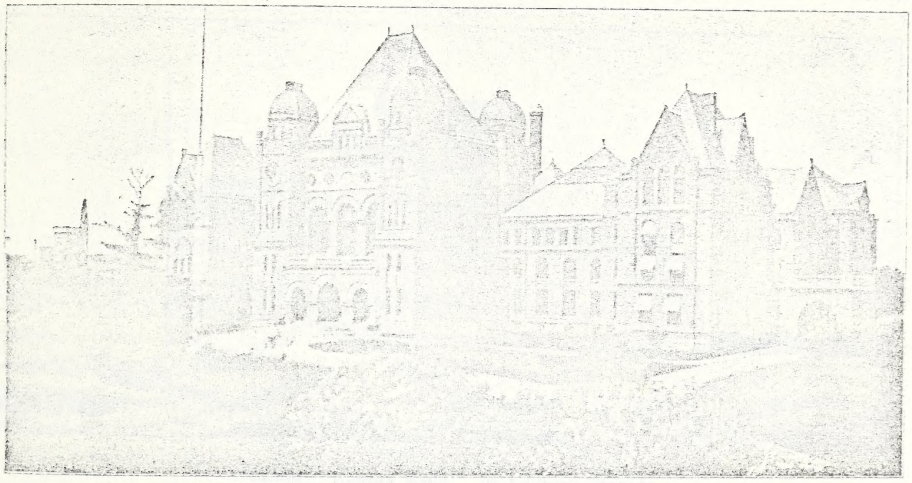
At 10.45 p. m. I left Buffalo, on an electric car, and arrived at my hotel in Niagara Falls at midnight. This car makes the 24 miles between the cities in one hour and fifteen minutes. On inquiring of a citizen about the fast time that car makes, I was informed that one time it left the rails and went through a butcher shop.

Tuesday morning I left Niagara Falls and went to Lewiston, N. Y., on "The Great Gorge Route," and boarded the steamer "Chippewa" bound for Toronto. On my way down to Lewiston I saw a large beer sign that was evidently meant for a "take off" on a certain Milwaukee concern. This enormous sign read "The beer that made Milwaukee jealous." Our steamer headed down the Niagara River and passed Fort George, Fort Missassauga, and Fort Niagara on its way out into Lake Ontario. After a beautiful thirty-seven mile sail from Lewiston we arrived in the harbor of Toronto, and passed through the "Eastern Gap" entrance. The strip of land lying between the two gaps is called "Hiawatha Island" and is a popular pleasure ground. A large number of boys were in swimming, and, on inquiring about them I was informed that the city sent the newsboys out there on a little trip once a week during the summer.

On arriving at the wharf in Toronto we did not have to have our baggage examined, as this important duty had been performed by the Canadian officials at the wharf in Lewiston, N. Y.

On leaving the "Chippewa" I left my luggage at a checking room on another wharf. This slight delay caused me to lose the "seeing Toronto car"; but the company's agent told me to jump into one of their carriages and they would try to catch the car up town. They transferred me from the carriage to an automobile and this machine caught the big car about a mile from the wharf. Some of the passengers looked amused and others disgusted, on account of our "hold up" of their car. On this trip one can see the Toronto Club, Board of

Trade Building, St. Lawrence Market, Cathedral of St. James (the top of the spire being 318 feet from the ground, the highest on the continent of America), General Post Office, Ryrie Bros.—the largest jewelry store in Canada,—the $3,000,000 City Hall containing the largest winding clock on the continent, its bell weighing 11,648 pounds; Metropolitan Church, St. Michael's Hospital, St. Michael's Cathedral, Bond Street Church, Holy Blossom Synagogue, Normal School, Allan Gardens—opened in 1860 by the Prince of Wales, later King Edward VII,—the Rosedale Bridges



Parliament Buildings, Queen's Park, Toronto

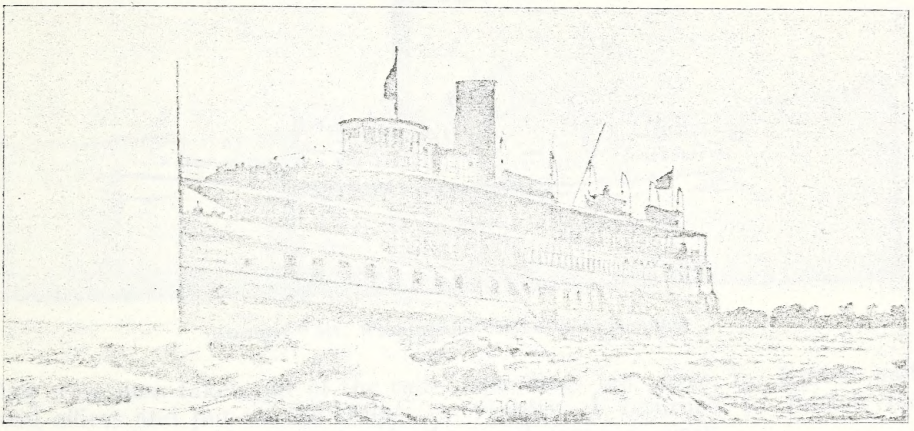
130 feet above a charming glen, Queen's Park, Victoria University, The Parliament Buildings, Osgoode Hall, the Lieutenant-Governor's house, Royal Alexandra Theatre, and Old St. Andrew's Church.

When I arrived in Toronto that Tuesday afternoon I found I had run right into the Grand Trunk railroad strike. After a light meal at the St. Charles Hotel, I boarded the steamer "Belleville" for a sail of one day and two nights on Lake Ontario. Our steamer was loading up with Grand Trunk freight and passengers, and this freight proved to be our "equilibrator," as they had loaded the "Belleville" to the limit. About midnight I retired to the lower berth in my stateroom, not having the slightest idea who was to have the upper berth. A short time after I had retired, the door of my stateroom opened and I thought a giant had entered the room. This young man was one of the finest specimens of manhood I had ever seen. He had red cheeks, stood six feet four inches, and weighed two hundred and sixty. He informed me that he was a "boss" on the "Grand Trunk" and that he intended to take another position in the northwestern part of Canada. This man told me a great deal about Canada's railroad laws, and, after telling him not to break the berth down over my head, we both went to sleep. Judging from the appearance of this man I don't think he had any trouble in handling the men who came under his authority.

All day Wednesday we touched at the different Canadian towns on the lake and some of us went up into the main part of these towns to "see the sights." At Belleville, Canada, we had our dinner while we were tied up to the wharf, and when we left this town the citizens gave us a great "send off" as we steamed out into the

lake. It seemed to please them to know that we were getting along so well in spite of the "big strike."

Early Thursday morning we sailed down the St. Lawrence River through the "Thousand Islands" and the descriptions of the trip through these islands are not exaggerated, as I think any one will testify who has taken it. The morning I sailed down through these islands everything had a very fresh look, as we had had showers during the night, and the grass and trees on the islands looked very fine in the early morning sunlight. One very fine view was the country up near Alexandria Bay, N. Y.



Steamer "Rapids King," in Lachine Rapids

At 10 a. m. I left the steamer "Belleville" at Prescott, Canada, and went into the town to get a shave. In getting this shave I nearly lost the steamer "Rapids King" and if I had, that would have been another kind of a "scrape" I had not figured upon. Some of the passengers informed me that I took "long chances," as they had watched me climb over one steamer in order to board the "Rapids King." We had a beautiful sail down through several rapids on our way to Montreal. At about noon time they opened up a buffet lunch on our steamer, and, for a few minutes I thought another "Grand Trunk strike" had started on the "Rapids King."

At 6 p. m. we "shot" the famous Lachine Rapids, and, after we had passed through safely, I saw the "man-at-the-wheel" take his hat off, and mop the perspiration from his forehead, although it was cool evening. Some years ago an old Indian took the steamer through the rapids, but since he died the work has been done by white men.

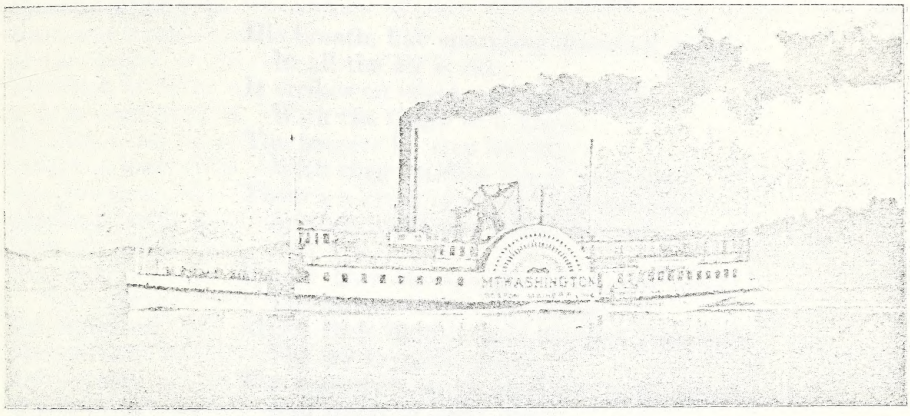
At 6.30 p. m. we arrived at Montreal and I went to the Queen's Hotel for supper. In the evening I visited an amusement resort called "Dominion Park." The band played a number of our national airs, and this music made a great "hit" with the people in the park who belonged in "the States."

After a night's rest at my hotel I left Montreal Friday morning and rode on the two "strike roads," the Grand Trunk and Central Vermont. I had figured on reaching Montreal Thursday evening, and by taking the "Rapids King" I arrived at my destination right on time. The accounts in the newspapers about the strike must have been written by men who were not on the "firing line," as I went several hundred miles through the "strike district" and did not see any violence at all.

Shortly after leaving Montreal I asked the conductor on our train what his regular position was, and he informed me that he was Traveling Freight Agent for the Grand Trunk Railroad. This conductor was a very polite, but powerful looking young man, and I knew there would be "something doing" if the "strikers" undertook to block his train on the way down to "the States." The train crew did not wear uniforms, as they were men taken out of the railroad offices and put on the trains.

After having our luggage examined at the United States line we passed on down through the Green Mountains of Vermont to Montpelier. I had my dinner and then rode on the train until I reached The Weirs on Lake Winnipesaukee at about 6 p. m. I immediately went to the Lakeside House, had supper, and then hunted up an old friend, as I had not seen a single person I knew for nearly one week.

After a night's rest at the Lakeside House I took the steamer "Mt. Washington" for the beautiful sail of forty miles on Lake Winnipesaukee to Alton Bay. After an inspection of Alton Bay, I had a good dinner in the "Camp Grounds" and then went to the railroad station to board a train for Exeter, N. H. At the station I met several more friends, and, after a rather dusty ride, I arrived in Exeter at about 4 p. m. Saturday and completed a beautiful, but rather strenuous trip of about 1200 miles. After spending ten days in Exeter and vicinity, I returned to Boston for another year's work.



Steamer "Mt. Washington," Lake Winnipesaukee

Before closing this article I wish to call the reader's attention to the politeness and courtesy met with in Canada, as I found every one obliging, even under trying cirumstances, and, I am sorry to say it, but it seems to me that the public officials in "the States," could learn considerable about handling the general public if they would make a few trips to beautiful Canada.

27 St. Stephen St., Boston.

BELOW ZERO

By Laura Garland Carr

Oh, the north king means destruction—
He is out with horse and hound!
He has all his lackeys with him—
Do n't you catch the bugle's sound?
We can hear him shout and whistle,
As he urges on the pack;
We can feel the rush and trample—
We can hear the lashes crack!

His breath, like sparkling diamond dust,
In all the air is rife;
It strikes on cheek and forehead
With the tingle of a knife.
The passers by step briskly,
With their muffled heads bent low;
There 's a crink'ly crank'ly crunching
As their swift feet press the snow.

Hark! How the sledges shriek and creak!
The horses breath out steam.
About their mouths and through their hair
The icy crystals gleam.
The teamsters swing and beat their hands,
And shout in lusty way;
The small boy, scurrying to school,
For once makes no delay.

The sparrows are just feather lumps,
With neither heads nor toes.
What keeps the little beggars warm
When this fierce north wind blows?
The tabby cat comes bouncing in
With all her fur a-puff;
It stands about her ribboned neck
Like old queen Bessie's ruff.

How are the pipes? How are the fires?
Look out for coal and wood!
We have a fortress snug and strong;
We 'll hold it staunch and good!
So shout and whang away—old king—
You try our doors in vain,
And we can watch you at your tricks
Through frosted window pane.

COLONEL ISRAEL MOREY

By F. P. Wells

[Read before the New Hampshire Historical Society]

Israel Morey, a pioneer in the early settlement of the upper portion of the Connecticut Valley, and a man of business and military affairs, was born in Lebanon, Conn., May 27, 1735, and died at Orford, N. H., August 10, 1809. His name continually recurs in the annals of his time and locality, and it is the object of this paper to consider the services rendered by him, and how far he was a representative of that sturdy and faithful class of men who stood behind the leaders in the great struggle for American liberty, and kept them supplied with the men and means through which they won their independence.

The services rendered by him, and by hundreds like him, although of the utmost importance, were, from the nature of them, so devoid of the brilliant features which captivate the mind, that they have been neglected by history, and the very names of these sturdy patriots are almost forgotten. Let it be remembered that Israel Morey contributed, in no small degree, toward the defeat of General Burgoyne, and that his hand was in many of the public measures of his time.

It is not possible to trace his ancestry beyond the fourth generation. George Morey, one of the first settlers of Bristol, R. I., married Hannah Lewis in 1683. Their oldest son, John, married Margaret Linsford in 1707. They lived at Point Shirley, and their eldest son, named Linsford, became one of the first settlers of Lebanon, Conn. His wife was Sarah Dewey, and Israel was their third son.

Lebanon was in the time of Israel's youth already a place of considerable importance, and the birthplace or residence of several men destined to confer enduring fame upon the town. Jonathan Trumbull, statesman and soldier, was during Morey's youth, a rising young lawyer, and in the year of his birth Rev. Eleazer Wheelock became the minister of the town. In order to help out his meager salary, he opened a school, which he conducted until his removal to Hanover in 1769, to become the founder of Dartmouth College. It is probable that Israel was a pupil of Wheelock's, for he obtained a fair education, wrote an excellent hand, and acquired a considerable knowledge of surveying and bookkeeping. In 1757, he married Martha Palmer, and they settled on a farm, where they remained eight years and where four children were born to them. In the year 1765, having purchased certain rights of land in the township of Orford, N. H., they sold their possessions in Lebanon, and in January, 1766, became the third family of settlers in Orford.

The close of the French and Indian War in 1760 opened to settlement a large portion of New England, which had hitherto been forbidden land, but whose value as a desirable section for residence and trade had become generally known. Peace was no sooner declared when a large emigration from the older portions of the colonies set in for the new land.

In the fall of 1761, Col. Jacob Bayley, Col. John Hazen, Lieut. Timothy Bedel and Lieut. Jacob Kent, who had passed through the valley the year before on their return from the surrender of Montreal, took possession of the great meadows of the Lower Coös, and obtained charters for themselves and their associate settlers, of the towns of Newbury and Haverhill, on opposite sides of the Connecticut River. This settlement was unique in that the grantees of these two towns, or the majority of them, became actual settlers. The emigration which set in for these

towns was mainly from a section which lay within a radius of twenty miles of Haverhill, Mass., and the colonists were, generally, well known to each other, and related by birth or marriage. With these advantages, and the further circumstance that large portions of the great intervale were already cleared and had long been cultivated by the Indians, these settlements became, in a very few years, a sturdy community, with a church, schools, and a form of local government suited to their needs. It was a vigorous colony, and by the time of the settlement of Orford the pioneers at Coös had begun to colonize the Connecticut valley as far north as Northumberland.

The people who settled Newbury and Haverhill were nearly all from the lower part of the Merrimack valley, but below them the valley was mainly peopled from Connecticut.

From some cause, not now quite clear, the attention of people in the vicinity of Lebanon, Hebron, Haddam and other towns had been directed toward the part of the valley lying immediately south of the Coös country, and Lebanon, Hanover, Lyme, Orford and Piermont, with the towns opposite to them on the Vermont side, were settled mainly from Hartford and Tolland counties in Connecticut. The stream of emigration from the lower valley of the Merrimack took a more northerly course, and did not mingle with that which originated near Long Island sound. In the twelve years preceding the outbreak of the Revolutionary War, hundreds of families from Connecticut had made new homes in the towns we have mentioned. But at the date of Israel Morey's settlement in Orford the valley from Haverhill to Charlestown was almost an unbroken wilderness.

Whether he had by previous exploration satisfied himself of the value of these new lands is not now known, but in the autumn of 1765, with their three surviving children, the youngest being but six weeks old, Israel and Martha Morey began their long and toilsome journey. They traveled with an ox team, which bore the necessaries for their journey and their primitive housekeeping.

It is difficult for us to comprehend the hardships of the adventure, common as such were in those days. The young man and his wife, with three young children, set out on their journey of 200 miles into the wilderness with the certainty that winter must come upon them long before they could reach its end. It is not known how many were in the party. Nathan Caswell and wife, who became later the first settlers of Littleton, were of the party, and there were probably others. North of Fort Dummer there was only an occasional clearing, but a rude path lay along the river bank as far as Charlestown. Beyond that point was, not a road, but a line of spotted trees which marked a course along which an ox team like theirs might pass. There were no bridges, and the ingenuity of the party was fully taxed to convey the load in safety across rapid streams and over precipices. Winter had set in before the party had left Massachusetts, and it was January before the end of the journey was reached.

Only a few miles could be made in a day. The unbroken forest; the long reaches of the river; the slow movements of the oxen; the fires around which the weary travelers gathered for the night; the hours of darkness and increasing cold; the stealthy movements of the wild beasts that prowled in the forests, were the daily and nightly experiences of our adventurers. It is probable that the last part of the journey was made upon the ice of the river.

Between Charlestown and Orford at that time there had been few attempts at settlement. In Lebanon there were two families, in Hanover two, and in Lyme three young men were clearing land. Arriving in Orford, they found John Mann and wife and Richard Cross, who had established themselves near the river.

The land selected by Morey embraced a large part of the fertile plain upon which the village of Orford stands, and here he built his first rude habitation. In the summer the settlement was augmented by the arrival of several families from the region whence Mann and Morey had come. Four years later the colony numbered 125 persons, a hardy, vigorous stock.

The natural abilities of Israel Morey easily made him the most prominent man in the new settlement. He was active, far-seeing, and possessed that honesty and tact which win confidence. He built the first gristmill, and was one of the first selectmen. He was the first justice of the peace, and one of the original members of the church. Within a year after his arrival he began the purchase of land, and acquired sufficient influence to cause himself to be entered as a proprietor in the charters of several newly granted towns. By this means and by the purchase of "rights," he became the owner of thousands of acres of wild lands. These transactions, extending over a wide territory, conducted with prudence and good judgment, made him favorably known to all the prominent men along both sides of the river.

He also became agent for land proprietors on the seaboard who had purchased large tracts of wild land in the new country, and were interested in their development We find him engaged in transactions of many different kinds.

Thus in 1766 he became the agent for the ninety-one original proprietors of the township of Ryegate, Vt., and sold the land the next year to John Church and Rev. Dr. Witherspoon. In 1771 we find his name, as justice of the peace, appended to a call authorizing the inhabitants of Piermont to assemble and form a town government.

Israel Morey first came into general notice in his attempt to secure the establishment of Dartmouth College at Orford or Haverhill. It would seem that, on learning of the intention of Doctor Wheelock to remove his Indian school, his previous acquaintance with Wheelock induced Morey to use his influence with the principal men in the valley toward that end. We find him writing to Doctor Wheelock as early as 1767, setting forth the advantages of either town. It is probable that their confidence in Morey's opinion of the value that the college and its founder would be to the country induced the leading men in the valley to offer their solicitations and their proffers of land and money. He was deputed by them to go to Connecticut and wait upon Doctor Wheelock with the subscription papers.

It was the hope and desire of the principal men in the Coös country that the college should be located at Haverhill or Orford, either location being acceptable to Governor Wentworth and the English supporters of the proposed institution. These negotiations, in which several parties took a hand, and in which many conflicting interests were displayed, extended through nearly three years, toward the end of which the Orford interest was thrown in favor of Haverhill as the site. It does not appear, however, that Morey was offended at the final selection of Hanover. He is known to have remained a friend of the college and its president.

But it is as a military man that Israel Morey is remembered, and that, without ever having seen service in the field. Military organization kept pace with settlements in New England, from the first. The frequent wars with the Indians, and the fear of them which was constant even in the times of peace, rendered military discipline necessary. The farms of a new settlement had hardly begun to emerge from the forest before the men organized themselves into a military company. Thus in Haverhill and Newbury in 1764, while there could hardly have been forty able-bodied men in both towns, which had

been settled but two years, they were organized into a company, whereof Jacob Kent was commissioned a captain by Governor Wentworth. This company was the nucleus of a regiment on the west side of the river which was long commanded by three Jacob Kents in succession, father, son and grandson. The first military company organized in Orford was commanded by Israel Morey. It formed a part of the "Twelfth Regiment of Foot," whose first colonel was John Hurd of Haverhill. The companies of this regiment were drilled at stated times, and had acquired a considerable degree of military discipline at the breaking out of the Revolutionary War.

Before considering the phases of that struggle in the Coös country we will do well to glance at the state of that part of New England, and the character of its leading men. Thirteen years had now passed since settlements began at Haverhill and Newbury, and they had been, in the main, prosperous ones. Hundreds of farms, in the valley had been cleared for cultivation. The people were growing rich in flocks and herds, the ground brought forth plenteously, the country was rapidly filling up with settlers, and there was a ready market for all the farmers could raise. Not only was there a constant immigration from the older settlements along the coast, but colonies from Scotland, a hardy, sterling stock, had begun to settle Ryegate and Barnet under the leadership of James Whitelaw and Alexander Harvey. Dartmouth College had been established at Hanover, and around it had gathered a group of remarkable men. Indeed, along both sides of the river, the average of wealth and intelligence was very high. Several graduates of Harvard and Yale had settled in the valley. Many of the most prominent citizens had seen service in the French and Indian War. The chief of these was Col. Jacob Bayley of Newbury, the value of whose service in the Revolutionary War can hardly be overestimated. Others were Timothy Bedel and John Hazen of Haverhill, Charles Johnston of the latter town and his brother Robert of Newbury, and Jacob Kent. These were men of wide influence. Col. John Hurd of Haverhill and Col. Asa Porter were men of eminent ability. Of the latter Arthur Livermore says: "It would not be easy to find his equal among his numerous descendants." Rev. Peter Powers of Newbury was eminent for his ability and his piety. It was among these men that the emergencies of the times called Israel Morey to take a place.

His first public service outside of the Connecticut Valley was as the representative from several towns in the congress which met at Exeter, December 21, 1775, and he was one of the committee of thirteen appointed on the 26th of the same month, "to draw up a plan of government during the contest with great Britain." On this committee he was associated with such men as Matthew Thornton and Meshech Weare, and they framed the first form of civil constitution for the government of New Hampshire. By the same congress he was chosen as an associate justice of the Court of Common Pleas for Grafton County. This position upon the committee shows the estimation in which he was held by the principal men in the state.

He was also chosen, with Colonel Hurd, to enlist companies, muster soldiers and pay them; deliver commissions, and give orders to the several companies of rangers. Previous to this date he was appointed colonel of the regiment which had before been commanded by Col. John Hurd.

The dangers which threatened the Coös country were many and great. It lay in the direct road from Canada to the sea coast. So prosperous a community could not escape the keen observation of the Canadian authorities. Should New England be invaded, it would be seized upon, and made the base of operations, and its

stores of grain, its cattle and sheep would become the prey of the enemy, and the labor of years would be destroyed in a day. The peril was great, but the people met the danger with prudence and resolution.

It is not the intention of this paper to relate the military history of the Coös country during the war. While the eyes of all men were turned toward Gen. Jacob Bayley of Newbury, Col. Charles Johnston of Haverhill and Col. Peter Olcott of Norwich, as the men to conduct military operations, Bayley, Johnston and Olcott recognized the business experience, honesty and popularity of Israel Morey as fitting him for an obscure but necessary task. To him was committed the raising and drilling of men; the collection of horses, grain and food for the campaigns; the disbursement of money, and the thousand details of war. He kept his regiment in readiness for the field, and we constantly read of details from it for active service; of men, at one time forty-three; at another, sixteen; at another, twenty-eight; and so on. At the time of Burgoyne's expedition he seems to have been everywhere, recruiting men, forwarding supplies, and keeping up the lines of communication. It is not believed that he visited the field of conflict in person, although he must have followed close behind the last levies, which were sent to overthrow Burgoyne.

His service during the later years of the war was mainly confined to the equipment and drilling of men, and the patroling of the wilderness between the Coös country and Canada. The military road, commonly known as the Hazen Road, from Newbury to Canada line afforded a means by which scouting parties could be sent northward. By means of scouts the authorities of the Coös country were kept informed of all that went on along the frontier, and a second expedition from Canada to overthrow New England, though often threatened, was never begun. The frontier was so closely watched that no expedition strong enough to do much harm ever penetrated to the settlements.

It is with Israel Morey's connection with the Vermont controversy that we have lastly to deal. So much has been written upon the subject that we need not go into details. It is only necessary to present the case as it appeared to the residents of the Connecticut Valley.

In 1764 New York asserted its claim to all the territory between Connecticut River and Lake Champlain, and its inhabitants, who had hitherto considered themselves as a part of the Province of New Hampshire, found themselves transferred to the jurisdiction of another province, whose seat of government lay upon the Hudson. The residents of the western part of the Grants rose in rebellion. But the residents of the Connecticut Valley were not molested by the New York authorities, and while dissatisfied were quietly awaiting the outcome. The proprietors of Newbury secured themselves from all molestation from that quarter by taking out a new charter from New York, which confirmed to them all the privileges granted by the charter of Wentworth. What Newbury had done other towns might do, and matters on the west bank of the river went on very much as they had done before.

But on the east side of the river the dissatisfaction with their situation was great and increasing. It was the policy of the ruling powers in New Hampshire to keep the state under the central body of politicians known as the Exeter party. They viewed with apprehension the rapid growth of the settlements along the Connecticut, which threatened to become more populous than the eastern part of the state. Several actions of the Legislature had tended to keep the representation of the western counties as small as possible.

The dissatisfaction was greatest among those settlers who had come from Connecticut, and had distrib-

uted themselves about equally along both banks of the river. The inhabitants of the valley had common interest, knowing and caring little for the plans of the Exeter party. The river was hardly a boundary between them, and they felt that the common interest demanded that these communities should be kept together under one government. The constitution adopted by the new state of Vermont was so much more liberal, that the majority of the settlers in sixteens towns on the east side of the river were persuaded to elect representation to the convention which met at Windsor, March 13, 1778, and ask for the admission of their towns to the new state. Colonel Morey was one of the leaders in this enterprise, and broke completely from his old associates of the Exeter party.

The majority of the inhabitants of the valley favored any reasonable proposal which should keep them all under one government. So many conflicting interests influenced the leaders, and the changes of the times were so rapid that it is not possible at this lapse of time to state everything with precision. The distrust which in 1778 Gen. Jacob Bayley felt for the Allens and their associates, led him and his followers to favor the admission of towns enough on the east side of the river to counterbalance the influence and numerical strength of the Bennington party in the new state.

It is remarkable how many interests the people in the valley had at stake. They were engaged in making homes for themselves in the wilderness; they were protecting the frontier from invasion; they were constantly sending men to the seat of actual war, and at the same time were engaged in political strife. But when danger threatened, politics were laid aside. Morey retained his command of the twelfth regiment, his services being too valuable to be dispensed with, and he was marked out by the Canadian authorities as one of the men who were especially to be feared. There were leading men in the valley at that time whom the British could depend upon to desert the American cause the moment success seemed hopeless, but Morey was not one of them. His energetic leadership in military affairs caused his retention of command during several years, after he had adopted the views of the "college party." This party favored the erection of a new state in the valley of the Connecticut, north of Massachusetts, which should embrace all the towns whose waters drained into that river, whose political and geographical center would be near Dartmouth College.

We can hardly suppose that the leaders in this scheme really expected that Congress would permit the admission of such a state against the protests of the commonwealth from which it had been carved. We find it easier to believe that their scheme was tentative in the direction of securing better terms for the river towns from both New Hampshire and Vermont. This plan of a new state was short lived, and what is known as the "Second Union" had a lease of life almost as brief.

When the state of Vermont actually took possession of a portion of the state of New Hampshire by holding a session of its General Assembly at Charlestown, one of the first acts of the New Hampshire authorities was to dismiss Colonel Morey from the command of the twelfth regiment.

He was so much wounded with the treatment he had received from the state in return for his distinguished services, that he could not bring himself to remain longer a resident of New Hampshire. He removed at once, and permanently, to Fairlee, on the west side of the river, where he had large interests, having built the first mills, and had conducted a ferry between Fairlee and Orford ever since the settlement of the towns. His services in civil and military affairs in Vermont were many and valuable. He was assistant judge

of the County Court for four years, and a member of the General Assembly for nine years. The value of his military experience was recognized by his appointment in 1787 to the command of the fifth brigade of militia, and he held the command till 1794, when he withdrew from military life by the following dignified letter of resignation:

"SIR: I have for nearly twenty years served my Country in the military department. I am now so far advanced in life that I wish for leave to resign my office as Brigadier General in the Second Brigade and Fourth Division of the Militia. I think, Sir, it would be for the interest of the Brigade which I have the honor to command that I should resign at this time. I therefore request from your Excellency that you would be pleased to accept it. I have the honor to be your EXCELLENCY'S most obedient and humble servant,

"ISRAEL MOREY.

"RUTLAND, October 18, 1794.

"*His Excellency, Thomas Chittenden.*"

More fortunate than many of his contemporaries, General Morey lived to enjoy the reward of his labors. Blessed with a competence, his children settled around him, his old age was singularly happy. Men who were old thirty years ago remembered him riding about the peaceful lanes and roads of Orford and Fairlee, mounted on a white horse, dressed in a red military cloak, his white hair falling down upon his shoulders, pausing for a leisurely conversation with his friends. A curious controversy which arose between him and the celebrated Nathaniel Niles, who settled not far from him in Fairlee, was the cause of considerable amusement at the time, and the memory of it survived long after both men were dead. He retained to the last his love of the House of God. Although living at some distance from the church, he was seldom absent, whatever the weather, declaring that "no man was ever made sick by going to meeting."

He died at the house of one of his sons in Orford, and a plain slab of slate from which time and storm have partly obliterated the inscription, marks his grave.

Israel and Martha Morey had five sons and two daughters, all superior people, to one of whom pertains a remarkable interest. The sons were—Israel who served in the Revolutionary War, and rose to a high position in the militia; Samuel; Moulton, who graduated at Dartmouth College, and became an associate justice of the supreme court; William and Darius. Of three of his children no descendants are known to be living, while one lady now in Fairlee and one in Orford are the only representatives of the lineage of General Morey in this part of the country.

The sons of Israel Morey inherited not only the sterling qualities of their father, but a certain genius which was a common inheritance in the families of both of their parents. Samuel, the second son, was one to whom fate has been unkind. He was by nature an inventor. While yet a young man he began experiments upon the expansion of steam, and set his mind upon the problem of steam navigation. He had long operated his father's ferry between Fairlee and Orford, and sought in some way to harness the power of steam to the task. The result of a series of experiments was communicated by him to Professor Silliman, who encouraged his genius. In 1793 he constructed a small engine which propelled a boat by means of a paddle wheel, on the river, between Fairlee and Orford. The model of the engine and boat he sent to New York and, among those who saw the invention were Robert Fulton and Chancellor Livingston.

In Morey's original boat the paddle wheel was placed in the prow, and drew the boat instead of propelling it. At the suggestion of Fulton the wheel was placed in the stern and other changes were made. According to the repeated statements of Samuel and his brother Israel, Fulton went to Fairlee and acquainted himself with the manner of propulsion adopted

by Morey, in the boat which the brothers had constructed. Samuel Morey applied for and received a patent for his steamboat, and the Letters Patent, dated March 25, 1795, signed by George Washington, are now in possession of the New Hampshire Historical Society. He also published a philosophical pamphlet, now very rare.

According to the statement of Captain Morey, he went to New York with an improved model of his invention but was treated by Fulton and Livingston with coldness and neglect, the former having, on a previous occasion, acquired from him all they desired to know. This treatment and the theft of his idea, cast a shadow of bitterness over a most genial temperament. He believed that the honors and emolument which were heaped upon Fulton should have been his. It is certain that the idea of steam navigation was then at work in several minds both in America and Europe. But it is also certain that Samuel Morey propelled a boat by steam on the Connecticut between Fairlee and Orford in 1793, years before Fulton's successful experiment.

Had he comprehended the value of his own invention, and had he found such a wealthy and powerful patron as Fulton found in Chancellor Livingston, Samuel Morey and not Robert Fulton would be hailed as the father of steam navigation.

By the gift of Mrs. Amelia S. Kibbey of Fairlee, a grandniece of the inventor, the Vermont Historical Society is now the possessor of the original model of the engine which Morey invented to move his boat. "It is a mechanical curiosity, which in the absence of illustrations, defies intelligent description. It is a rotary engine, the cyliner being balanced on a standard above the boiler, and revolving horizontally. From the disc, upon which the engine is attached to the standard, the power is communicated. The ingenuity of this device for doing in a roundabout way what was subsequently done through a stationary cylinder and a piston rod connecting with a crank or walking beam, commands the admiration of the observer."

When we consider that it was the work of a young man in the backwoods of North America, in 1793, who had never seen a steam engine or the model of one, we marvel at his genius, and lament that his ingenuity was not rewarded by fame and fortune.

A beautiful lake in the town of Fairlee is called after the inventor, and the traveler upon a small steamboat of modern construction which plies upon its waters, is told that beneath its waves rests a boat built by Samuel Morey which contains the first engine ever employed in steam navigation.

AFTER THE STORM

By Maude Gordon Roby

("We shall all be changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye.")

From my window a beautiful picture I view,
For God has painted the World anew.
And while we slept the long night thru
The Angels just scattered the snow like dew,
All over the thorns and the roses, too,
And the World, my World is white and true.

Then I ponder: If God in his mercy and grace
Covers alike the pure and the base
With a shimmering mantle of Heavenly lace—
Won't he cleanse the black of our hearts, and erase
The wrongs we have done as the years flew apace?
For we often forget—we are here in *His* place.

THE YACHT BUILDERS

By Hannah B. Merriam

With active brain and ready thought,
Our willing hands have deftly wrought
From wood and iron, hemp and steel,
A cunning craft from sail to keel.
With heads to plan and hearts to please
We give her canvas to the breeze.

Outstripped by none, on, on we glide,
No fear have we from air or tide,
Store-house and shop are hid from view
Our careworn hearts their youth renew;
Past wooded hills and scented trees
Our glad yacht glides with swan-like ease.

The skies are taking evening hue;
Our boat at home will soon be due.
Now let each heart its tribute pay
To One who guides us on our way,
Who beckons on to broader seas,
Mid fairer scenes than brighten these.

TELL ME! OH GOD!

By Stewart Everett Rowe

I wonder at the strange, strange things I dream
About this life and all that gives it breath;
Tell me! Oh God of Life and God of Death,
If Life and Death are really what they seem!
When night comes on, shall I still see a gleam
That speaks of days to come without an end,—
Of days on which no darkness will descend?
Tell me! Oh God about these things I dream!

I wonder what it is that whispers low,
Yes, low and sweet, but still distinct and plain
And seems to say that all is for the best?
Tell me! Oh God! That I may learn and know
Just why I toss in sadness and in pain
And fail so oft to find a peaceful rest!

NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY

DR. SAMUEL H. GREENE

Samuel Henry Greene, M.D., one of the most prominent and best-known physicians of southeastern New Hampshire, died at his home in the town of Newmarket, December 17, 1911.

Doctor Greene was a native of Newmarket, a son of Simon P. and Sarah A. (Smith) Greene, born February 12, 1837. His parents removed to Boston when he was seven years of age, but five years later his father died and he returned with his mother to Newmarket, where he attended school for a time. He also pursued his studies at the Pittsfield, Gilmanton and Atkinson Academies, and, later, spent three years in New York and Wisconsin. Returning home, he entered upon the study of medicine, attending lectures at the Dartmouth and Harvard Medical Schools, graduating from the latter in 1860. He immediately commenced practice in Durham, where he continued six years, then purchasing the practice of Dr. William Folsom in his native town, in which he continued through life, attaining a large practice and a high reputation for skill and devotion. In the homes of the poor as well as the rich he was welcomed in time of distress, as a "ministering angel," and with him there was no distinction of persons in this regard.

Doctor Greene was a Republican in politics and active in town affairs, holding nearly all the offices in the gift of his townsmen, including those of representative, selectman, and member of the school board. He also served eight years as postmaster, under the administrations of Presidents Arthur and Harrison. He was an active member of Rising Sun Lodge No. 47, A. F. & A. M., of Newmarket, a charter member of Piscataqua Lodge, N. E. O. P., and a member of Lamprey River Grange, P. of H.

He married, July 2, 1860, Mallie R. Baker of Newmarket, who survives, with one son, Walter Bryant.

HARRY S. PARKER

Harry Stanley Parker, born in Wolfeboro, February 18, 1832, died at Farmington, January 16, 1912.

He was the son of Samuel Sewall Parker, educated in the schools of his native town, and in early life learned the trade of a shoemaker. On March 30, 1854, he was united in marriage to Miss Hester A. Stevens, daughter of Capt. Manly Stevens of Lisbon. Soon after, the couple purchased a farm in Wolfeboro on which they lived until 1867 when they removed to Farmington. The children born to Mr. and Mrs. Parker numbered ten, only four of whom are now living: Samuel Sewall Parker, a lawyer in Farmington; Mrs. Nellie S. Nute, wife of United States Marshal E. P. Nute of Farmington; Percy F. Parker, a merchant in Spokane, Washington; and Ned L. Parker, a merchant in Farmington.

For many years after locating in Farmington Mr. Parker was engaged in some branch of the shoe industry. In politics he was a staunch Democrat, and was, up to within a few years, an active and interested participant in the political affairs of the town. He was honored by his fellow townsmen by a seat in the state legislature in 1869 and again in 1877–78. He also served the town for several years as moderator, and was a member of the board of education for three years. In 1885 he was appointed postmaster of Farmington by President Cleveland, which office he conducted for four years with ability and fidelity. He was a most popular and public-spirited citizen, with a wide circle of friends in his own and surrounding towns. He was the only remaining charter member of Harmony lodge, Knights of Pythias, and was a Mason of fifty-six years' standing.

MARY CLEMENT LEAVITT

Mrs. Mary Clement Leavitt, noted Temperance worker, for twenty years honorary life president of the World's Woman's Christian Temperance Union, a native of the town of Hopkinton, born September 22, 1830 died at her home, 18 Huntington Avenue, Boston, February 5, 1912.

She was the daughter of Rev. Joshua and Eliza (Harvey) Leavitt, and was educated in the district school, at Thetford, Vt., Academy and the Massachusetts State Normal School at Framingham, from which latter she graduated in 1851 as the valedictorian of her class. She was an assistant teacher in the Boylston Grammar School in Boston, from 1854 to 1857 in which year she married Thomas H. Leavitt of Thetford. From 1867 to 1881 she conducted a private school in Boston, meantime taking a deep interest in the Temperance cause and aiding in the organization of both the Boston and the Massachusetts W. C. T. U., being a member of the executive board of the latter. Subsequently she became lecturer of the National organization and was secretary of the same from 1883 to 1891, during which time she journeyed around the world, organizing Unions in every land, her journeying aggregating more than 200,000 miles—a record unsurpassed in any line of missionary effort. She spoke to people, through interpreters, in more than fifty different languages, including the followers of Mahomet, Buddha, Zoroaster and Confucius, as well as members of the Greek, Roman and other churches.

She was a voluminous writer upon temperance and kindred topics, and her sketches and poems appeared in various publications.

EDWIN F. READ

Edwin Forbes Read, born in Swanzey, March 5, 1819, died in Somerville, Mass., January 23, 1912.

He was the youngest of eight children of Josiah P. and Mary (Forbes) Read, an older brother being Col. Benjamin Read, long a prominent citizen of that town. He was educated at the district school and at Appleton Academy, New Ipswich. He engaged in the manufacture of wooden ware at West Swanzey where he continued for twenty years, during which time he served six years as postmaster and once represented the town of Swanzey in the legislature, though a Republican and the town strongly Democratic. Subsequently he resided for a few years in Keene, but about 1880 took up his residence in Somerville, Mass., with a daughter—Mrs. Whitcomb, wife of Irvine I. Whitcomb of the Raymond & Whitcomb Company, where he continued till death.

Mr. Read married, on June 24, 1841, Miss Ambra Stone, daughter of Martin Stone of Swanzey, by whom he had two daughters, one dying in childhood. He was deeply interested in music and in early life was director of the choir in the Congregational Church at Swanzey Center, of which his wife was a member. He was one of the managers of the first annual town picnic in Swanzey in 1876—a precursor of the "Old Home Day" institution.

BELA GRAVES

Bela Graves, born at East Unity June 23, 1836, died in the house where he was born January 21, 1912.

He was the son of John Graves, was educated in the district school and at Newbury, Vt., Seminary, and taught school in the winter season for a number of years after he was eighteen years of age, in his own and neighboring towns. He married Emma N. Shepardson of Claremont, October 15, 1862, and settled on the home farm where most of his life was spent. He was an enterprising and successful farmer and was prominent in the Grange organization. He was also a member of the State Board of Agriculture three years, from 1893.

Politically he was a strong Democrat and had been his party's candidate for State Senator and various other offices.

His first wife dying, he married her sister Eliza M. Shepardson, November 5, 1873, who survives him, as do five children—Mrs. E. L. Houghton of Walpole, J. Frank Graves of Montana, Grace E., a teacher, Richard C., of Newport, and Helen L., at home.

MRS. JOSEPHINE L. RICHARDS

Mrs. Josephine L. Richards, a native of the town of Raymond, in the eighty-fourth year of her age, a daughter of the late Gen. Henry Tucker, died, January 23, at West Medford, Mass., where her home had been for nearly forty years past.

She was a teacher for many years, serving as master's assistant in the Quincy School in Boston for sixteen years. She was specially interested in botany and a recognized authority on native wild flowers and ferns. She was a life member of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society.

EUSTIS J. FLETCHER

Eustis J. Fletcher, a prominent shoe manufacturer of Brockton, Mass., died in that city January 24.

He was a native of the town of Littleton, N. H., born November 24, 1837, a son of John and Elizabeth (Taylor) Fletcher. In youth he went to Randolph, Mass., where he engaged in shoe manufacturing. He served in the Fourth Mass. regiment in the Civil War. He was foreman in a shoe factory at Atlanta, Ga., for a time after the war, and later in a factory at North Adams, Mass.

Removing to Brockton about forty years ago he became a partner of Leonard C. Bliss and the firm developed the great business now carried on by the Regal Shoe Company. Subsequently he was a partner in another important firm doing business in Brockton, but retired some years ago. He was a Mason and a member of the G. A. R. He married Miss Mary C. Bliss whose death preceded his just eleven months.

LYMAN J. BROOKS

Lyman J. Brooks, born in Acworth, June 28, 1832, died in Keene, February 11, 1912.

Mr. Brooks was a son of the late Dr. Lyman and Mary (Graham) Brooks. He was educated in the common school and Marlow and Kimball Union Academies, and graduated from the law department of Albany University in 1860. He was for three years associated in practice with the late Hon. Ira Colby at Claremont, and then received an appointment as clerk of the court for the County of Sullivan, continuing for nine years, when he resigned, and went to East Saginaw, Michigan, where he became interested in manufacturing. Subsequently he returned to New Hampshire, and organized a manufacturing concern at Charlestown, which soon removed to Keene and became known as the Impervious Package Company, of which he had been manager, treasurer and president.

He was a Knight Templar Mason, and had been Grand Warden of the Grand Commandery. He is survived by one son, Clarence M., of Keene; also by three brothers—George B., a lawyer of Saginaw, Mich., Dr. Nathaniel G., of Charlestown, and William Erskine of Keene.

EDITOR AND PUBLISHER'S NOTES

The active participation of Governor Bass in the movement looking to the nomination of Ex-President Roosevelt as the Republican candidate for the presidency at the November election, and the announced determination of a very considerable number of the more active leaders of the so-called "Progressive" Republican element in the state to organize and work for the choice of delegates from this state to the Chicago convention who will give their support to Col. Roosevelt, renders it certain that there are very lively and exciting times ahead in the field of Republican politics in New Hampshire, however it may be with the Democrats. A large proportion of the "old-timers" are understood to be firm adherents of President Taft, as well as some of those who have acted with the "Prregressives," and it is manifest that the state cannot be swung into the Roosevelt column without earnest and persistent effort. The excitement aroused over the presidential situation tends to divert attention from the gubernatorial canvass, so that the recent formal announcement of Hon. Franklin Worcester of Hollis that he will be a candidate for nomination by the Republicans, at the September primary, for Governor, has commanded less attention thus far than would ordinarily have been the case. Manifestly the gubernatorial question will be held in abeyance for a time in both parties, though it is now generally expected that Samuel D. Felker of Rochester will be a candidate for the Democratic nomination and that he will be practically unopposed.

Much interest has been awakened in business circles throughout the state, by the movement inaugurated by the management of the Grand Trunk Railway, looking to the establishment of a tide water terminal in the city of Boston and the extension of its line through this state, and Massachusetts, from White River Junction to that city. What the action of the Public Service Commission may be, when the question formally comes before that body as to the public necessity for such extension through the state, cannot be predicted by anybody with any degree of assurance at present, and it is not unlikely to be influenced in some measure by the action taken in the State of Massachusetts; but, on general principles, it would seem reasonable that it would be vastly to the benefit of New England at large to promote the development of the port of Boston and the material increase of the business of that great New England metropolis, by insuring wholesome competition in trans continental traffic, rather than holding the city at the mercy of monopoly in that line of business.

Carrying out the idea of non-partisanship in connection with the forthcoming Constitutional Convention, the suggestion is made that it might be well for that body, when it assembles next June, to elect a Democrat to preside over its deliberations, though a majority of the members will doubtless be Republicans. There have been three Constitutional Conventions held in the State since the Republican party came into existence, each of which has had a Republican president and a Democratic Secretary. Should it be decided to reverse this arrangement this year and put a Democrat in the chair and a Republican at the Secretary's desk, no fault can reasonably be found by anybody, provided well equipped men are chosen. The *Woodsville News*, edited by one of the most stalwart Republicans in the State who will himself be a delegate in the Convention, suggests Judge John M. Mitchell, who is to be a delegate from Ward Four, Concord, along with two prominent Republicans, as a proper man for president of the Convention. Of Judge Mitchell's eminent fitness, there is, of course, no question.

While the election of delegates to the Constitutional Convention does not occur till next month, the nominations have already been made by the respective parties, separately or in conference, and the composition of that body may be pretty accurately determined. It is safe to say that so far as a majority of the prominent men selected is concerned the ascendency is likely to be with what is known as the conservative element. It often happens, however, in conventions as well as legislatures, that new men come to the front, command recognition and assume leadership, so that it is entirely unsafe to predict what the action of the Convention will be upon any of the various questions likely to come before it.

Wanted, at this office, a copy of the GRANITE MONTHLY for September, 1894—Vol. 17, No. 3—also copies of Nos. 1 and 2—January and February—and Nos. 9 and 10—September and October—Vol. 13, 1890. Any one who can forward either or all of the desired numbers will be liberally compensated for so doing.

OL. XLIV, No. 3 MARCH, 1912 New Series, Vol. VII, No. 3

THE GRANITE MONTHLY

A New Hampshire Magazine

evoted to History, Biography, Literature and State Progress

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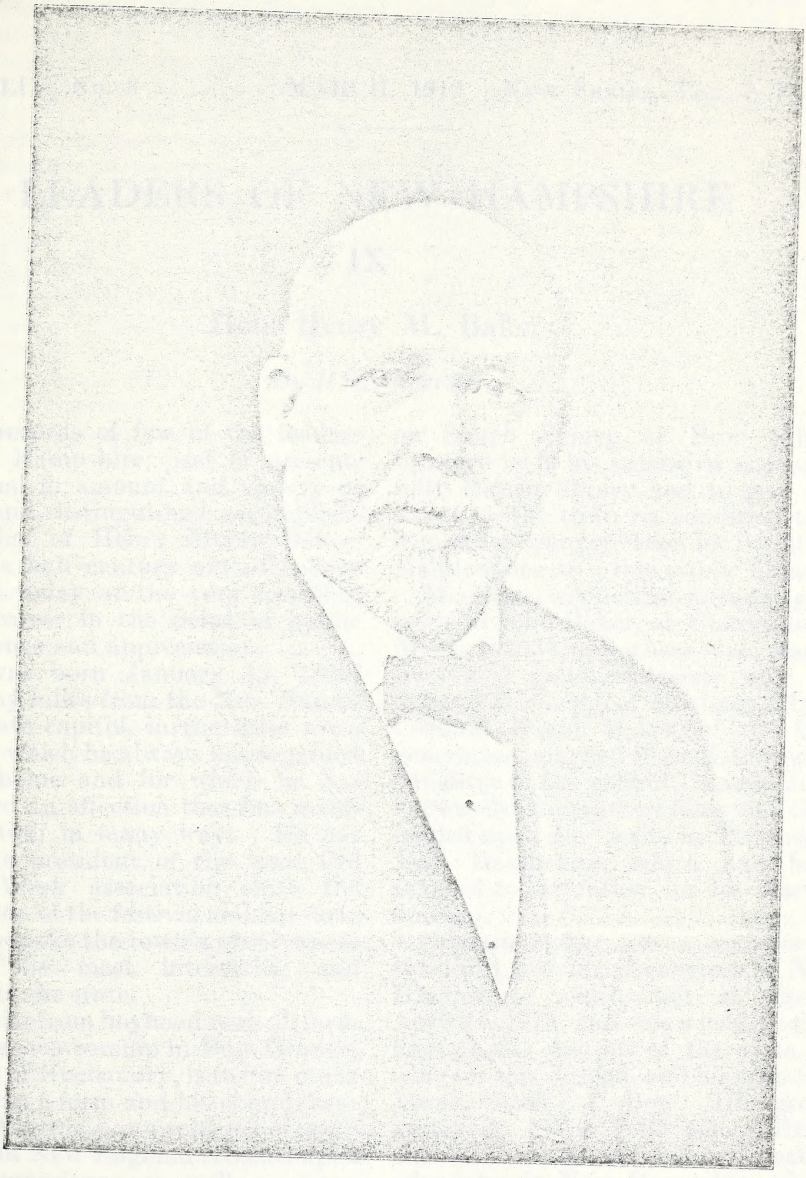
HENRY H. METCALF, Editor and Manager

ERMS: $1.00 per annum, in advance; $1.50 if not paid in advance. Single copies, 15 cents

CONCORD, N. H., 1911

Entered at the post office at Concord as second-class mail matter.

THE GRANITE MONTHLY



HON. HENRY M. BAKER

THE GRANITE MONTHLY

VOL. XLIV, No. 3 MARCH, 1912 NEW SERIES, VOL. 7, No. 3

LEADERS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

IX

Hon. Henry M. Baker

By H. C. Pearson

The records of few of the leaders of New Hampshire, past or present, can equal in amount and variety of useful and distinguished accomplishment that of Henry Moore Baker, almost a half century out of college and yet today at the very meridian of his career in the point of public prominence and appreciation.

He was born January 11, 1841, not many miles from the New Hampshire state capitol, in the little town of Bow, which he always has regarded as his home and for which he has cherished an affection that has manifested itself in many ways. He has been the president of the local Old Home Week association since the institution of the festival and has done much to make the town's observances among the most interesting and typical in the state.

Familiar from boyhood with all farm work his membership in Bow Grange, Patrons of Husbandry, is to him much more than a form and his comprehension of the present problems of agriculture in New England is based upon actual experience as well as upon thought and study.

By far the largest individual tax payer in Bow, Mr. Baker, on town meeting day, 1912, gave the town an even more direct financial token of his interest by offering to erect a ten thousand dollar building on his farm, on South Street at Bow Mills, to place in it his extensive and carefully chosen library and to give the whole to the town on condition that it make proper provision for its future maintenance as a free public library.

Mr. Baker's American ancestry goes back to John Baker, at Charlestown, Mass., in1634, and whose sons, grandsons and great-grandsons were respected residents of Roxbury, Mass. Captain Joseph Baker, of the fifth generation, married Hannah Lovewell, daughter of the gallant Captain John Lovewell of Indian wars fame, and they settled upon the lands in Pembroke, New Hampshire, which had been granted to her father for his martial services.

Captain Baker was a member of the third provincial congress of New Hampshire, which met at Exeter April 21, 1775, and was a leader on all lines in his section of the state, as were his son, Joseph, and his grandson James, both of Bow. His great-grandson, Aaron Whittemore Baker one of the earliest and most active advocates in New Hampshire of the abolition of slavery and of total abstinence from alcoholic beverages, was one of the founders of the Republican party in his section. He married Nancy Dustin, a descendant of the heroine, Hannah Dustin, and to them four sons were born, Francis

M., Rufus, John B. and Henry M. Baker.

Henry, the youngest son, attended, first, the town schools of Bow, and then prepared for college at the academies in Pembroke, Hopkinton and Tilton. Because of this attendance and of its neighborhood to his home, Mr. Baker has been much interested in the ancient and honorable institution of learning at Pembroke, and has been the president of its board of trustees since 1904, years during which it has occupied a new home, raised its standard and increased its attendance.

Entering Dartmouth College at Hanover in 1859, Mr. Baker graduated in June, 1863, receiving the degree of Bachelor of Arts, which was supplemented in course three years later by that of Master of Arts. He is remembered by the college men of his day as an industrious and facile student of good rank, who, at the same time, was active on lines outside his books and was popular with both his mates and his instructors.

At Dartmouth he was a member of the long-established and famous Kappa Kappa Kappa secret society and since has been honored by election as the head of its organization. His interest in and love for his alma mater never have flagged, a fact that was recognized by his choice as president of the general association of the alumni of the college from 1898 to 1902; and in one of the best local branches of that association, that at the national capital, General Baker, has been an active and loyal worker and for years its President. During Commencement Week of June, 1913, Dartmouth will pay due honor to her semi-centennial class of 1863, honor that will be richly deserved in the case of this one, at least, of its surviving members.

By nature a student and a lover of books, General Baker has not allowed the demands of his professional and public life to deny him the pleasure and the profit of wide, yet choice, reading. He is one of the best informed and most truly cultured men of his time, a fact which is proved, among other ways, by the publication of several historical monographs in which are remarkably united wealth of learning, depth of thought and charm of literary style. These qualities and others were suitably recognized by Howard University of Washington, of which he has been a trustee since 1906, when it bestowed upon him in 1911 the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws. Mr. Baker is a member, among other learned bodies, of the National Geographic Society and of the Anthropological Society.

After leaving Dartmouth, young Baker studied law for a year in the office at Concord of the late Judge Josiah Minot. In 1864 he was appointed to a clerkship in the war department at Washington and to the service of the national government there and subsequently in the treasury department, he gave the next decade of his life; receiving gratifying promotions to high grades of trust and responsibility.

While thus engaged he continued, in such spare moments as were available, the study of law, and in 1866 was graduated from the law department of Columbian University at Washington, being admitted soon after to the bar of the District of Columbia and in 1882 to practice before the supreme court of the United States.

In 1874 General Baker made the wise decision to retire from the government service and give his whole time to the law. His success as a practitioner in the national capital, among the picked men of the profession from all over the country, was immediate and great and brought him flattering financial returns. Cases involving valuable properties and rights and large sums of money were fought and won by him in all the courts of the district, up to and including the supreme court of the nation. To the natural endowment of what might be called a "legal mind," General Baker added immense industry, unflagging energy and courage and great

skill in the elucidation of principles and the presentation of evidence.

During these years of his activity in Washington Mr. Baker jealously guarded his rights of citizenship, and scrupulously exercised them, never failing to attend town meeting and other elections in Bow, his legal residence, and exerting himself without stint to forward Republican political success in New Hampshire.

He gained his military title by service as judge advocate general, with the rank of brigadier general, on the personal staff of Governor Moody Currier in 1886 and 1887.

In 1890 he was nominated by acclamation as the candidate of the Republican party for state senator in the Merrimack district, then one of the closest and most hard fought in the state, and won by a decisive majority and by twice the plurality which his party's candidate for governor received in that district.

General Baker was made chairman of the judiciary committee of the upper branch of the legislature and in that capacity did splendid service in separating the wheat of desirable enactments from the large amount of chaff that came up from the lower house. He was chairman, also, of the important joint special committee on the revision, codification and amendment of the public statutes.

In 1905 General Baker yielded to the desire of his townsmen and returned to the legislature as the representative from Bow in the house, where he served on the judiciary committee and was chairman of the committee on national affairs, an honor that was appropriate in view of what had in the meantime transpired. Returning to the House for a second term in 1907, Mr. Baker was made chairman of the judiciary committee at this very important session, when a fresh start was being made in state progress, and thus was able to inaugurate valuable work along several lines, notably that of uniformity in legislation between New Hampshire and other states.

But in the interval between his service in the two branches of the state legislature, General Baker had enjoyed and deserved the higher honor of two terms in the national legislature at Washington, representing there the Second New Hampshire Congressional District, which he redeemed at the election of 1892 from Democratic possession, even though that was a Democratic year with Cleveland elected president, supported by a large congressional majority.

Inspection of the Congressional Record shows that General Baker was an active and aggressive member of the minority and that in the lively debates of those days he held his own well, profiting not a little from the knowledge and experience which his years of life in Washington had given him. In this Congress, the 53rd, he was assigned to the committees on agriculture and on militia.

In 1894 he was re-elected by a greatly increased plurality and in the 54th Congress was recognized by appointment on the judiciary committee, becoming chairman of one of its important sub-committees. In this Congress, as in its predecessor, General Baker made several eloquent and thoughtful speeches upon important issues which were widely circulated and met with appreciative and discerning praise.

As a speaker, whether in court, in congress or on the stump, Mr. Baker is clear, convincing and interesting, free from bombast, cheap humor and appeals to prejudice, and never failing to win the respect and consideration of his hearers.

Another important public service by General Baker was his representation of the town of Bow as its delegate to the convention of 1902 to propose amendments to the constitution of the state. In this convention he was chairman of the committee on rules and a member of the committee on modes of amendment. He took a very prominent part in the work of the convention, proposing some of the most important amendments that



Residence of Hon. Henry M. Baker, Bow, N. H.

were considered and presenting views which were, perhaps, in advance of the public sentiment of the time, but which since have been shown to be sound and desirable.

It is highly fortunate for the state, as well as for his immediate constituency, that General Baker was again available for choice as delegate to the convention which will assemble at Concord in June of the present year to consider further amendment of the constitution. The unanimous choice of his town as its representative in the gathering, he will go into the convention with a record unsurpassed by any on the honorable roll for experience, equipment and reputation. His name is mentioned frequently and favorably in connection with the presidency of the convention, a position which he would fill with great credit to himself and great benefit to the state.

While General Baker always has been a loyal and "regular" Republican, believing in the principles of the party and devoted to its success, he was one of the first to see the necessity for some reforms within its New Hampshire organization and to revolt against the domination of the Boston & Maine railroad in the state. Largely because he was ahead of his time in this matter, his candidacies for the United States Senate in 1901 and 1907 were unsuccessful, although in them he gave fresh proof of his courage, capacity and true patriotism.

No man has a more sincere love for, and a deeper interest in his native state than has General Baker for and in New Hampshire; a fact which he has demonstrated in many ways, not the least of which is his intelligent study of her history. Long active in the work and councils of the New Hampshire Historical Society, he was its vice-president from 1903 to 1907 and its president in 1907 and 1908.

He was president of the New Hampshire Society of Sons of the American Revolution in 1902 and 1903 and again from 1908 to 1911; and has been Governor of the Society of Colonial Wars in New Hampshire since 1908, being eligible for such offices through the gallant military service of his forebears on both sides of his ancestral tree.

General Baker is a Unitarian in religious inclination although his generous gifts for good works and right causes are not distributed on any sectarian lines. He is a member of the Masonic order, lodge, chapter, commandery and shrine, and of the Wonolancet club and other social organizations. A charming conversationalist and most agreeable companion, Mr. Baker adds much to the pleasure of any circle which he may join.

During the last few years his personality has been much in the public eye because of his confidential relations with his relative, the late Mrs. Mary Baker Eddy, the founder and discoverer of Christian Science. Mrs. Eddy placed absolute confidence in the ability, integrity and loyalty to her interests of General Baker, though he was not a member of her church; and this confidence was attested by the terms of her will in which he was made executor of her large estate, to serve without bond, having been during the last years of her life one of its trustees.

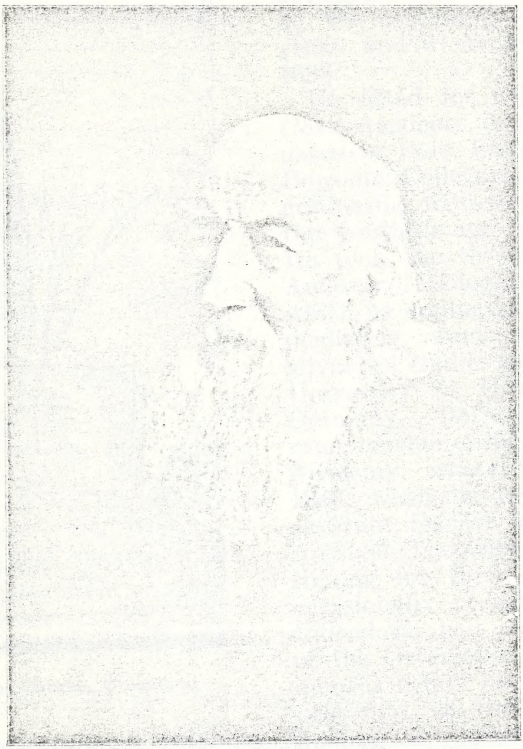
To the arduous duties and heavy responsibilities of this trust, General Baker is adding at this writing an active participation in the national political campaign, being chairman of the executive committee of the Taft League of New Hampshire, and also is devoting no little time and thought to his approaching service in the constitutional convention.

It is a pleasure to his associates, and an inspiration to the younger among them, to note the unimpaired vigor of mind and body, the result of right living, high thinking and worthy industry, with which General Baker discharges today duties as varied and important and as weighty in their demands as any he has met in the long and crowded career here briefly sketched.

A NOTABLE PASTORATE

By an Occasional Contributor.

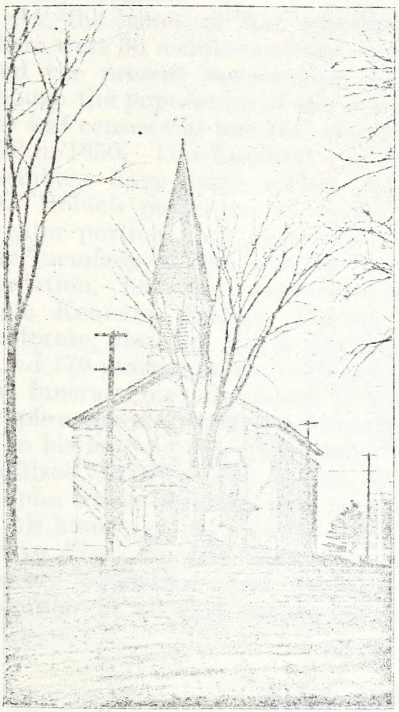
An event, the like of which has not occurred in New Hampshire in recent years, and rarely, indeed, in earlier time, was celebrated in the town of Greenland, on Sunday, February 25, 1912, it being the sixtieth anniversary of the ordination and installation of Rev. Edward Robie, D. D., as pastor of the Congregational Church in Greenland Village.



Rev. Edward Robie, D. D.

Greenland was originally a part of Portsmouth, and was created an independent parish in 1703. In July, 1706, the church was organized, with twenty-nine members. The first settled minister was Rev. William Allen, a native of Boston and a graduate of Harvard, who was ordained and installed in the pastorate, July 15, 1707, continuing till his death, September 8, 1760, though for the last four years of his life he had a colleague, as associate pastor, in the person of Rev. Samuel McClintock, D.D., who succeeded him, and continued in charge till his decease, after a short illness, April 27, 1804, these first two pastorates covering, as will be noted nearly a full century. Dr. McClintock served for a time as a chaplain in the Revolutionary army, and is credited with having been present in that capacity at the battle of Bunker Hill. He was a learned and able man, and gained a high reputation as a preacher. He was succeeded by Rev.

James Neal, who was ordained and installed May 22, 1805, and died July 18, 1808. There was no settled pastor from the time of Mr. Neal's death until October 27, 1813, when Rev. Ephraim Abbott took charge of the parish, continuing until dismissal at his own request, October 28, 1828. Rev. Samuel W. Clark held the ministry here from August 5, 1829, till his death August 17, 1847, and Rev.



Congregational Church, Greenland

Edwin Holt from March 8, 1848, till his dismissal, on account of ill health, January 7, 1851.

On February 25, 1852. Rev. Edward Robie, a native of Gorham, Me., was ordained and installed pastor of this church, and has here continued actively in the service to the present time.

Mr. Robie was born in Gorham, Me., April 5, 1821, and is, therefore, closely approaching his ninety-first birthday anniversary. He was the eldest child of the late Deacon Thomas T. and Clarissa (Adams) Robie, his father being a descendant in the sixth generation from that Henry Robie, born at Castle Donington, England, February 12, 1619, who came to this country in 1639, and, after brief stops at Dorchester and Salem, Mass., settled in Exeter, where he became a member of the voluntary combination for governmental purposes, formed July 4, 1639, was for some years prominent in the affairs of the township, serving as selectman in 1649–50; removed, later, to Hampton where he was a leading citizen for many years, and where he died, April 22, 1688.

He fitted for college at Gorham (Me.) Academy, from which he graduated in 1836, immediately entering Bowdoin College at Brunswick, and graduating with the class of 1840, at the youthful age of nineteen years. He took the three years' course at Andover Theological Seminary, from which he graduated in 1843, and immediately went abroad, pursuing advanced studies for two years in the University of Halle, near Leipsig, Germany. Returning home he became teacher of languages in Gorham Academy, where he continued till 1848, when he took a position as assistant teacher of Hebrew, at the Andover Theological Seminary, continuing for three years, meanwhile occasionally preaching as a supply. Indeed he had supplied the pulpit of the Greenland church for several months before his installation in the pastorate, so that the people were making no experiment in his selection, and his long continuance amply demonstrates the fact that they made no mistake.

The call to the pastorate, extended to Mr. Robie, was signed by John G. Pickering, Rufus W. Weeks and Simes Trink, committee for the parish, and John T. Parrott, William J. Pickering, and John L. Brackett, committee for the church. Eleven churches were represented by pastor and delegates, at the ecclesiastical council holden

for his ordination and installation, namely those at Gorham, South Berwick and Kittery, Me., and Durham, Exeter First and Second Churches, North Hampton, Hampton, Rye, Great Falls and Raymond, N. H.

Of the nineteen ministers and delegates composing the council, only one —Rev. Solomon P. Fay, then of Hampton, now of Dorchester, Mass., survives, as stated by Dr. Robie in his sermon, preached at the recent anniversary occasion.

At the time of his installation there were 36 members of the church, and the present membership is 41, though the population of the town at the last census was but 575, as against 732 in 1850. One hundred and eight members have been added during Dr. Robie's pastorate, of whom the greater portion have passed on. Of the members at the time of his installation, but one survives—Mrs. Jane Kennard Packer. During his pastorate, also, Dr. Robie has solemnized 179 marriages, and officiated at 541 funerals, burying almost as many people as are now residents of the town.

In his long ministry Dr. Robie has baptized, married and buried many couples whose children, also baptized at his hands, are now in the midst of active life. He has been preacher, pastor, counsellor and friend, an exemplar in all that makes for true worth, honest citizenship and Christian manhood. He is a clear thinker, a great reader and close student, and his sermons evince a high order of scholarship. In 1893, though then 72 years of age, he took a special course at Harvard University, that he might more thoroughly master certain subjects with which he proposed to deal in his sermons. His reputation as a scholar and preacher of the first order of ability, is widespread, and has been duly recognized. Dartmouth College conferred upon him the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity in 1876, and Bowdoin College, his *Alma Mater*, similarly honored him in 1894.

December 28, 1852, Dr. Robie was united in marriage with Susan P. Jameson, daughter of Rev. Thomas and Elizabeth (Lord) Jameson, of Effingham, N. H., who died, June 12, 1878, without children.

At the recent anniversary observance, the Methodist Society—the only other religious society in town—with its pastor, and the townspeople generally with many from adjoining towns, were in attendance to enjoy the exercises, which embraced special musical features of high order, and to testify by their presence their respect and esteem for the venerable pastor, whose life, it is hoped, may be spared for further years of useful service.

THE DEAD THRUSH

By Rev. Thomas H. Stacy, D.D.

Within my hands I held a wounded thrush
  Until its panting ceased,
  Fell low its trembling wing;
And then, at set of sun, I buried it
  Beneath the silent trees,
  Where it was wont to sing.

Who cares to know where lies the buried thrush?
  Who miss its song divine,
  When dies the summer day?
Rewards? And are there none for such as sing
  To lift a human life,
  And speed it on its way?

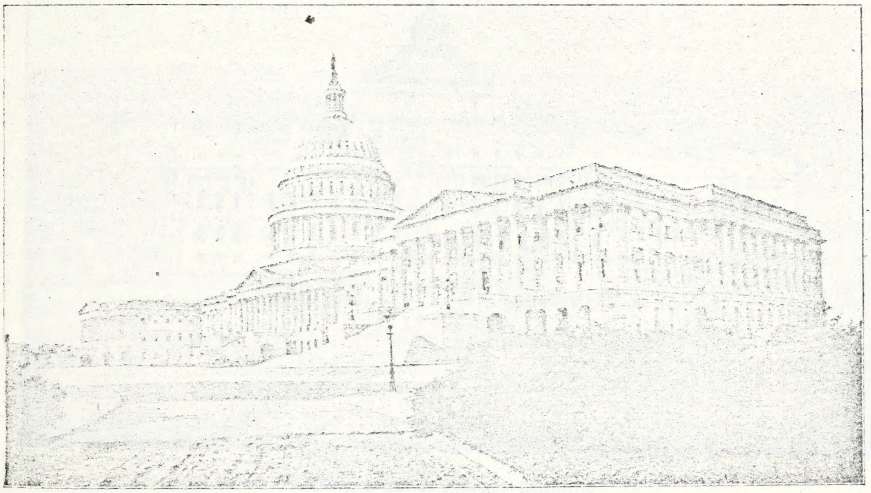
BEAUTIFUL WASHINGTON

By Harry V. Lawrence

One Thursday afternoon in May I left Boston at 3 p. m., and arrived in New York at 9 o'clock in the evening. At the Grand Central Station I found my old friend, Mr. Frederick A. Gill, who was the best banjo player in Harvard College some years ago, and we went up town to his bachelor quarters, after getting a little lunch.

On the way up town I asked my friend if he knew where "One Minute Street" was located, and, he informed me that he had never heard of it before. I hated to do it, but, I had to tell him that it was "SIXTY SECOND STREET." After a good talk we retired, and Friday morning I went to Jamaica, Long Island, to find another old friend, Mr. Edward C. Chickering, a former resident of Exeter, N. H., who has recently written "An Introduction To Octavia Prætexta."

Going to the Jamaica High School I found Mr. Chickering with his pupils, and in the afternoon we visited the ball grounds to witness a game between Jamaica High and a class nine from The College of the City of New York. I shall never forget this afternoon as my friend was the scorer, and, before the game ended up in an argument, I thought I was lucky to get away with my life. At about 9 p. m. I left Jamaica and arrived at Mr. Gill's quarters, about two hours later, where I spent the night. Saturday morning I left New York and went to Jersey City, and waited for a party of New England people who were to take a train for Washington. Unfortunately their boat was held up by a fog in Long Island Sound and the result was, that the railroad authorities had to put on a special train and take us to Philadelphia. In going around a curve near Newark, N. J., our engineer set his "air brakes" very quickly, as there was a factory fire near the track, and an excited crowd in the vicinity. We arrived in Philadelphia at noon and then had our dinner in the rear of the Broad Street Station. As I was alone, a waiter seated me at the end of the very long table and some of the tour-

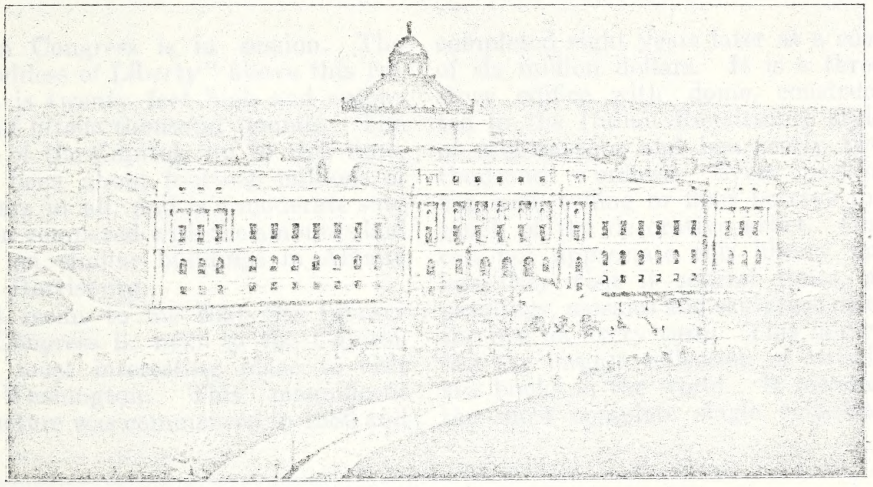


The Capitol, Washington

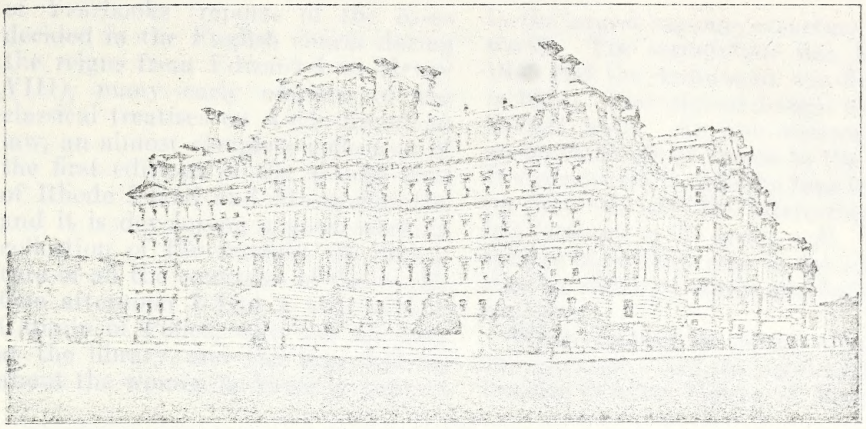
ists seemed to think I had charge of the party. I thought it would be all right to have a little fun with them, so I kept up this deception for a short time before they "got wise" to my little game.

After dinner several of us visited an art gallery and then we watched the gold-braided "cops" handle the street traffic, while we waited for our train. These Philadelphia "cops" are slow-going fellows, but, they have got the teamsters "eating out of their hands."

At three o'clock we left Philadelphia and arrived at the National Capital in time for supper at the Metropolitan Hotel. My first move was to remove my vest, as it was quite warm in Washington, and not at all like Boston weather the first of May. After a night's rest at our hotel, several of us went to the Capitol, Sunday morning, and, I think that almost every American who visits Washington has a feeling of pride after an inspection of this magnificent structure. It is said that a man from the West told his friends, while on the way to Washington, that he thought it was a great waste to put so much money into building the Capitol, but, after he arrived on Pennsylvania Avenue and took one long look at the building he "took it all back." On early charts the Capitol was called "Congress Hall," but this name was given up. The first work in connection with the Capitol was performed by four foreigners, William Thorton, a native of the West Indies, Stephen Hallet, a Frenchman, George Hadfield an Englishman, and James Hoban, an Irishman. The corner-stone of the Capitol was laid by President Washington, September 18, 1793. The first native American among the Capitol architects was Charles Bulfinch, of Boston, who built the rotunda, the old dome and the library. On December 2, 1863, Crawford's "Goddess of Liberty" took her stand upon the summit of the dome, and this crowning statue overtops the streets of Washington by over four hundred feet. Around this building are fifty acres of lawn and park and the Capitol itself covers three and one-half acres of ground. If one looks down Pennsylvania Avenue at the eight million pound dome poised against the background of sky, they see a picture that is unsurpassed by any of the works of modern architecture. A spiral stair runs up to the crowning cupola, which contains a large lantern, lighted only



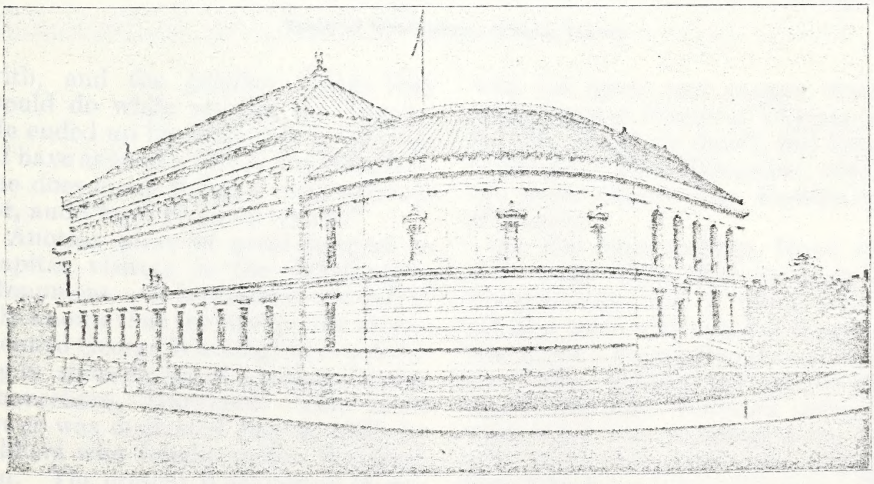
Congressional Library Building



State, War and Navy Departments

when Congress is in session. The "Goddess of Liberty" above this cupola is twenty feet high and weighs about fifteen thousand pounds. The cost of the Capitol, up to this time, has been about fourteen millions of dollars in all, and is a moderate sum when compared with the amounts laid out on similar buildings in Albany and Harrisburg.

It seems to me that the Library of Congress is, next to the Capitol, the most interesting place to visit in Washington. This magnificent structure was commenced in 1889 and completed eight years later at a cost of six million dollars. It is a three story edifice with dome, constructed in the Italian Renaissance style of architucture and has nearly two thousand windows. Every part of the wall, ceiling or floor betrays the touch of the decorative artist. One can not appreciate this library unless they visit it several times, as paintings, mosaics and sculpture meet the eye on every turn. This library has the largest collection of strictly law books in the world. It includes the most complete single collection

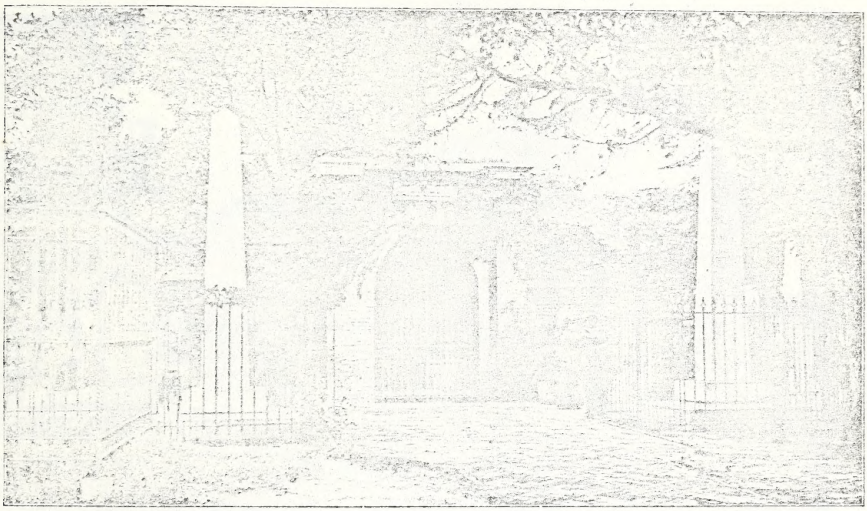


Corcoran Art Gallery, Washington

of Yearbooks (reports of the cases decided in the English courts during the reigns from Edward I to Henry VIII), many early editions of the classical treatises on Angle-American law, an almost complete collection of the first editions of the session laws of Rhode Island and Massachusetts, and it is developing a good working collection of the modern law literature of all the countries of the world. One afternoon I had a talk with a Captain of Police, who was on duty at the library, and this man told me about the women he came in contact with, and the peculiar things they would do while visiting the library. He ended up his little talk by saying: "I have as good a wife as any man, but, she does many things I can't account for, and I have given up trying."

Another place of great interest to Capital visitors is the Washington Monument. It is probably not generally known that the first public monument to George Washington is now lying in ruins on top of a mountain near Boonesboro, Maryland. This stone tower was dedicated July 4, 1827, by soldiers who fought under Washington. The present Washington Monument is 555 feet high and is said to be the largest masonry structure in the world. The cornerstone was laid in 1848 and the monument was finished in 1884. The original designs were by Robert Mills. An iron stairway and an elevator afford access to the apex. If visitors wish to take the time to walk up they can read the interesting tablets fastened to the inside wall. These tablets have been sent to the authorities by different states and historical societies.

While visiting the Senate Chamber one morning I had the opportunity of hearing Senator Carter of Montana, with his quick and snappy Western style, Senator Daniel of Virginia, with his slow Southern drawl, and Senator Gallinger of New Hampshire, who had the more conservative Eastern style of oratory.



Tomb of Washington, Mount Vernon

At the Metropolitan Hotel there were more than fifty Senators and Congressmen, and it was a treat to get at a table with some of these men. One night a young Congressman from the South, wearing the typical black slouch hat these Southern orators always wear, was standing in the hotel wine room about midnight singing a tune I had never heard before. This man had evidently taken "a little too

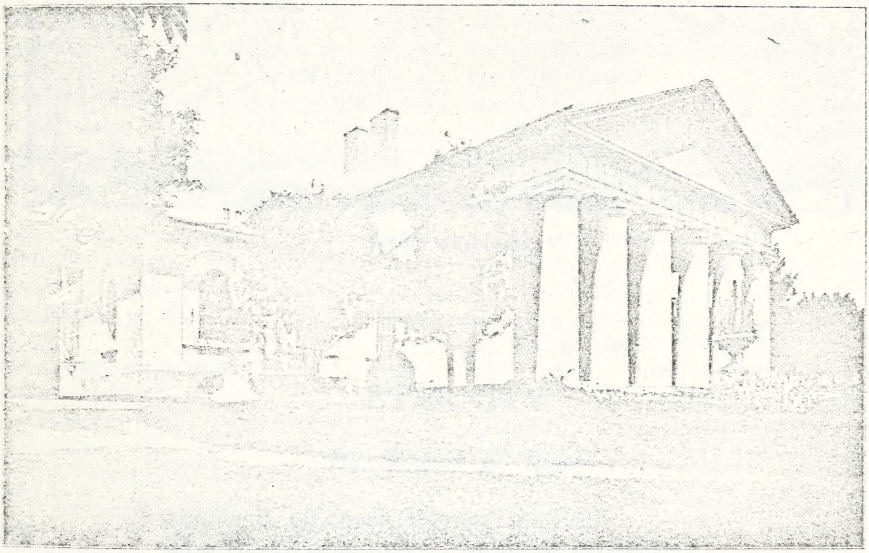
much," and he was singing: "There's a hole in the bottom of the ocean."

Another very interesting place to visit in Washington is the Corcoran Art Gallery. This handsome building was opened in 1897 and the style of architecture is Neo-Grecian, the material being white Georgia marble, on a basement of Milford pink granite. In connection with the Gallery a free school of art is maintained.

One beautiful afternoon I boarded an electric car for Mount Vernon, Virginia and, the first thing of importance I observed, was the conductor throwing a negro into the street because he tried to steal a ride. After a fine ride through Alexandria, we arrived at Mount Vernon and entered the grounds through a gate. Mount Vernon has a quiet and peaceful atmosphere and it is a beautiful estate. The government maintains a postal station on the grounds on account of so many postal cards being sent from Mount Vernon. After an inspection of the old house and the Tomb I returned to Washington.

One afternoon I visited Arlington, Virginia, and, I think all those people who have visited this famous cemetery realized for the first time what the Civil War meant to this country. Under one stone are the bones of 2111 unknown soldiers, and in this cemetery are buried over 16,000 soldiers who fell in the Civil War alone.

Before leaving the Capital City I took a ride on a "Seeing Washington" car and this trip covers the Capitol, Washington Monument, Smithsonian Institution, Corcoran Art Gallery, Ford's Theatre, Library of Congress, State, War and Navy Building, White House, Treasury Department and many other points of interest to the tourist. The young man who had charge of this car was a "knocker," and, as we approached a large apartment house, he said: "This hotel is the home of many prominent politicans, and, its name is, Hotel "Grafton." Near the Smithsonian Institution he discovered a young colored couple "spooning" under a tree. Just as our machine arrived in front of this couple, he pointed his finger at them, and said: "Here is a good illustration of the old song, "Under the



Arlington, Old Home of the Lees, Alexandria

Shade of the Old Apple Tree." On a Thursday morning I left Washington, and as our train crossed the Potomac River, I took one long farewell look at "The City of Magnificent Distances."



"Seeing Washington"

ETERNITY

By Stewart E. Rowe

I wonder if, off there, Beyond the Sea
  The Sea of Life, now breaking at my feet—
I wonder if, beyond its waves, I'll meet
  The One who waits, and waiting, longs for me?
And yet, perhaps—in years still yet to be,—
  That shall be mine on earth Before the Call—
Maybe I'll meet the One—My All in All—
  My Birth, my Life, my Death—Eternity!

So, if not deep within Life's Vale of Tears
  O'er which the sighing Life-Winds moan and toll,
Then, on that Shore, unwashed by waves of tears—
  Beyond the Sea on which Life's Willows roll—
I'll meet the One and in the forge of years
  Our lives will blend and form one deathless soul!

MAJOR RICHARD WALDRON

[This article, contributed by a member of the Society, was published in the Collections of the N. H. Historical Society some thirty years ago, and is here reproduced as of general historical interest.]

Richard Waldron, or rather Waldern, as he spelled it, of Dover, was born at Alcester, in Warwickshire, and was baptized January 6, 1615-16. He came to this country in 1635, perhaps to see the country; stayed about two years, and returned to England, where he was married. Before he returned here he had purchased land of Captain Wiggin, the agent of the Squamscott patentees, on Dover Neck. After his return to Dover he purchased a large tract of land at Cochecho Lower Falls, where, in 1640, or perhaps a little earlier, he established his residence. His house and his first purchase were on the north side of the river. He built the first sawmill on the lower falls, and engaged in trade with the Indians, thus laying the foundation of the settlement long known as Cochecho and now the seat of business of the flourishing City of Dover.

He continued long actively engaged in the business of lumbering, and in the Indian trade, both at Dover and Penacook. He erected mills both on the lower and upper falls, and received large grants of land and timber from the town, on terms beyond doubt advantageous, the earliest remaining being in 1642 and 1643. As the consideration for one of these grants he agreed to erect a meeting house on Dover Neck, forty by twenty-six feet stud, and to be finished in 1654. The records which remain show that he was a comparatively wealthy man at his emigration, and his business was conducted with such prudence and judgment that he was a successful and prosperous man.

The births of three of his children are recorded in Boston, from which it is inferred that he was for a time engaged in business there.

Mr. Waldron was a signer of the Combination which is dated October 22, 1640, his name following next after Mr. Larkham's, the minister. He was one of the selectmen in 1647, when the records commence, and in twelve other years, as the records show, though in some years the records are defective, and for several years he was town treasurer. He was elected deputy from Dover to the General Court in 1654, in 1656 to 1663, in 1665 to 1674 inclusive, and in 1677. In 1675 he was elected deputy from Saco, residence not being a necessary qualification, and in 1679 he was deputy from Kittery. He was often speaker of the Assembly, or House of Representatives, being elected to that office in 1666, 1667 and 1668, in 1673–4–5 and in 1679.

Mr. Waldron was elected one of the commissioners for the decision of small causes in 1654, 1657, 1662, 1666 and 1667 and was elected an Associate [judge] of the County Court in 1650, 1652, 1653, and 1654 (probably in 1655 and 1656 when the records are deficient,) in 1657 and annually afterward to the close of the Massachusetts government here. He was appointed commissioner to sit in the county courts of the County of York, in Maine, in 1668, and afterwards till 1679; and for many years he exercised magistratical power both in New Hampshire and Maine. And he was one of the Commissioners appointed in 1668 to receive the submission of the towns of Gorges' Province.

As a magistrate his sentence upon three fanatical Quaker women, to be whipped ten stripes in several towns would now be repugnant to every sentiment of humanity and justice. While no one doubted his honest desire to discharge his duty, his death was regarded by the Quakers, whose numbers there were increased by their persecution, as the righteous retri-

bution of heaven upon a persecutor. It maybe said in his excuse that he was carried away by the excitment of the time, for we find in the General Court records of Massachusetts, 1662, 8 October, "In answer to the petition of the inhabitants of Dover, praying relief against the spreading of the wicked errors of the Quakers among them, it is ordered that Captain Richard Waldron shall be, and hereby is, empowered to act in the execution of the laws of this jurisdiction against all criminal offenders in the said town of Dover, as any one magistrate may do, until this court take further order." We need no better evidence than the silence of his contemporaries, that his conduct as judge, during so many years must have been generally satisfactory.

The records show that Mr. Waldron was very often employed on special service for the business of the town. He is designated as Captain Waldron as early as 1653, and in 1675 he was the major and commander of the militia in the County of Norfolk. He had the command in the great Indian war known as King Philip's War, which commenced in 1675, and was active in his efforts for the protection of the people. In the following year the Indians, who had suffered from famine, caused by the severity of the winter, sued for peace and applied to Major Waldron for his mediation, and a treaty was concluded at Cochecho, 3d July, 1676, signed in behalf of the whites by Waldron, Shapleigh and Daniel, which embraced all the eastern Indians.

Soon after some troubles occurred upon the Kennebeck, and two companies of troops went in that direction, under the command of Captains Lile and Hawthorne. When they arrived at Dover, on the 6th of September, 1676, there were assembled there about four hundred of the Indians, with some of their women and children. They consisted, about one half of them, of Penacooks, who had taken no part in the Philip's war, and Ossipees and Pequawketts, who were parties to the recent treaty at Dover, and the residue were Indians of the southern tribes, who were allies of Philip, and upon his death had fled for security, to their kindred at the eastward, and, according to Indian usage, were readily received into their tribes. The military force of the County of Norfolk, under Major Waldron, and of Kittery, under Captain Frost, were there met. No hint or explanation is given of the occasion or the pretenses upon which so large and unusual an assemblage of the natives was gathered, or so large a military force was collected there. It could not have been by accident, and we are left to conjecture some ground for it consistent with the character of a Christian people. It was, as the Indians understood, a time of profound peace, and they considered themselves perfectly safe, as shown by the presence of their women and children. The Massachusetts government had ordered their troops to seize all southern Indians, wherever they could be found. Lile and Hawthorne proposed to seize these Indians by force, but Waldron, fearing that many would escape, contrived a stratagem to accomplish their capture without bloodshed. He proposed to the Indians to have a sham fight the next day, and they agreed to it. The Indians formed one party and the white soldiers another. In the midst of the game the whites suddenly surrounded the whole body of the Indians, and made them prisoners almost without exception, before the Indians were aware of the intended deception. The captives were disarmed, the southern Indians sent to Boston and the others set at liberty. Of those sent to Boston some five or six were hung and the remainder sold into slavery.

Of this transaction different opinions may, perhaps be entertained. It is said, and probably with truth, that Major Waldron was opposed to the seizure, both on the ground of policy and honor; but the orders of his government were imperative, and as a military man he felt bound to obey

them. The Indians never forgave him, and, more than twelve years after, their vengeance was satisfied by his death.

In the winter of 1677 Major Waldron had command of an expedition against the Indians which was, however, attended by no decisive results. One of its incidents may be weighed in connection with the affair of September 7. A parley was held at the mouth of the Kennebec. It was mutually agreed to lay aside arms and negotiate for the ransom of prisoners, but Waldron espied the point of a lance under a board, and, searching further, found other weapons, and, taking and brandishing one towards them, exclaimed: "Perfidious wretches! you intended to get our goods and then kill us did you?" They were thunderstruck, but one, more daring than the rest, seized the weapon and attempted to wrest it from Waldron's hand. Captain Frost seized hold of Meginneway, one of the murderers of Brackett and others, and dragged him into his vessel; a squaw caught up some guns and ran from the woods; at that instant a reinforcement arrived from the vessels, and the Indians scattered in all directions, pursued by the soldiers. Sagamore Mattahouse and an old powwow and five other Indians were killed and five others captured, and some booty taken. Maginneway was shot.

Major Waldron was ever a steady supporter of the Massachusetts government, and was the leader in the opposition to the attempts made by the King's Commissioners, Colonel Nichols, Sir R. Carr and Mr. Maverick, in 1665, to establish a separate government under the royal authority; and in 1675 and the following years, till the establishment of the Provincial government in 1680, he was the leader of the people in opposition to the claim of Mason. With few exceptions, his title to his own large real estate, lying beyond the limits of the Hilton or the Swampscot Patent, were derived from grants of the town, and the titles of most of his neighbors had no other foundation. The inhabitants of Dover, with one voice, protested against the claim of Mason, declared they had *bona fide* purchased their lands of the Indians, recognized their subjection to the government of Massachusetts, etc., and appointed Major Waldron to petition the King in their behalf.

Upon the establishment of the Provincial Government, under President Cutt, in January, 1679–80 Major Waldron was appointed one of the Council. The President and Councilors were all opposed to Mason's claim, and friends of Massachusetts. "They saw that their appointment was not from any respect to them or favor to the people; but merely to obtain a more easy introduction to their new form of government. They would gladly have declined acting, but, considering the temper of the government in England, the necessity of submitting to the change, and the danger of others being appointed upon their refusal, who would be inimical to the country, they agreed to qualify themselves, determining to do what good, and to keep off what harm they were able."

Mr. Waldron accepted the appointment with reluctance, and was appointed Deputy President of the Province, and commander of its military forces, consisting then of one foot company in each of the towns one troop of horse, and one company of artillery at the fort.

President Cutt died on the 27th of March, 1681, and Major Waldron succeeded him as President, and remained at the head of the government until the arrival of Governor Cranfield, on the 4th of October. Cranfield had become a mortgagee of Mason's interest in the Province, and was thus interested in sustaining his claims. Waldron had exerted his influence against Mason, and in six days after Cranfield's arrival he was suspended, on frivolous pretext, from the Council, but was restored in November following. He was appointed, 15th February, 1682–3, chief

judge of the special court constituted for the trial of Edward Gove and others, who were indicted for high treason, for a foolish attempt to oppose the government. The accused were convicted and sentenced, but were pardoned, after a tedious imprisonment, by the government in England.

Major Waldron refused to take a lease of his lands from Mason upon requisition of the Governor, though he proposed to refer the matter to the Governor, that he might state the case to the King for his decision, as directed by his commission, and he was again suspended from the Council. Mason commenced his law-suits against the land owners of the Province by a writ against Waldron for large damages. He appeared in court and challenged the jurors as interested persons without success, some of them having taken leases of Mason, and all of them living on lands which he claimed. The judge then caused the oath of *Voire dire* to be administered to each juror, that "he was not concerned in the lands in question, and that he should neither gain nor lose by the cause;" upon which the Major said aloud to to the people present, that this was a leading case and that if he were cast they must all become tenants to Mason, and that, all persons in the Province being interested, none of them could legally be of the jury." The cause, however, went on, but he made no defence, asserted no title and gave no evidence on his part, and judgment was given against him.

At the next court of sessions he was fined five pounds for mutinous and seditious words, and was further prosecuted and fined ten pounds for language used by him on a former occasion, as stated in the following affidavit:

That upon the 3d day of May, 1681, Richard Waldron, Esq., of Cochecho, then Deputy President of this Province, did, upon ye said day, above writt, at Strawberry Bank, declare about ye King's letter, then newly brought over by Robert Mason, Esq., that they were not ye more bound to believe it because the King had writt it.

ROBERT MASON,
RICHARD CHAMBERLAIN,
JOS. RAYNES,

Sworn in Court the 27th September, 1683.
R. Chamberlain, Prothonotary.

Both these fines Major Waldron was compelled to pay by an arrest of his body.

August 24, 1685, a warrant was issued for the arrest of Major Waldron as a perturber of the peace by R. Chamberlain, as Clerk of the Council, directed to Job Clements, constable of Dover, to be brought before the Deputy Governor and Council, September 1, to find sureties of the peace and answer, etc.

Mr. Waldron was not restored to the Council and remained without office afterwards.

Though peace continued with the Indians, yet the garrison houses were maintained at Dover, as they had been during the last war. Of these Waldron's was one of the principal. In June 1689 the people of Dover became suspicious that the Indians were unfriendly. Larger numbers seemed gathering than was usual for the purposes of trade. Many strange faces were among them, whose scrutiny of the defences attracted notice, but Waldron could not be convinced of danger. Vague intimations were given by some of the squaws to alarm the whites, which were not then understood. A young man in the morning told Major Waldron that the town was full of Indians and the people were much alarmed; but he replied he knew the Indians well and that there was no danger; yet information of the expected attack had been sent to the Massachusetts government by Major Henchman of Chelmsford, and they despatched a messenger to Cochecho who would have arrived in season to have defeated the attempt, but for an accidental detention at Salisbury ferry.

On the evening of the 27th of June

1689, two squaws, according to the previously arranged plan, applied to each garrison for leave to sleep there, which was often done in time of peace; and they were readily admitted at Waldron's garrison and three of the others. At their request they were shown how to open the doors if they wished to leave the house in the course of the night. No watch was kept and the family retired to rest. In the hour of deepest quiet the gates were opened, the Indians, who were waiting without, immediately entered, placed a guard at the gate and rushed into the Major's apartment. Awakened by the noise, he sprang from his bed seized a sword, and, though 73 years old, drove them through two or three rooms; but, returning for other arms, they came behind him and stunned him with a hatchet. Drawing him into the hall, they placed him in an elbow chair, on a long table, with a derisive cry, "Who shall judge Indians now?" Then they obliged the members of the family to get them some supper. When they had finished eating they cut the Major across the breast with knives, each one with a stroke saying, "I cross out my account." Cutting off his nose and ears they thrust them into his mouth, and when he was falling down, spent with the loss of blood, one of them held his own sword beneath him. He fell upon it—and his sufferings were ended. In this attack twenty-two persons were killed and twenty-nine made prisoners.

Major Waldron's eldest son, Richard, was Councilor and Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas, and his grandson Richard, was Councilor and Secretary of the Province.

A MIRROR

By Emma F. Abbot

What a change would be wrought on this gray old earth,
How happy the world would be,
Were our neighbors always unselfish and kind,
Helpful and true! But are we?

If others would live by the golden rule,—
Never misjudge nor condemn,
And never gossip, defame nor harm—
Just as we do by them!

If they would be generous in a deal,
Seeking for our best good,
Instead of a watch for the upper hand,
Just, as you know, we would!

Why do some folks rush for the choicest seat
At a table, car or hall,
And the next best guard for their coming friends
As we never do at all?

Why do they hurry and jostle and crowd?
Why do they grab for the best,
And care not who else is pushed out in the cold?
Do we act so by the rest?

'Tis strange they should speak in impatient tones
To those who are dull and slow.
Why not be even and patient and sweet,
As we always are, you know?

'Tis easy to see where our neighbor fails,
And to criticise him some,
But there'd be less of relish in the task
If we had to look at home.

It would be a source of joy and peace,
A check to many a fuss,
Did we never a sermon to others preach
That is not first preached to us.

The first among those who have overcome
Are always the last to condemn,
By seeking in others to find the best
We give of our best to them.

Midst a host of smiles, should a single frown
Cause us to feel hurt and sad—
Forgetting the ninety and nine of good,
Remembering one of bad?

The things worth while are the things that last;
'Tis the worthless that decay;
There are many objects to tempt the time,
But only a few that pay.

The whole world will cheer at the brilliant deed,
And fawn at the wealth's increase;
But 'tis poor success to have won applause
Compared with a mind at ease;

For the world, its applause, the lofty place,
And the riches will soon be gone,
And we, on a level with all, will stand
For just what we are alone.

Yet, from all the baubles our hands have held,
Most easily can we part.
We have all things needful and all things best
If love be in the heart.

Love for the dwellers of all the earth
Binds us to the world above.
For our final pass word, our final hope,
And our final home is love.

THE PROGRESS OF GEOGRAPHICAL DISCOVERY

By Fred Myron Colby

Most people can perhaps remember when, to them, the world was bounded by the immediate horizon. The distant hills and mountains, that seemed to tower right up into the sky, to their childish imaginations, were the utmost confines of the world. Beyond was a *terra incognita*, an empyrean space, quite distinct from our own sphere. I have a perfect recollection of sitting on my bench at school, and thinking, as I looked out upon a mountain outlined against the blue sky, that if any one ascended the summit he could plunge off into a great gulf, illimitable and unexplored. All my world was this side of that eminence.

I suppose that something after this fashion the world seemed to the ancients. Each nation knew little of anything beyond its own boundaries, and what little was known was sometimes worse than no knowledge at all. In some of the old geographies the distant countries were described from fancy, and represented as being inhabited by griffins, unicorns, horned men and all sorts of strange monsters.

The earth itself was, in those ancient times, supposed to be square and flat, having a large river, called the Ocean, flowing all around it, exactly like the ocean in the Scandinavian universe. This ocean was believed to be bordered by a vast abyss, into which the waters plunged—the region of chaos and lost spirits of the unburied souls of men.

It was not until after the time of Herodotus that the geographical researches of travelers satisfied the learned Greek world that these ridiculous notions were vain superstitions, or the inventions of poets.

Four main causes have led to geographical discovery and exploration, viz.: Commercial intercourse between different countries, the operations of war, pilgrimages and missionary zeal, and, in later times, the pursuit of knowledge for its own sake, which is the highest of all motives.

The earliest commercial people, of whose discoveries we have any correct account, were the Phœnicians. This wonderful race explored the shores of the Mediterranean, and eventually extended their voyages through the Straits of Gibraltar and visited the western shores of Spain and Africa, planting colonies and opening wider fields for their commerce by instructing the natives in their arts and improvements. They also monopolized the trade with India; and their chief emporium, the rich city of Tyre, was the center whence the products of the East and West were distributed.

The trade of the West was brought from the port called Tarshish in Scripture, which is probably identical with Carthage, where the ships arrived from Spain, Africa and distant Britain. In the East, the Phœnician ships extended their voyages as far as the Malabar coast of India—conjectural Ophir of the Bible

Egypt was also quite active in geographical discovery at a very early date. About six hundred and ten years before Christ, Pharaoh Neco dispatched a fleet to circumnavigate Africa or, as it was then called, the Libyan continent.

The fleet sailed south through the Red Sea, and kept on the way until the spring approached when the mariners disembarked, drew their vessels to land, sowed a crop, and waited until it was grown, when they reaped it, and again put to sea.

Two years thus passed away. At length, in the third year of their voyage, having sailed through the

Pillars of Hercules, they reached Egypt and declared that (as they sailed round Libya) the sun stood at their right hand, that is, on the north of their vessels. This last fact, which is easily understood by any one who knows the position and shape of the earth, and which has been experienced by every one who has crossed the equatorial line, was for a long time regarded as a fiction by the ancient geographers and historians.

Another celebrated voyage of antiquity, undertaken for the purpose of discovery, was the expedition under Hanno, fitted out by Carthage with a view of attempting the complete survey of the western coast of Africa. The *Peri plus Hannonia*, which is the record of this voyage, states that Hanno set sail with a fleet of sixty vessels, and the limit of his voyage extended beyond what is now known as Sierra Leone.

A little later Pytheas, a Greek navigator of Massilla, sailed northward along the coasts of Spain and Gaul, sailed round the island of Albion, and, stretching still further to the north, he discovered an island known to the ancients as *Ultima Thule*, which may possibly have been one of the Shetland Islands.

The conquests of Alexander the Great, by making known the vast empires of Persia and India, materially enlarged the bounds of geographical knowledge. Nearchus, the Macedonian admiral, made his famous voyage of discovery under the direction of Alexander. He was absent nearly three months, following the coast from the Indus to the Euphrates, and the anchorings each night were carefully recorded.

Under Seleucus, one of Alexander's successors, the Greek Megasthenes, visited the remote city of Patali-Jutra, the modern Patna, on the Ganges, and supplied valuable information respecting the whole Gangetic valley.

The Ptolemies of Egypt fitted out several expeditions for the purpose of African exploration, and their commercial affiliations with Arabia and India were conducive to a steady gain of geographical knowledge.

The military genius and the ambition for universal conquest which distinguished the Romans led not only to discovery, but also the survey of nearly all Europe and large tracts of Asia and Africa. Every new war produced a new survey and itinerary of the countries which were subdued.

In the height of their power, the Romans had surveyed and explored all the coasts of the Mediterranean, the Balkan peninsula, all of Spain, Gaul, Western Germany and Britain. Russia, Sweden, Denmark and Eastern Germany were still unknown regions. In Africa, Roman influence extended to the Soudan and the Great Desert. In Asia, they were acquainted with the more distant countries overrun by Alexander—namely Persia, Scythia, Bactria and India. Roman intercourse with India especially led to the extension of geographical knowledge.

In all time, while warriors and explorers extended the area of geographical information, there have been students who have striven to systematize and put into form the accumulated knowledge. From the first it was perceived that an understanding of localities could not be attained without some notion of their relative positions and their distances from each other. Consequently the attempts to establish fixed principles on which the surface of the earth, or any portion of it, could be delineated, were almost coeval with the earliest voyages of discovery.

The first attempt made to determine the position of places appears to have depended on the division of the earth into "climates," distinguished by the species of animals and plants produced in each. This method, however, was soon abandoned for another, which consisted in observing at places the length of the longest and shortest days by means of a "gnomon." An upright pillar of known height being erected on a level

pavement, by observing the lengths of the meridian shadows, the progress of the sun from tropic to tropic was traced.

This method of observation was invented by the Egyptians, and the knowledge of it was carried by Thales into Greece. The most ancient recorded observation with the gnomon is that of Pytheas, in the days of Alexander of Macedon, who observed at the summer solstice at Massilia that the length of the meridian shadow was to the height of the gnomon as 213 to 600, an observation which makes the meridian altitude of the sun at Marseilles on that day seventy degrees and twenty-seven minutes.

The first to reduce geography to a regular system, and lay its foundations on clear and solid principles, was Eratasthenes. Strabo and Ptolemy wrote valuable works upon the science. The most ancient maps that have reached modern times, with the exception of the rude topographical charts of the Egyptians, are those which illustrate Ptolemy's geography.

During the darkest periods of the Middle Ages the greatest promoters of geographical discovery were the Northmen. Though famous above everything else as vikings and marauders, they were also peaceful merchants and oftentimes explorers. From the eighth to the eleventh centuries a commercial route from India passed through Kief and Novogorod to the Baltic. King Alfred sent Ulfstan and the Norwegian Oltar on voyages of discovery toward the White Sea.

In the end of the ninth century Iceland was discovered and colonized; and in 925 the intrepid viking, Erik the Red, discovered Greenland, and induced some of his Icelandic countrymen to settle on its inhospitable shores. America was discovered by one of Erik's followers, and several of his children successively settled on the American coast at a place called Vinland.

Christian missionary zeal was another motive for exploration. Pope Innocent III. sent a mission under John of Plano Carpini among the Tartars on the Volga. A few years later, 1247, St. Louis dispatched a Fleming named Ruburquis on a mission to the great Khan Mangu.

Friar Oderic, of Pardenone, did useful geographical work while striving to spread the truths of the Gospel. This medieval Livingstone vissited Malabar, Sumatra and Java; he spent several years in China and Thibet, being the first European to visit Lassa, and returned home by way of Cabul and Khorasson to Venice.

Motives of curiosity impelled others —for instance Marco Polo, who spent seventeen years at the court of Kublai Khan of China. Marco was the most famous traveler of his time, and his description of the countries he visited is one of the most valuable portions of medieval literature.

Two noble Venetians, Nicolo and Antonio Zeno, who were in the service of the prince of the Faroe Islands in the end of the thirteenth century, recorded their observations respecting the Norse colonies. Antonio actually went to Greenland, and heard of the visits of the fishermen to two parts of North America, called Estotilond and Diogeo. Ibu Batuta, a learned Arab, spent the larger part of his life in exploration, visiting China, the East Indies and Central Africa.

One of the most remarkable of the Italian travelers was Ludovico di Varthema, who was the first European to give an account of the interior of Yemen. He afterward visited and described many places in India and the Eastern Archipelago.

Such was the world—with the exception of the Cape Verde, Madeira and Azore Islands, which were discovered by Portuguese sailors under Prince Henry the Navigator—as it was known to Europeans before Columbus, by sailing west, discovered the West Indies and South America. All the voyages of discovery since his day are familiar to most people. For years and years, men sought a northwest passage to the Indies. Ship

after ship and fleet after fleet sailed through the seas and straits, but the passage was never found. These vain attempts led, however, to the discovery of new lands and seas, and so were not useless.

Wonderful as is the advance of our geographical knowledge over that of the ancients, there is still much remaining to be done. Vast areas around both poles, and in the interior of Asia, Africa, South America and New Guinea are yet unknown; even more extensive regions have only been partially explored, and millions of square miles remain to be surveyed before the work of geographers is complete.

THE OLD MAN OF THE WHITE MOUNTAINS

By George G. Williams

Each break of day, the sun's first rays light up thy rugged face,
While far below, beneath thy crag, the shadows flee apace.
With earnest look thy gaze goes forth o'er mountain, forest, glen;
Thou seest Nature's handiwork beside the work of men.
The eagle circles, in his flight, around thy head on high,
The roar of waters, at thy feet, reach thee a gentle sigh.
The storm cloud gathers over thee, a child of summer heat;
Its angry voice, in echoes clear, from cliff to cliff repeat.
Thy daily shadow, at thy feet, in waters mirrored sheen,
No telltale wrinkles hint to us the years which thou hast seen.
Thou wert the first of all thy clan, these rugged mountains round,
To vision Nature's miracles of beauty so profound.
For thou wast there when Nature's breast by quaking earth was riven
The Flume, of rendered rock looked up to meet the gaze of Heaven.
Down from the rocky mountain side, thou watched the boulder flung
Until, above the rocky gorge, majestically it hung.
The lightnings flash, the bursting clouds were playing round thy face
When torrents, through the chasm, rolled the boulder from its place.
Nor wast thou shocked, thy features stern no trace of fear betrayed.
Thy calmness could not be disturbed, thy look was undismayed.
Thou sawest Nature's graving tools, of rocks in torrent sped,
When, years, she toiled to shapely cut the Basin from its bed.
Here hast thou seen, in years agone, before the Saxon came,
A race of men whose faces shone with veneration's flame.
Humble their look and attitude, humble their hearts beside.
They gazed upon thee worshiping: thy face they Deified.
Thus seasons came, thus seasons passed by their unerring law
Before the "Pale Face" standing there thy solemn grandeur saw.
And if, while gazing thus on high, his head he bare to thee,
Unconsciously, he oped the door of his humanity.
The grandeur and the dignity which emanates from thee,
Though stern and firm, is softened by the tenderness we see.
For thy benign and earnest face, which we behold above,
Exhibits a creator's power; reflects a look of love.
Monarch of Mountains, sure thou art, thy feet with beauty shod,
I think whene'er thy face I see, "In the beginning, God!"

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THE ISLES OF SHOALS

By Theodora Chase

A few miles from Portsmouth, N. H. lies a little group of islands having the history and personality of a world. In those islands great events have taken place. Tragedies, deeds of valor, bravery, loyalty to duty, have made this spot notable.

Capt. John Smith saw these islands, then wooded and fertile, and was so pleased with them that he gave them his own name, which was afterward changed to the present more euphonious title.

In a clear day these fair isles show from Hampton, mystic and shining as the Blessed Isles. There are no trees there now, and the only inhabitants are summer people, who stay at the hotels on the two principal islands, Star and Appledore.

Years ago, the hotels could not accommodate the hosts of pleasure-seekers, but times have changed here as eslsewhere.

On Star Island, where Capt. John Smith first landed, there was formerly a monument in his honer, but time and irreverent hands have nearly demolished it. Among the rocks, is one known as the "School-teacher's Chair," where a life went out, when a sleeping girl was caught and engulfed in the incoming tide. Here also is found Mollie's Cave a mere hole in the rocks, where a trembling woman crouched all night and listened to the yells of the Indians who were pillaging and murdering her friends and kin.

Pathetic tokens of populous times are found in the many graves, some in groups, some isolated all over this island. It was once known as Gosport and the quaint Gosport church stands by the sea. The first building was made from the timbers of a Spanish vessel wrecked on these shores, once burned, rebuilt, torn down and used for fuel, yet built again and standing there to show that Faith cannot be destroyed by human hands.

This and the neighboring island of Appledore must have been quite large villages. Trading vessels touched here, court was held and on Appledore is the site of the first William Pepperill's (father of Sir William) house.

Here men lived and loved, built homes and reared children, joyed and sorrowed, sinned and repented, as in the big world beyond the sea.

One can repeople the islands now in imagination. As the church bell rings, the people come sedately forth and walk down the paths to church—the women and girls in their short-waisted dresses and quaint bonnets, the men in rougher garb. No doubt the fisher lads cast their glances at the lassies, who were demurely aware of it, just as they are now. Probably the parson's sermons and Mistress Pepperill's gowns were criticized, and the same little heart aches and jealousies felt that we feel now. These days did not last. Many moved to the city, across the strip of sea, that they and their children might enjoy better privileges, while many others went out from the little church for the last time and were laid in their rocky beds where the sea sang softly and did not disturb their slumbers.

Another race sprang up on the islands, godless, ignorant, wicked fishermen, who "feared not God nor regarded men." Here, where chilren's voices and songs of praise had been heard, were oaths and ribaldry. Fearful orgies were held and drunkenness prevailed. These men cut all the trees for firewood, and, when none remained, burned up the church for fuel.

We do not know what crusty old misogynist caused the law to be

enacted that no woman should live on these shores, but certain it is that such a law existed.

It required a terrible tragedy to decide to which State the islands belonged.

When Louis Wagner moored his boat and crept into the house of his friend on lonely "Smutty Nose," he brutally murdered two defenceless women, but the third escaped and caused his conviction.

As murderers were hung in New Hampshire but not in Maine, the ownership of the islands had to be decided. It was proved that the group lay partly in both states.

On White Island, dwelt a little child who dreamed strange, wild dreams as she watched the ever-changing sea or climbed with her father to where the light gave forth its rays to warn mariners of peril. Those dreams and fancies, translated into poetry, have charmed the world and made the name of Celia Thaxter a household word.

On Appledore, her married life was spent in part and there still stands her cottage and her garden blooms outside. And there she is sleeping on the spot she loved so well.

On White Island, only recently, occurred something worthy of all praise as an example of heroism and devotion to duty. The keeper of the light was left with no one but his wife when his assistant went to Portsmouth for supplies. The fog grew dense and remained so for days. The assistant did not return and the keeper's wife became very ill of pneumonia. There was no way of summoning aid, so he cared for her himself until he, too, was stricken. With labored breath, trembling limbs and dulled senses, he climbed each night to his lantern and its rays never faltered although he well knew that if they grew dim, it would bring him help.

No doubt thousands of tales equally as wonderful could be told of this mimic world of which the people of Maine used to have a saying. "The whole world and the Isles of Shoals."

But alas! their glory has departed! They lie silently waiting to rise on the next scene in their history.

The brave hearts now so still, and the sad eyes that weep no more, are safe, and the poor worn bodies lie as peacefully as if they reposed in marble vaults.

And "He who neither slumbers nor sleeps," knows their resting-place and loves and pities them all.

GOD'S WAYS ARE NOT AS MAN'S WAYS

By L. J. H. Frost

Know ye who count wealth by its millions,
That God made the green earth for all,
And loves with the same love his children,
Whether men call them great or small.

Come down from thy lofty pedestals,
Where thy rubies and diamonds shine,
And know that with all of thy greatness,
Some one's flagstaff stands higher than thine.

And remember the "mites" of the widow
Weighed more in the Master's esteem

Than the rich men's glittering silver,
With their haughty pride thrown between.

Know ye who boast of your brave deeds,
Standing high in the temple of fame,
There are heroes down in the low valley,
Though the world knows not even their name.

There are bowed heads in many a household,
By labor and sorrow pressed down;
Though they bear not the name of martyr,
They'll at last wear a martyr's crown.

For God's ways are not as man's ways;
He searcheth the hearts of men,
He seeth their secret intentions,
And judgeth the soul by them.

THE MUSICIAN TO HIS DOG

*By Maude Gordon Roby**

O Little Dog that men call dumb
Because you ne'er repine,
I would indeed they had your heart,
And loyalty, divine.
You quickly read and know my thought,
Altho you do not speak,
And in the sympathy you grant
Bestow the boon I seek.

I need not carefully explain
To tell you when I'm sad;
You grieve with me, and kiss my face
Until the whole world's glad.
You read me as I read the sky.
I am your clouds and sun;
Your atmosphere, your happiness,
Until the long day's done.

And when at length, I'm old and gray,
And bent with weight of years,
When feeble is my step and slow,
Bedimmed my eyes with tears,
When, Little Dog, your body lies
Beneath the daisy sod,
I pray they'll let you watch for me
On the Palace-steps of God!

* Maude Gordon Roby is a member of the New England Women's Press Association, also charter member of the Professional Women's Club of Boston.

PROSE POEMS

A Page from a Day's Note-book

By Harry B. Metcalf

They entered the "L" train at the North Station, and at Sullivan Square I lost sight of them—a fleeting vision probably never to return. But the picture held my soul spellbound for those few mimutes, which were like a benediction at the close of a grim and wearisome day.

They were man and woman, of years seemingly advanced beyond the allotted sixty and ten. Of their raiment I noted only that it was of poor quality, and thinned by the wear of many seasons. In the lapel of his coat was the bronze button of the Grand Army of the Republic. She was gloveless, and on one of her lean, worn fingers was a fragile band of gold. His large hands bore the marks of hard physical toil, made necessary, I could readily infer, by a poverty that had attended them for years.

But it was their faces that held my soul captive, that touched me with a pathos whose supreme note was joy. For out of those two faces shone a love triumphant, each for the other, that neither penury, nor suffering, nor discouragement unspeakable, could diminish or disturb.

His face was round and handsome still, despite the stamp of age and the indelible mark of many sorrows. That of his frail little wife was furrowed deep with the lines of time and care, yet the firm pressure of the straight, wide mouth was the proof of courage unbaffled by pain. I knew that grief had been a frequent visitor, and I knew, too, that a faith sublime upheld these two hearts that love had melted into one, for in the eyes of both was an indescribable serenity.

Here indeed was poverty—poverty in all things save the one great treasure that enriches two human souls.

How vain and empty and meaningless seemed all the trappings of wealth and luxury; what a mockery all the show of social trumpery, as the tender picture of that aged pair vanished, with its background of roses and wooded aisles far back in the hills, where the birds sang of hope at dawn, and the long pathway down the gray years to the dusk, with that one star overhead!

Sunset

By George P. Leete

It was half-past five of a winter evening, and the sun was nearing the horizon. High up in the azure heavens four little gray clouds, tinged with purple, sailed rapidly toward the west, as if anxious to receive the last blessing of the dying day.

Bright rays of gold shone in all directions, barely touching the distant hills clothed with fleecy white.

In the distant east the pale, purple clouds were lighted by the golden glow.

Around the sun and across its fiery face raced white downy clouds.

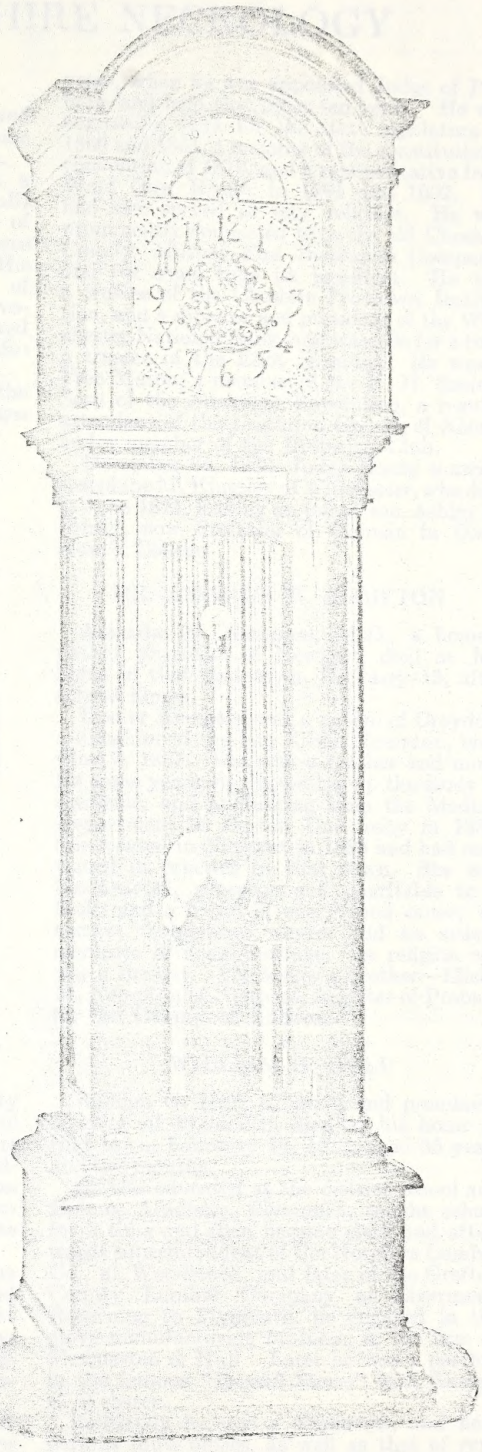
The last ray dips below the horizon, and a gentle stillness steals upon the earth.

It is night.

A HANDSOME TESTIMONIAL

On the first of January, 1912, Hon. Frank Pierce Quimby, retired from his position as Assistant Paymaster of the Boston & Maine Railroad, in this city, and, from the railway service, in which he had been engaged in one capacity or another, as boy and man, for forty-two years, having commenced as a water-boy on construction work, and continued as section hand, enginehouse employee, switchtender and road fireman, till 1883, when he became bookkeeper in the cashier's office under John F. Webster. In 1889 he was made Chief Clerk and Paymaster of the Concord & Montreal Railroad, and became Assistant Paymaster, stationed at Concord, under the lease of the C. & M., by the Boston & Maine.

Just previous to his retirement Mr. Quimby was presented by his fellow employees, Mr. John F. Webster acting as their spokesman, with a costly and elegant clock, a picture of which is herewith shown, as a testimonial of their regard and esteem. The clock is a beautiful as well as valuable picee of workmanship, elegantly finished, and provided with four chimes for the quarter hours, and a chord for the hour. Such a testimonial counts for much more than its mere intrinsic value, since it evinces the love and respect of the men who have long been the associates of the recipient.



Mr. Quimby is a well-known citizen of Concord, prominent in public affairs. He has long been chairman of the Republican City Committee, has served in the State Senate, and has just been unanimously chosen a delegate to the coming Constitutional Convention. He has been for twenty years a director of the Concord Building and Loan Association, and six years its Secretary, and is now devoting his attention to its important interests.

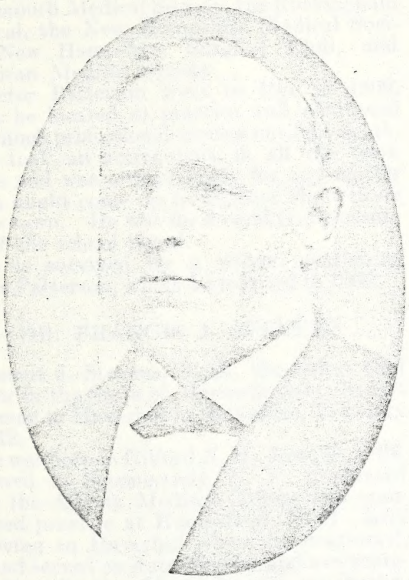
NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY

HON. SILAS HARDY

Hon. Silas Hardy, a veteran lawyer and prominent citizen of Keene, died at his home in that city February 7, after a long illness.

He was a native of the town of Nelson, a son of Captain Noah and Jerusha (Kimball) Hardy. His grandfather Hardy was one of the early settlers of Nelson, removing there from Hollis just after the Revolution. His maternal grandfather, David Kimball of Boxford, Mass., served throughout the Revolution, and was among those who wintered with Washington at Valley Forge. He also settled in Nelson.

Judge Hardy spent his early years on the farm with the meagre educational advantages



Hon. Silas Hardy

afforded by the district school; but at twenty years of age he commenced teaching school and fitting for college, and in four years entered Dartmouth a year in advance, graduating in 1855, with honor. Hon. Nelson Dingley of Maine, Judge Field of Massachusetts and Judges Allen and Ladd of this state were among his classmates.

After graduation he was principal of the Academy at Foxcroft, Me., one year, and then commenced the study of law in the office of Hon. Levi Chamberlain of Keene. He was admitted to the bar in 1858, and immediately commenced practice in Keene, where he continued through life.

In 1859 he was appointed Register of Probate for Cheshire County, serving five years, when he was appointed Judge of Probate, and held that office ten years. He was engrossing clerk for the state legislature in 1860 and 1861, a member of the constitutional convention of 1876, and a representative from Ward One, Keene, in 1901 and 1902. He had also served as city solicitor. He was prominently connected with the old Cheshire County Mutual Fire Insurance Company, and for some time its president. He was a trustee of the Cheshire Provident Institution, and a director and president of the Winchester National Bank, and was also for a time a trustee of the Eliot Hospital. He was a Free Mason, a member of the N. H. Society Sons of the American Revolution, a regular attendant of the Unitarian Church of Keene, and a member of the Unitarian Club.

December 31, 1863, Judge Hardy married Josephine M. Kingsley of Winchester, who died in June 1871, leaving an infant son, Ashley K. Hardy, now Professor of German in Dartmouth College.

DR. AMANDA H. KEMPTON

Amanda H. Kempton, M.D., a homeopathic physician of Newport, died at her home in that that town, February 13, after a brief illness.

Doctor Kempton was a native of Croydon, a daughter of the late Elisha Kempton, born May 3, 1837. She was a teacher and nurse for some years, finally taking up the study of medicine, and graduating from the Medical Department of Boston University in 1882. She located in Newport in 1889 and had continued in practice in that town. She was kindhearted, generous and charitable to a fault, and a friend of every good cause; an earnest temperance worker and an ardent advocate of equal suffrage. In religion she was a Baptist. She leaves a brother—Elisha M. Kempton of Newport, Register of Probate for the County of Sullivan.

WILLIAM G. HULL

William G. Hull, a native and prominent resident of Plymouth, died at his home in that town, February 13, 1912, aged 85 years and two months.

He was educated at the district school and Holmes Academy, Plymouth, taught school for a time and then became clerk and afterwards superintendent of the Norcross Lumber Co., at Woodstock, and later of the Grafton County Lumber Company at Livermore. Returning to Plymouth, he engaged in the glove manufacturing business, in the firm of McQuesten & Hull. Later he was a partner in the famous "Russell Store," with Samuel C. Webster.

Politically he was a Democrat, and held various town offices, as well as that of rep-

resentative. He was also Postmaster of Plymouth under the second Cleveland administration. He was a member and treasurer of the Plymouth town history committee, and contributed much to the success of the publication. He was a member of the Congregational Church and of Olive Branch Lodge, A. F. & A. M., of Plymouth.

In 1854, he married Laura T. Crockett of Holderness, who died in 1880. Two sons—Arthur C., and Heber W.,—survive.

DR. CHARLES F. PATTERSON

Charles Frederick Patterson, M.D., born in Merrimack, N. H., August 13, 1867, died at his home in Rye, October 16, 1911.

Doctor Patterson was a graduate of McGaw Normal Institute of Reeds Ferry, Bryant and Stratton Business College, and Dartmouth Medical. He was a member of the Portsmouth Medical Society, the Rockingham Medical, the New Hampshire Medical Society, New Hampshire Surgical Club, and American Medical Society.

Doctor Patterson went to Rye in 1896, where he located in practice and continued with much professional success until his death.

He took an active part in all the town affairs and was always ready for any matter which might come up to improve the welfare of the town. He was for several years a member of the school board.

He is survived by a widow, Katherine Drake Patterson, whom he married in 1900.

DR. FRANCIS J. STEVENS

Francis J. Stevens, M.D., the oldest Odd Fellow in the State of Massachusetts, died at his home in Haverhill in that state, February 7, 1912.

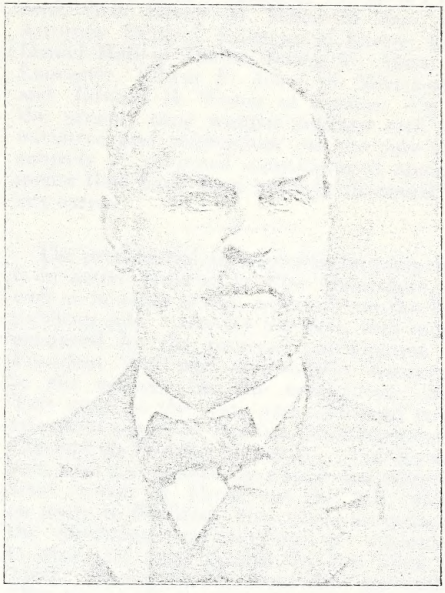
He was born in Gilford N. H., June 20, 1824, removed to Schenectady, N. Y., graduated from the Albany Medical College and commenced practice at Hampstead, N. H., later removing to Haverhill where he continued. He had served as state coroner and as a representative in the Massachusetts legislature. He had also served on the school board and as chairman of the Republican City Committee. He had been an Odd Fellow for sixty-five years and held all the offices in the order. He was also a 32d degree Mason. He leaves a widow.

ISAAC N. ABBOTT

Isaac Newton Abbot, born in Concord, January 4, 1834, died there February 2, 1912.

Mr. Abbott was the son of the late Joseph Story and Esther (Farnum) Abbott, and was born on the farm where he spent his life and on which he died—one of the best in Merrimack County, and well known for many years as the "Dimond Hill Farm." He attended the public schools and the Hopkinton and New London Academies, and then devoted his life to agriculture with great success, milk production for the Concord market being his leading specialty in later years.

Mr. Abbott, had a record for continuous service in public office for a longer period than any other man in the state, so far as is known, having been clerk of his school district for 52 years, being elected in old "No. Seven" when 23 years of age, and continuing, after its merger in the town district, until March, 1910, when he retired and was succeeded by his son,



Isaac N. Abbott at 50

Joseph N. Abbott. He had also served as a member of both branches of the Concord City Government, and as a representative in the legislature from Ward 7. He held the confidence and esteem of his fellow citizens in large measure, and was entrusted with the care and settlement of many estates. In politics he was a Republican and in religion a Congregationalist, worshipping at the old North Church in Concord.

He married, November 26, 1862, Martha, daughter of Aaron and Eliza (Sherburne) Smith, who died December 11, 1908, leaving three children who now survive—Almira F., wife of Alfred Clark, Joseph Newton who occupies the home place, and Helen S., all of Concord.

EDITOR AND PUBLISHER'S NOTES

An event of interest to New Hampshire friends who have been familiar with his notably successful career was the observance, on the twentieth of January last, at the University Club in New York, of the seventy-sixth anniversary of the birth of Col. Gilman H. Tucker, Secretary of the American Book Company, and the completion of fifty years of service in his present connection. A company of some two score friends of Colonel Tucker, with whom he had been brought into close business relations during his years of service, assembled upon the occasion to do honor to their friend and associate. George A. Plimpton, of Ginn & Co., presided, and among those present were many of the most prominent representatives of the book-trade throughout the country as well as the principal officers of the American Book Company. The speaking, which was participated in by a goodly number, was of an unusually high order and justly complimentary to the guest of the evening, whose appreciation of the compliment paid him was fittingly voiced. Colonel Tucker is a native of the town of Raymond, and will be remembered as the subject of an extended biographical sketch in the GRANITE MONTHLY for May 1910.

It is generally conceded that the membership of the forthcoming Constitutional Convention, the delegates to which were chosen at the recent annual town meetings and special elections in the cities holden on the same day, embraces a large number of able men who have been prominent in the legislative service of the state and in other public capacities. Among these may be named Ex-Attorney General Edwin G. Eastman of Exeter, and his law partner, John Scammon, former president of the Senate, Roscerans W. Pillsbury of Londonderry, Col. Daniel Hall and Arthur G. Whittemore of Dover, Albert Demeritt of Durham, William B. Fellows of Tilton, Edwin C. Bean of Belmont, Oscar L. Young and John T. Busiel of Laconia, James E. French of Moultonborough, Paul Wentworth of Sandwich, George W. Stone of Andover, Willis G. Buxton of Boscawen, Gen. Henry M. Baker of Bow, Judge John M. Mitchell, James O. Lyford, Allen Hollis and Nathaniel E. Martin of Concord, Edwin F. Jones of Manchester, Edward H. Wason, Everett E. Parker and Charles J. Hamblett of Nashua, Ezra M. Smith of Peterborough, George E. Bales of Wilton, Robert E. Faulkner and Joseph Madden of Keene, James Duncan Upham of Claremont, Jesse M. Barton of Newport, Hiram Parker of Lempster, Charles O. Barney of Canaan, William F. Whitcher of Haverhill, Raymond B. Stevens of Landaff, Thomas F. Johnson and Jason H. Dudley, of Colebrook, Alfred R. Evans of Gorham, George F. Morris and Irving W. Drew of Lancaster. So far as the public is aware there has been little if any canvassing of delegates as to the choice of a president of the Convention, though several names have been mentioned in that connection as those of men qualified for the position, among them being Judge Mitchell and James O. Lyford of Concord, Gen. Henry M. Baker of Bow, ex-Attorney General Eastman of Exeter, Col. Daniel Hall of Dover, Irving W. Drew of Lancaster, Edwin F. Jones of Manchester and Edward H. Wason of Nashua. Up to the present time woman suffrage and the initiative and referendum are the only two subjects of proposed constitutional amendments that have been publicly discussed to any extent.

The presidential ante-convention campaign is in active progress in New Hampshire, as well as in other states, especially on the Republican side. Activity has been very much enhanced by the personal participation of President Taft and ex-President Roosevelt in the canvass for the nomination. Mr. Taft came to the state and addressed large crowds of people at Nashua, Manchester and Concord on Tuesday March 19. Col. Roosevelt, who was greeted by a large and enthusiastic crowd, at Dover on the 23d, while en route to Portland, Me., where he spoke in the afternoon and evening, is scheduled to visit this state during the first week in April. Meanwhile Governor Bass and other "Progressives" are addressing large meetings in different sections in the Colonel's interest. While it is evident that a large majority of the office holders and politicians of the dominant party are heartily supporting President Taft in his campaign for renomination there is a decided difference of opinion as to the preferences of the rank and file, and only a preferential primary, which at this writing seems unlikely to be held, can settle the question satisfactorily. No active movement has as yet been made on the Democratic side.

Wanted, at this office, a copy of the GRANITE MONTHLY for September, 1894—Vol. 17, No. 3—also copies of Nos. 9 and 10—September and October—Vol. 13, 1890. Any one who can forward either or all of the desired numbers will be liberally compensated for so doing.

VOL. XLIV, No. 4 APRIL, 1912 New Series, Vol. VII, No. 4

THE GRANITE MONTHLY

A New Hampshire Magazine

Devoted to History, Biography, Literature and State Progress

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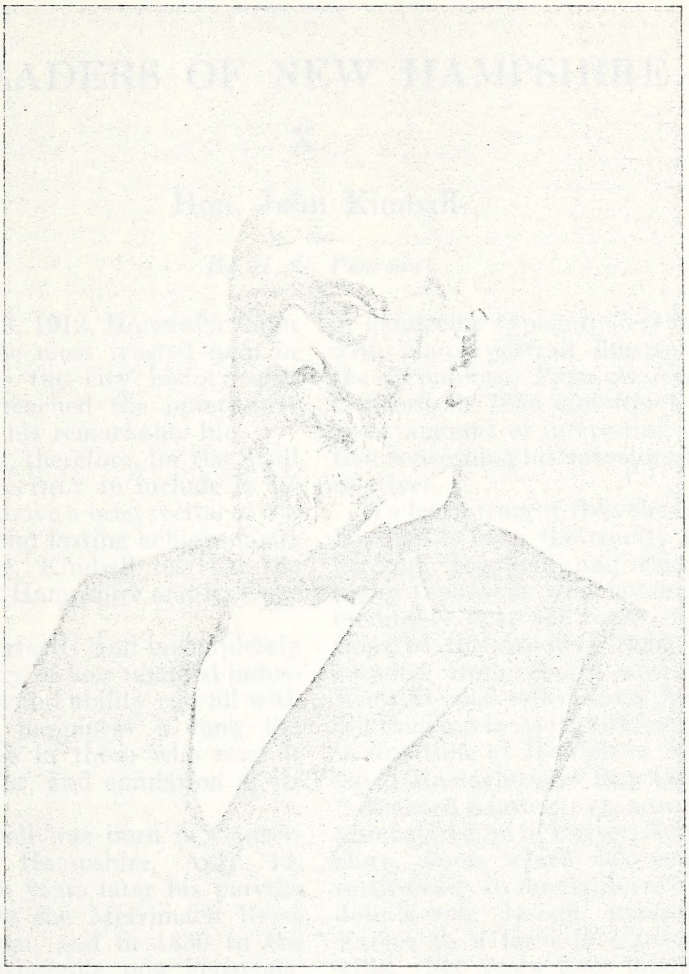
Issued by The Granite Monthly Company

HENRY H. METCALF, Editor and Manager

TERMS: $1.00 per annum, in advance; $1.50 if not paid in advance. Single copies, 15 cents

CONCORD, N. H., 1911

Entered at the post office at Concord as second-class mail matter.



HON. JOHN KIMBALL

THE GRANITE MONTHLY

VOL. XLIV, No. 4 APRIL, 1912 NEW SERIES, VOL. 7, No. 4

LEADERS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

X

Hon. John Kimball

By H. C. Pearson

On April 13, 1912, Honorable John Kimball, "the most trusted man in Concord," as the city history well styles him, reached the ninety-first milestone in his remarkable life.

It is timely, therefore, for the April GRANITE MONTHLY to include in its series titled above a brief recital of the good works and lasting achievements in which Mr. Kimball has led the state of New Hampshire and its Capital City.

Even imperfectly and incompletely told, this story of how unaided industry, integrity and ability can fill with honors and happiness a long life should arouse in those who read it admiration for, and emulation of its subject.

Mr. Kimball was born in Canterbury, New Hampshire, April 13, 1821. Three years later his parents moved across the Merrimack River into Boscawen, and in 1830 to the village of Fisherville, now Penacook, in the south part of that town. In 1848, in young manhood, he entered upon a citizenship in Concord which now has extended continuously over more than threescore years.

Mr. Kimball himself was the careful compiler of "A Genealogical Memoir of the Ascendants and Descendants of Joseph Kimball of Canterbury, N. H.," which was published in handsome typographical form and with many portrait illustrations by the Republican Press Association of Concord in 1885 and which gives a great amount of interesting information concerning his ancestors and near relatives.

We learn from it that the family of Kimball is from the county of Cumberland, England, and that of the many thousands who honorably and creditably bear the name in all sections of this country most are descended from Henry and Richard Kimball, who sailed from Ipswich in old England in April, 1634, and landed in due time at Ipswich in New England, Massachusetts Bay Colony.

Richard Kimball's grandson, Caleb, purchased land in Exeter, New Hampshire, upon which his son, John, settled early in the eighteenth century. John's son, Joseph, removed from Exeter to a farm in Canterbury in 1788. Six years later Joseph's son, John, followed his father inland and settled upon the paternal acres in Canterbury.

There on December 27, 1794, was born Benjamin Kimball, in the seventh generation from Richard, the founder of the family in America. Benjamin married Ruth, daughter of David Ames of Canterbury, February 1, 1820, and to them five children

were born, of whom but two lived to maturity: John, the subject of this sketch, and Hon. Benjamin Ames Kimball, president of the Concord and Montreal Railroad.

The elder Benjamin Kimball was a man of ability, activity and enterprise, prominent, as were the other Kimballs who have been mentioned, in the affairs of his time and place. His early manhood was spent in farming in Canterbury, in Northfield, and on High Street, in Boscawen.

In 1830 he purchased of Hon. Jeremiah Mason of Portsmouth, attorney for the United States Bank, its lands and waterpower at what is now Penacook, and moved there, residing in the house still standing to the east of the famous old Penacook House hotel. In the following year he built what is known as the lower dam across the Contoocook river and put in operation the brick grist mill ever since in use there. This was the first utilization of the water power at those falls.

He was also engaged extensively in the lumber business. But his health failed, and he died July 21, 1834, without having been able to take the seat in the legislature to which he had been elected in the previous March. After forty years of widowhood his wife died at the home of her son, John, in Concord, on October 22, 1874.

John Kimball attended in boyhood the town schools of Boscawen and in one year, 1837, the Concord Academy. This was the extent of his education under teachers, but throughout his long life, by keen and wide observation, by the reading of many good books, by self-directed study, especially in history, he has richly stored his mind and trained his faculties; and the honorary degree of Master of Arts was never more worthily bestowed by Dartmouth College than upon him in 1882.

As a speaker and writer Mr. Kimball is clear, direct and interesting, this last quality being particularly in evidence through his marvelous memory, retaining personal impressions of and connection with the great men and chief events of almost a century. He has long been an active member of the New Hampshire Historical Society.

At the age of fourteen, in 1835, Mr. Kimball worked for Col. Henry Gerrish on what is now the Merrimack County farm, six months, at $6 per month. The next season he worked for his uncle, Jacob Gerrish, on the adjoining farm, where the Gerrish station now stands, for $7 per month, carrying home all his earnings for both seasons to his widowed mother, thus demonstrating his industrious habits and his filial devotion.

At the age of seventeen he was apprenticed as a millwright to William Moody Kimball, his father's cousin, and spent four years in thoroughly mastering that trade. In 1842 he rebuilt the grist-mill in the "Valley of Industry" at the north end of Boscawen Plain and subsequently had a material part in the great development of manufacturing at Suncook, Manchester, Lowell and Lawrence. In later years he has had much pleasure in visiting these scenes of his first endeavors and in obtaining testimony as to the lasting qualities of his earliest work, into which he put the same qualities of honesty, intelligence and thoroughness that have characterized his whole life.

In 1848, the Concord Railroad, having completed large shops in the city of Concord, called upon young John Kimball to take charge of them; which he did with such success that in 1850 he was made master mechanic of the road, a position which he held until 1858, thus having a large part in the beginnings of New Hampshire's railroads and writing his name indelibly upon the records of her transportation history as he already had done in her early industrial life.

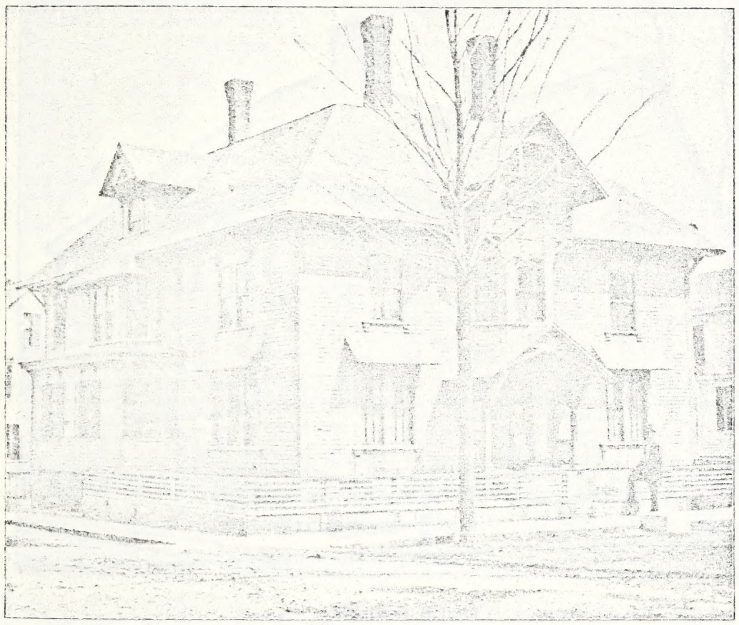
Now began in Mr. Kimball's career a long period of honorable and distinguished public service. In 1856

he was elected to the common council of the city of Concord and upon re-election for a second term in 1857 was made president of the body. In 1858 and 1859 he represented Ward Five of the city of Concord in the lower house of the legislature, being made chairman of the committee on state prison.

From 1859 to 1862 Mr. Kimball discharged the dual duties of city marshal and collector of taxes, the former position in particular being no sinecure in those war time days when Concord was full of soldiers on their way to the front and feeling was running high.

In 1862 President Lincoln appointed Mr. Kimball collector of internal revenue for the second New Hampshire district, made up of the counties of Merrimack and Hillsborough. This office he held until 1869, when he resigned, after having turned over to the government almost seven million dollars in collections without the error of a single penny. His administration of this responsible office was considered by his superiors in Washington a model of duty efficiently done.

In 1870, upon the organization of the Merrimack County Savings Bank, Mr. Kimball became its treasurer, and has ever since been officially connected with this staunch and successful financial institution, continuing as treasurer until the death of President Lyman D. Stevens, whom he succeeded in that office, which he now holds, and always exercising a controlling influence and guiding hand in the affairs of the bank.



Residence of Hon. John Kimball, Cor. North Main and Warren Sts., Concord

Mr. Kimball also has been for many years a director in the Mechanicks National Bank. A director of the Concord Gas Light Company for a long period, he succeeded the late Hon. Nathaniel White in its presidency and for many years past has been its treasurer. In 1880, when the Manchester and Keene railroad was placed in the hands of the state he was appointed by Chief Justice Doe one of the trustees.

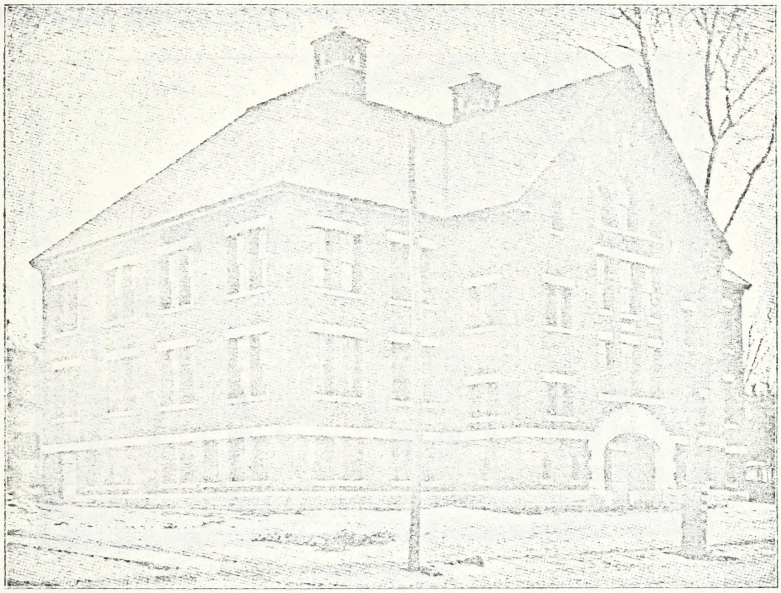
In 1872, 1873, 1874 and 1875 Mr. Kimball was mayor of Concord, and no one in the long and honorable succession of occupants of that office has done so much as he for the municipality in the way of permanent improvements and public utilities.

Previously, in 1861, he had served on a committee which investigated the subject of fire protection for the city and which made a report resulting in the purchase of the first steam fire engine in Concord. And in 1870 he had served on another committee which considered the important subject of an adequate water supply for the city and took the first steps towards securing Long Pond (now Penacook Lake) as the main source of such supply.

In these and other ways and by his service in other municipal offices Mr. Kimball had gained a knowledge of the needs of the city which could not be surpassed and which was of great advantage to him and to Concord during the important years in which he sat in the mayor's chair.

Soon after his first inauguration five out of the seven principal bridges in the city were carried away or badly damaged by freshets and the work of their replacement and repair was carried out by him with a thoroughness which put them beyond the danger of future floods. Some cavilled then at the cost of these improvements, but time has abundantly vindicated the wisdom of Mayor Kimball's course.

The sixth and present Federal bridge across the Merrimack at the North End was one of these structures and its unimpaired stone foundation bids fair to outlast even the twentieth century. The wrought iron bridge across the Contoocook in the main thoroughfare of the village of Penacook also was replaced during his administration, its opening being made the occasion for something of a celebration.



Kimball School

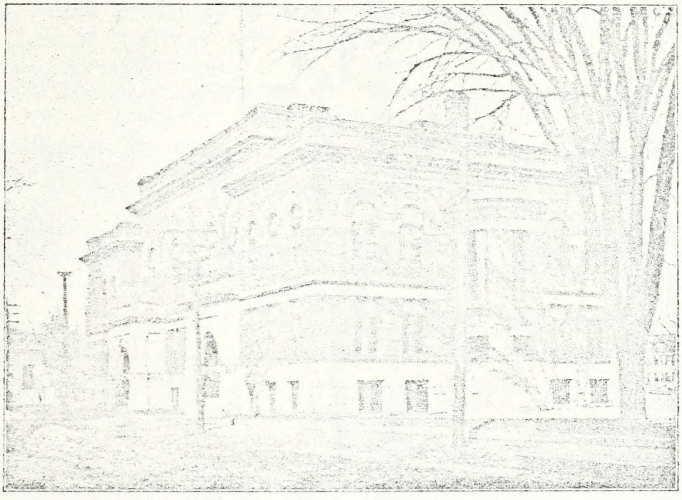
Mayor Kimball was at the head of the building committee which in 1875 erected the present central fire station on Warren Street, at a cost of $30,000,

which, together with the excellent water supply, also secured during this administration, with Mayor Kimball as *ex officio* president of the water board, and the efficient organization of the fire department, have made the record of the city of Concord as to losses by flames one of the best in the country for cities of its size.

During these years in which Mr. Kimball was superintendent of repairs on highways and bridges as well as mayor, the streets of the city were improved and made modern; the beautiful Blossom Hill Cemetery was doubled in size; new schoolhouses were built, including the Penacook School, now the oldest in active service in the city; the system of sewerage was enlarged, and in every way Concord was made worthy of being the capital city of the state of New Hampshire.

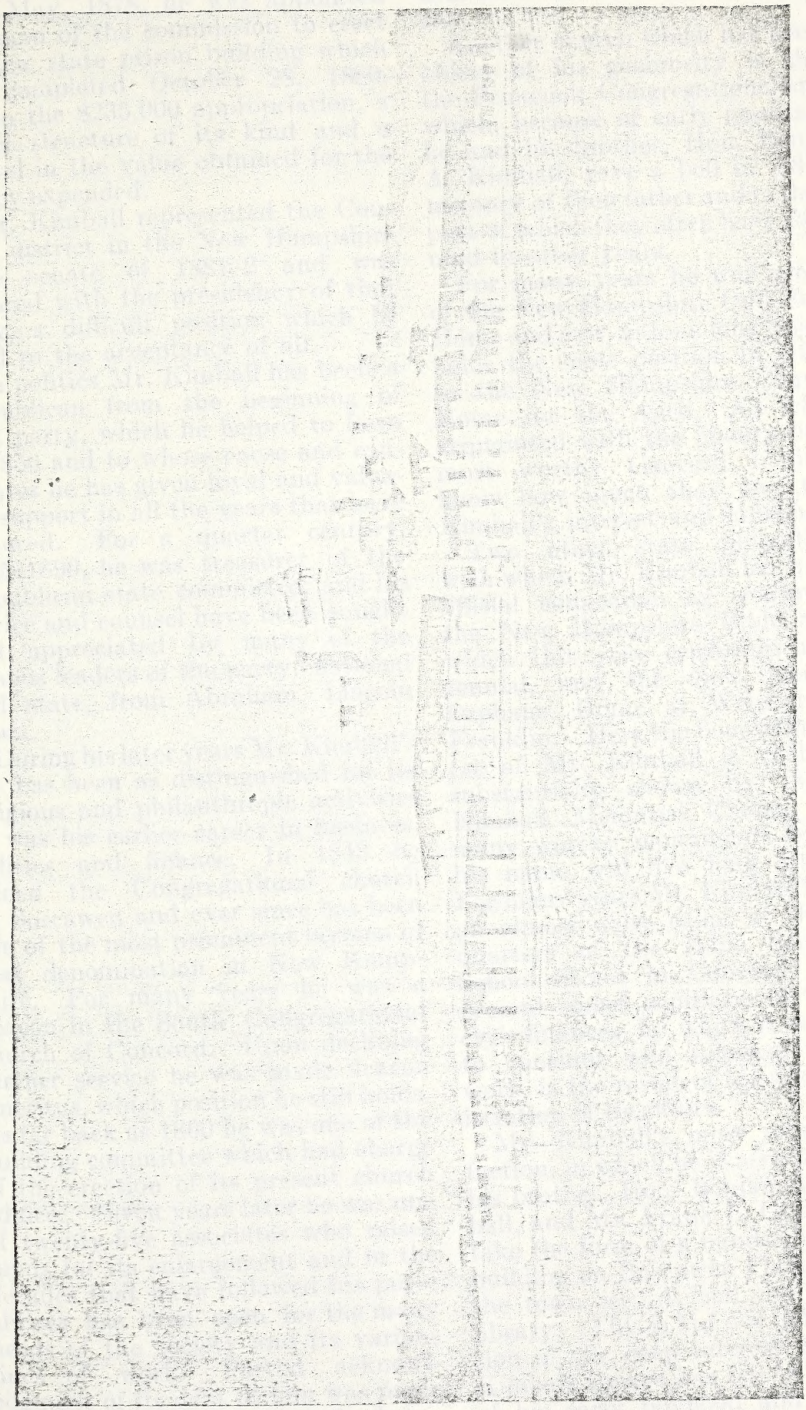
And in this connection it should be recorded that not a little credit belongs to Mr. Kimball for keeping the state capital in Concord. In 1864, when Manchester made a great fight to supplant Concord as the seat of state government, Mr. Kimball was one of the leaders in the successful fight to retain the state house here and was one of the committee first named to remodel the structure in accordance with the contract Concord made at that time.

After his retirement from the office of mayor Mr. Kimball kept right on serving the city most usefully. For many years he was at the head of the water commission. In 1888 he was a member of the building committee which had charge of the construction of the new high school building at State and School Streets, now the Parker School, and of the new grammar school building on North Spring Street, named in his honor the Kimball School. He was for many years moderator of Union school district and his interest in all educational matters always has been active and useful. Two years since he presented the city of Concord land for a spacious playground at "Fosterville," the need of which had long been realized.



Parker School

It was not long after his retirement from the mayor's chair before the state of New Hampshire began to ask service of him. In 1876 he was a delegate to the convention to propose amendments to the constitution of the state and served as the chairman of its committee on finance.



New Hampshire State Prison, Dedicated October 28, 1880
Hon. John Kimball, Chairman Building Committee

In May, 1878, he was appointed chairman of the commission to erect the new state prison building which was completed October 28, 1880, within the $235,000 appropriation, a model structure of its kind and a marvel in the value obtained for the money expended.

Mr. Kimball represented the Concord district in the New Hampshire state senate of 1881–2 and was honored with the presidency of that body, a difficult position which he filled to the acceptance of all.

In politics Mr. Kimball has been a Republican from the beginning of that party, which he helped to form in 1856 and to whose cause and candidates he has given loyal and valuable support in all the years that have followed. For a quarter century, 1865–1890, he was treasurer of the Republican state committee, and his advice and counsel have been sought and appreciated by many of the famous leaders of the party, national and state, from Abraham Lincoln down.

During his later years Mr. Kimball's life has been as distinguished for its religious and philanthropic activities as was his earlier career in business, politics and finance. In 1843 he joined the Congregational church at Boscawen and ever since has been one of the most prominent laymen of that denomination in New Hampshire. For many years he was a deacon in the South Congregational church of Concord. Upon declining further service he was made deacon emeritus, which position he still holds. As far back as 1860 he was one of the building committee which had charge of the erection of its present church edifice. Seven years later he was one of twenty-five associates who raised funds for its enlargement and in the decades that have followed his purse always has been open for the many needs of the society and its various lines of work. Partial acknowledgment of its debt to him was made by the society in the form of a beautiful observance of his ninetieth birthday.

Another church which has been the object of his generosity is that of the Penacook Congregationalists, to which, because of early associations, he and his brother, Hon. Benjamin A. Kimball, gave a bell in 1876 in memory of their father and to the support of which they often have contributed in other years.

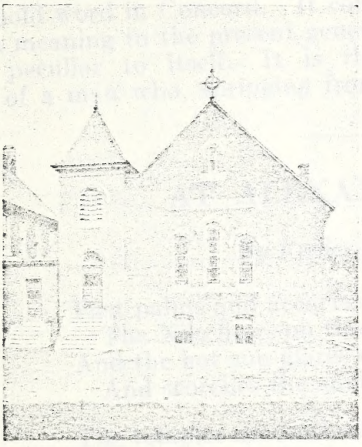
For many years he was president of the New Hampshire Odd Fellows' Home and now, as for a long time past, holds the same position in reference to the New Hampshire Centennial Home for the Aged. All who are acquainted with the history of these most worthy Concord institutions know how much they owe to Mr. Kimball's interest and influence.

Two other state philanthropies with which Mr. Kimball has had long official connection as treasurer are the New Hampshire Bible Society, which this year celebrates its centennial, and the New Hampshire Orphans' Home at Webster Place, Franklin. Here the benevolent interest of Mr. Kimball is visibly and substantially shown by the John Kimball Memorial Chapel, one of many worthy monuments by which his name will live long after him. For many years Mr. Kimball has been an almost daily caller at the headquarters of the Bible Society on School Street in Concord, and the present sound condition of the society's finances, by which it is enabled to continue and increase its good work, is the result of his wise administration of its affairs.

Mr. Kimball's most recent benefaction, in which he is associated with his brother, Hon. Benjamin A. Kimball, and Mr. Frank L. Gerrish, is to take the form of a handsome colonial building on Boscawen Plain to house the town records and the town free library. This is but one more expression of the deep interest which Mr. Kimball always has felt in this town of his early boyhood and tenderest

memories. On the occasion of the 150th anniversary of the settlement of the town, August 16, 1883, he and others presented to the town a memorial stone to mark the site of the first meeting house, and in behalf of the donors Mr. Kimball made a brief, but very interesting historical address of presentation.

He was one of the guarantors for the publication in appropriate form of the proceedings of this celebration, as he previously had been for the publication of the History of Boscawen and Webster, written by their eminent son, the late Charles Carleton Coffin.



John Kimball Chapel, N. H. Orphans' Home

The Old Home Week idea appealed greatly to Mr. Kimball from the first and he has attended and taken part in many of the observances of the festival in Boscawen and Concord. The writer recalls particularly his address at Concord's first and most elaborate celebration, in 1899, and one some years later, at Boscawen, at which Mr. Kimball astonished and delighted the assemblage by giving from memory, without a slip in names or dates, the story of the families living in his section of the town seventy years before.

Mr. Kimball's residence on the southeast corner of North State and Warren Streets, in Concord, was purchased by him in 1849 and has been his home ever since. It was originally occupied as a school for girls, kept by the Misses Kirkwood, who located in Concord in 1833. Here Mr. Kimball has a choice library and passes the years of his tenth decade most happily, the center of an affectionate home circle and the object of admiration, respect and pride on the part of all his fellow citizens.

Mr. Kimball first married May 27, 1846, Maria Phillips of Rupert, Vt., who died December 22, 1894. Their one child was a daughter, Clara Maria, who married Augustine R. Ayers of Concord. To Mr. and Mrs. Ayers seven children were born of whom four now survive, two daughters and two sons. The elder daughter, Ruth, educated at Wellesley and Cornell, is a teacher. The second, Helen McGregor, is the wife of Dr. Robert J. Graves of Concord and the mother of two children, so that Mr. Kimball has in his near neighborhood three generations of his descendants. The eldest living son, Augustine H., a graduate of Dartmouth and the Thayer school, married Bernice Celeste Millen of Winona, Minnesota, and is now a civil engineer in Alberta, Canada, in charge of one of the largest irrigation plants in the Dominion, whose construction he supervised. The younger son, a graduate of Dartmouth, '11, is now pursuing a forestry course at Yale University.

Mr. Kimball married, second, October 15, 1895, Miss Charlotte Atkinson of Nashua, a member of a leading Boscawen family.

To four generations of Concord people the tall, erect form of John Kimball, his strong, but kindly face, have been familiar and beloved. How he has aided and directed the city's progress has been told, in part. How much he has done for individuals, the extent of his personal and private charities, how great the value has been of his service to widows and orphans in the settlement of estates

and the management of trust funds cannot be estimated.

One of the best conceptions of Mr. Kimball's character and tributes to his worth has been made by Hon. James O. Lyford in his biography of one of Mr. Kimball's contemporaries, the late Senator Edward H. Rollins, in which the author writes: "To no one man is the city of Concord more indebted for its material advancement and internal improvement during the first quarter century of its municipal existence than to its esteemed citizen, Hon. John Kimball. The name is a household word in Concord. It conveys a meaning to the present generation peculiar to itself. It is the name of a man who, springing from the sturdy yeoman and artisan stock, has won his way by tireless industry unblemished integrity, sterling honesty and sound good sense to positions of responsibility and prominence. A man of probity, he has the confidence of the entire state. Frank and outspoken, of clear judgment, fearless in the discharge of public or private duties, John Kimball is a representative of the highest ideals in citizenship. Four times mayor of Concord, he gave the city a business administration unexcelled in its history. He could have been governor of the state if he had consented to consider the nomination at the hands of his party."

AT ALEXANDRIA 30 B. C.

By Frederick Myron Colby

Past palms and accacias the sea to greet,
The Nile flows on through the gleaming sand;
And the hot sun glares on the porticoed street,
And scorches the ancient, shadowy land.

The temples are hushed in the mid-day heat,
The sentinels drowse at the guarded gate;
And down in the pools where the waters meet
The ibis stands dreaming in solemn state.

But hark! on the air sounds music sweet,
And the hum of voices and din of arms,
As a royal pageant sweeps down the street.—
Cleopatra's own self with her undimmed charms.

What colors then glowed in the eastern sun!
What sparkling of jewels bedazzled the eye!
What a thunder of plaudits her majesty won;
The shouts of her worshippers rent the sky.

Great Isis! She sat in her lacquered chair,
The proudest of all that bejeweled throng;
To her cinctured waist fell her gem-decked hair
That rippled and shook to her henchmen's song.

From the columned porch where I sat in the shade
I could catch the flash of her splendid eye;
Could trace the faint shadows her sandals made
On her rose-veined feet, as her train passed by.

And I, a poor seller of raisins and figs,
Dared lift my rapt eyes to this haughty queen;
And she through the crowd of tiaras and wigs
Met all my bold glances with gracious mien.

What cared I for Caesar or Antony then,
At the thought, O Egypt, of what might be?
I deemed myself the proudest of men
To be loved, divine Cleopatra, by thee.

* * * * *

Up through the courts of her palace grand,
I followed the tread of her slave girl's feet.
Up through the leopards that crouched on the sand,
Guarding the door of their sovereign sweet.

And there she lay on her throne of gold,
While out on the street the sun glared red;
And I felt the blood leave my heart so bold,
For I gazed on the great Cleopatra—dead.

* * * * *

Out under the porticoes still I stray,
Selling dates and figs to the passers by;
But never the same have I been since that day
When my luscious figs caught Cleopatra's eye.

AN AWAKENING

By L. Adelaide Sherman

Light of the Day that is dawning,
Love signals, crowned on the hills.
Rosy-glow, amber-glow, answer the challenge—
Bide if he wills.
Rapture-thrilled, waiting, and drowned in the light,
I have forgotten the night.

Voice of the Spring in the valley,
Love signals, up from the sea.
Silver-shod, blossomed-crowned, answer the challenge—
Deathless are ye.
Heart-chilling, soul-numbing winter has fled,
Spring rules forever instead.

Joy-bells, that ring at my casement,
Love signals, shrined in my soul.
Throbbing bells, thrilling bells, answer the challenge—
Long echoes roll
Bridging the silence with music divine.
Lo, now, my birthright is mine.

MISSOURI AND NEW HAMPSHIRE

By F. B. Sanborn

Missouri is one of the largest and richest states in the Union, and has long had a conspicuous share in the struggles for wealth and for political power in the past hundred years. Added to the nation by the foresight of Jefferson and the diplomacy of Monroe,—both following the astute plan of Napoleon for weakening the naval predominance and the commercial monopoly of England, Missouri as a Territory (Upper Missouri) soon became the prize of one of the first contests between the friends of negro slavery in Congress and the nation at large. New Hampshire took no doubtful part in that struggle. As it came on in 1818–19, and became an issue in the beginning of 1820, the citizens of New Hampshire, with hardly any distinction of party, united in opposition to the extension of slavery over virgin territory. Voting at the annual election of March, 1820, the Democrats of Portsmouth sent that ablest of the Federalist lawyers, Jeremiah Mason, to the Legislature for the particular service which he soon performed. In June he was put at the head of a special committee of the two houses on the Exclusion of Slavery from Missouri; reported in favor of such exclusion; and wrote this resolve, which the two branches almost unanimously passed.

"That in the opinion of the Legislature the existence of slavery within the United States is a great moral as well as political evil, the toleration of which can be justified by necessity alone; and the further extension ought to be prevented."

Both parties agreed in this opinion, and it represented rather too mildly the opposition of Webster, at that time, to the institution which 30 years later, he made violent efforts to preserve.

In the interval from 1820 to 1860, settlers had flocked to the banks of the serpentine Missouri River, and St. Louis had become a seat of great inland commerce. New Hampshire sent out several of her most enterprising sons to profit by this commerce or to practice the professions there: William and James Smith of the famous Peterborough family, nephews of Judge Smith of Exeter. To take charge of a college which the beneficence of the Smiths and their friends had founded, my good old teacher, Joseph Gibson Hoyt of the Exeter Academy, to whom I am more indebted for the sounder part of my education than to any other teacher, went to St. Louis in 1859. He did not live to feel the whole stress of the Civil War, but his friends and family felt it; and his neighbor and political associate, Amos Tuck, our Rockingham congressman, whose son has so liberally commemorated his father and friends, afterwards became a resident of St. Louis. I found him there when I spent a few sad days in that city, on the occasion of my brother's death there in 1872, and he was kindly helpful to me in those melancholy circumstances.

Long after those days I was visited in my house by the river here in 'Old Concord' (as we call our town to distinguish it from the capital of New Hampshire, which was named for us), by two ladies from Sedalia in Western Missouri, whose errand and whose family history is the occasion of my writing these pages for the *Granite Monthly*. They were the widowed daughters of Gen. George Rapin Smith, the founder of Sedalia, and one of the civilizers of Missouri; and their errand was to submit to me the material for a memoir of their father, with a request that I would edit it. I was so occupied with other literary

work that I could not undertake it; but I gave some labor to the preparation and revision of the material, and on its completion in 1904, after a year or two spent in arranging letters, etc., I read it with much satisfaction. Being privately printed it has had but small circulation in this part of the country; but the interesting descriptions of the primitive life of the pioneer settlers, and the active share which General Smith had in the rescue of his state from the hands of Atchison, Jackson, Harney and the other disunionists of Missouri, together with the importance of the course thus pursued by Frank Blair, Gratz Brown, General Lyon and the radical Union men, were such that I will communicate passages from the book of 400 pages to our readers.

In a recent publication, Mr. Villard of the New York *Evening Post* was misguided enough to say that the South was never a colonizing section. It would have been nearer the fact to say that the slaveholding portion of our country did little but colonize; just as bees do little in the way of honey-making except by swarming. Negro slavery in the United States was of such economic character that new territory was constantly required on which to employ it. While it survived in New Hampshire, throughout the eighteenth century, it was carried from place to place by enterprising traders who picked up slaves here and there,—generally, I suppose, at the West Indies or in Dutch Guiana, with which several New Hampshire sea-captains traded, —and distributed them at the seaports or inland towns of New England.

Jonathan Longfellow of Hampton Falls, whose mother was a granddaughter of Henry Green, one of the early provincial judges, was one of these enterprising traders, after being bred as a miller at the falls which give the name to the town. At or before his mother's death in 1741, Jonathan took his share of the property and went trading: he imported slaves, and with four of them he paid for a large farm in Deerfield, which he bought of one Leavitt of Exeter, and settled on it with his wife and six children. Rev. John Scales says of him:

"Capt. Longfellow, an enterprising business man, bought and sold slaves, and did not give all of them to Leavitt. His sons-in-law, Joseph Cilley and Nathaniel Batchelder of Deerfield, had some of them after Longfellow removed, first to Rye, and then to Nova Scotia and Machias. Some of the descendants of these imported slaves live at Exeter now, worthy citizens, unmindful of their ancestry."

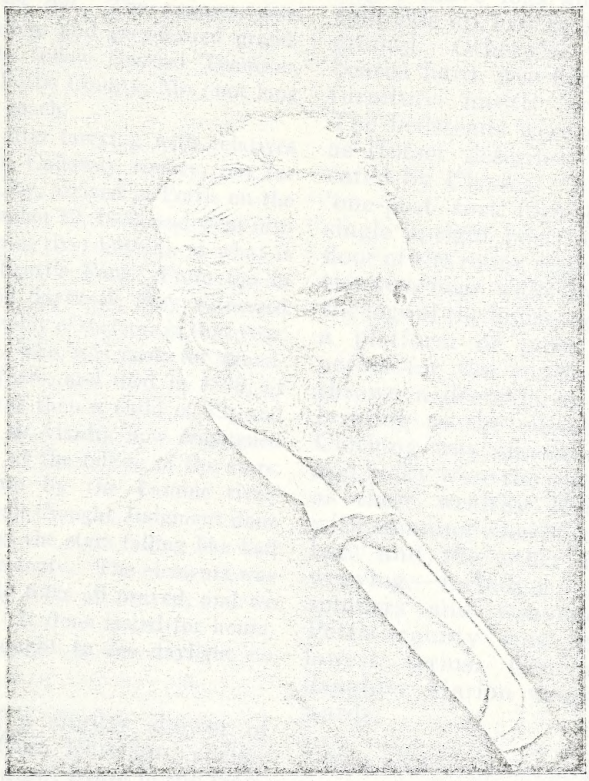
At the census of 1790, General Cilley, the Revolutionary hero, owned four slaves, doubtless of the Longfellow lot; two other Cilleys of Deerfield owned three, and two Butlers owned one each,—there being eleven slaves in all in the little town of Nottingham, including Deerfield.

George Rapin Smith was the son of a Virginian (George Smith, the son of Thomas of Powhatan county), and was born August 17, 1804; the same year he removed to Kentucky with his father, a Baptist preacher,— was educated chiefly at Georgetown, Scott county, and in 1820, at the age of 16, inherited property by the death of his father. At 23 he married, having previously studied law, and been made county sheriff. His father-in-law, General Thomson, was an active, prosperous man, who had fought Tecumseh under General Harrison, and was ready to colonize from Kentucky to Missouri in 1833, as he had already, like his son-in-law, colonized from Virginia to Kentucky. The removal began in October, 1833, and here is the account which Mrs. Smith, General Smith's daughter, gives of it:

"Our grandfather, Gen. David Thomson, with Grandmother, left their home this year, with eight of their children, to make a new home in Missouri. Three children had

already married,—Manlius, the oldest, remained behind, practicing law in Georgetown, Kentucky; but Mildred Elvira, the next oldest, had married Mr. Lewis Redd Major, and they, with four children and a large family of negroes, decided to emigrate to the new country. Melita Ann, the third child, and two little girls also took seats in her father's commodious carriage for the long, tedious journey of 700 miles. Besides slaves, of whom there was a large company, and the two younger boys were to accompany him.

"Our mother and grandmother, our two young girl aunts, my sister and myself, all traveled in one large carriage, with a negro man, Jackson, driving, and Grandpa on horseback to find the roads and judge of the crossings. The carriage was a great yellow coach, closed all around from air and light,



Gen. George R. Smith

ourselves there were two other little girls in the party; our aunts, Marion, a lovely child of ten, and Melcena, the baby sister of eight,—the two youngest children of Gen. Thomson. Mentor Thomson, the second son, with his bride, Miss Cora Woolridge of Hopkinsville, did not make the trip when we did, but came some months later. Of the three other boys, Milton, Morton and Monroe, aged 19, 17, and 15,—Milton Thomson was detailed by his father to take charge of the except for the windows in the doors. It sat high up on springs, and had folding steps by which to ascend into its broad deep-cushioned seats. Outside was a driver's seat, high up above the horses, and behind was another large seat for an outrider, whose duty it was to open gates and attend to the family. The whole was drawn by a pair of horses, and a saddle-horse ran beside, which was used alternately by the ladies to relieve the tedium of the journey. In another party

went the caravan of covered ox-wagons, containing the furniture, looms, spinning wheels, big and little, tableware, etc.; together with the negroes and their families. The company comprised 88 persons, of whom 75 were slaves. They had intermarried with the neighbors' negroes, and General Thomson, being humane, was unwilling to separate them, so he had to buy where he could and sell where he must. This was no little task, but finally it was accomplished, and the slave-caravan set out. The negroes, men and women, babies and grey-haired grandparents were to follow General Thomson, and arrived in Pettis County, Mo., not long after the great coach.

"Our party, after tarrying with relatives several weeks in Calloway county, not far from Jefferson City, arrived in Pettis on the evening of November 12, 1833, and went into camp in the Lamine river-bottom, at what is now known as Scott's Ford. From ten in the evening until daybreak they witnessed the celebrated display of meteors in that year. Dear old Peggy, who was cook for grandfather in after years, and died in 1898, at the age of 77, was then a child of 12; and she used to tell us vividly how frightened the negroes were at the falling of the stars. 'We were in camp by the Lamine river' she said, 'and we-all thought Judgment done come. Could hear the stars falling like hail on the tops of the tents. The elements was all ablaze. De old folks all prayed, and we children hollered. It done lasted for hours, and we never thought to see daylight no more.'"

It was amid a similar shower of seeming stars that Emerson, earlier in the same autumn, came home from Europe across the Atlantic, and sailed half the night amid stars, as he afterwards described the scene:

As when a shower of meteors
Cross the orbit of the earth,
And, lit by fringent air, blaze near and far;
Mortals deem the planets bright
Have slipped their sacred bars,
And the lone seaman, all the night,
Sails astonished amid stars.

In this county of Pettis, which now contains 35,000 people and no slaves, there were in 1833 more slaves than freemen, for white settlers were few and far between. Their cabins were mostly built of unhewn logs daubed with clay, and till General Thomson and his party built, there was no house in the region that had window glass in it. If the owner had money or negroes, he might indulge in the luxury of a puncheon floor, that is, might halve logs and lay them the split side up, side by side on the moist ground. Otherwise the bare earth, beaten hard, was floor enough. The furniture mostly was home-made. The bedsteads were made somewhat as Homer describes that one fabricated by Ulysses. They were of the 'one-post' sort, formed by planting a single upright post, or a fork, in the floor of the room, connecting this with the two near walls by poles let into the logs of the house-side, and weaving a platform of poles or clapboards across for the couch. On this was thrown a deerskin or two, and such bedding as the citizen could afford. Clothing was almost all homemade, and lucky were the settlers who came, as these wealthy Kentuckians did, with spinning wheels, looms, warping-bars and the other implements of weaving,—including the purchased spinners and weavers. Society in Pettis county was reduced to its lowest terms. General Thomson's daughter Marion wrote, years afterwards:

"Our neighbors called arrayed in buckskin trousers, and jackets decked with fringes of the same. You ask how the ladies were dressed? When we arrived I think there were just three in the county. When they called they wore expensive dresses made of calico at 25 cents a yard. By coöperation alone could the settlers raise their buildings. Were a house or stable to be raised, the neighbors for eight or ten miles up Muddy Creek were on hand, each with his gun and dog, and a deer or turkey lashed on his back. After the raising, a great feast would follow, and a long-necked gourd, full of apple or peach-brandy would cheer the company.

The wolves howled round the cabins at night; you could hardly walk a mile without seeing a herd of deer; wild turkeys filled the woods, and rattlesnakes were in abundance."

Booneville, where the mighty hunter, Daniel Boone, had died a dozen years before, was the nearest trading town on the Missouri river, 35 miles away. There Chester Harding, the New England portrait-painter, found him a few years before his death, and painted him for the State of Kentucky, while General Smith was still at Elder Stone's school in Georgetown, Ky.

General Thomson was allowed to name *his* settlement Georgetown, and it gradually assumed a more civilized air, mainly under the stimulus of General Smith and his father-in-law. When the county courthouse was to be built, Smith prevailed on the people to build it of brick, and he, with a partner, contracted to make the brick and build it, within two years. They began it late in 1835, and it was accepted and the contractors discharged from their bond, December 16, 1837. Mrs. Smith says:

"To my eyes there was never a prettier house. It was square, with a large door in the center of each of three sides, and a large window on each side of the doors. The north side had the two windows, but no door,—the space between being occupied by the judge's bench, a platform about four feet high, with chairs on it, and terminated at the windows with four or five steps. The floor was brick, with some benches. A stairway led magnificently with its balustrade to the second story; and as my young feet proudly ascended its lofty height, I looked on the assembled multitudes with awe and admiration that have not come to me since, even in the palaces of Europe."

Around this temple of justice General Thomson had planted locust trees, and enclosed the whole with a neat fence; to which, of course, the men who came to the village hitched their horses, while they marketed or "tended court" or held political meetings in the new public building. Mr. Smith's own cabin was the second one built in this Georgetown, in 1835, and was of squared logs, with glass windows. It contained two rooms, each 20 feet square,—a living room and a kitchen, each supplied with a generous open fireplace, by which, in the kitchen, the slaves did the cooking. This, says Mrs. Smith:

"Was done in heavy cast-iron Dutch ovens, in skillets and frying pans. On Johnny-cake boards (of wood) delicious cakes were baked by simply setting them in front of the open fire. In using the portable ovens for baking bread, the coals were drawn out on the broad stone hearth, and often a blaze of burning brush was built on top of the heavy lid. Back in the smoke and heat of the chimney hung the crane, always ready to do duty with the dinner-pot, or for clothes-washing, when a big boil was on hand."

All the industry of this fast-growing community was based on the toil of purchased, or bred, or inherited slaves. The Virginian ancestors of George Smith had regarded slavery as an evil, as Washington, Jefferson and their famous contemporaries did; but the customs of Kentucky sanctioned the evil, and it outlasted the agitating era of the Revolution, and was brought into profitable use for cotton growing in the Southern region, and for slave breeding in the cooler States. Cotton did not flourish in Kentucky or Missouri, but all the rude work of pioneering was adapted to slave labor, and laziness and vanity soon habituated a new community to the evil. Mrs. Smith says:

"Slavery brought luxury, almost princely life to us, even in our cabins, because we were exempt from the drudgery of labor, and had really nothing to do except to look after the social amenities, and to see that the slaves were cared for and made to work. Our Eden was nursing this serpent, slavery, which was whispering a siren song into the ears of pride and luxury; but which was to fill our country with the blackness of despair. Slavery was

conducive to indolence and immorality. The preachers were preaching, and the good people trying, after their fashion, to bring their children up in the way they should go; but slavery, tobacco and whiskey were doing their demoniacal work; and so it went on. Men were intoxicated, murders committed, and shadows fell darkly on the brightness of many lives. The evil multiplied; God seemed to have deserted us. It was against the law to educate the negroes; intelligence and slavery cannot exist together. The one enforced wrong compels the other. But the homes of the slaveholders, to the superficial looker-on, often seemed happy. The ignorant creatures, with no aim in life, could have no ambition. The masters were usually humane, and there was often real affection between master and slave; very often great kindliness. There were merciful services from each to the other; there was laughter, song and happiness in the negro quarters; but it was the happiness of ignorance. It was an edifice founded on sand, an unnatural condition,—and the violation of God's law brings its own retribution. The house was toppling; it had to fall. Our young men rapidly fell into debaucheries. Our colleges often turned them out from their walls dissipated. Our young farmers, not having the advantage of free schools, were ignorant and immoral. Society was on a false basis."

This is the testimony of one who looked on the society in which she grew up with none but friendly eyes; and she has stated the case against slavery very mildly. Abraham Lincoln would have given a much heavier verdict. It was this mode of life which produced on the Missouri border those ignorant and depraved bands that tormented the Free State settlers of Kansas, and tinged the Civil War in Missouri with so much savagery. It was slavery that made possible the Lawrence massacre, and that created the necessity for the Pottawatomie executions. And from this caldron of evils the courage and intelligence of George Smith came forth sound and beneficent, as he had been all his days.

When Benton and the party of Andrew Jackson governed the nation, George Smith inclined, with all due respect for Jackson, to the party of Henry Clay. Col. Richard M. Johnson, who had been, with the Blair family, a leading opponent of Clay in Kentucky, but was fond of young Smith in that State, said to him when leaving one Georgetown for the other:

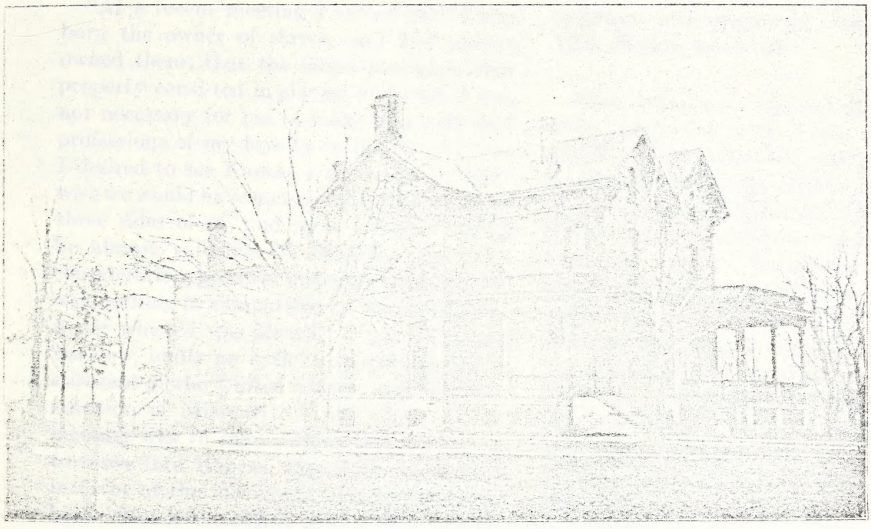
"Now George, when you get to Missouri, if you will only turn your coat and get on the right side in politics, you may one day be Democratic President of the United States."

That honor, however, has not yet been bestowed on any Missourian. George Smith, in the meantime (that is, between 1833 and 1863), had gone heartily into politics both local and national. He had supported Clay and Harrison for president against Van Buren, and had been appointed to office by Tyler, whose disappointing administration promoted several causes, but did little or nothing for Tyler himself. It had given Clay a needed rebuff, had exalted Webster by the success of his Ashburton Treaty, had secured the annexation of Texas, and finally set Van Buren aside, except as a block in the path of Cass, the Democratic candidate to be defeated by General Taylor in 1848. Smith supported Taylor zealously in that year, and then began to draw nearer to his old Democratic antagonist, Benton, as the issue became clearer between the Calhoun disunionists and the Benton and Blair democrats. All this time Smith was strengthening himself in wealth, in friendliness, in worldly experience, and in the cause of civilization.

Thus when he took up, in the first year of Taylor's administration, the project for a through railroad to the Pacific, which was Benton's leading measure, General Smith proved to be sagacious and influential beyond former precedent. He secured the location of the new westward road through his own and the adjoining counties, by guaranteeing subscrip-

tions to the road; and as a member of the legislature he had a very important share in passing the 'Omnibus' railroad bill, in December, 1855, which assured the building of several roads by state grants of money. Having thus secured the main point, Smith tried to induce the railroad authorities to put their station in his own Georgetown, which he had seen grow up from nothing to a prosperous village. They would not yield, and he then determined to have a new town, three miles south, on Flat Creek, where Sedalia, with its 20,000 people now is. He bought a few hundred acres of prairie land there, and in 1858 offered them for sale in house and shop lots. They gradually sold, and Sedalia has now drained away the population of Georgetown, which hardly exceeds a hundred by the last census. The explanation of the town's name must here be made, for not one person in a hundred would guess its origin. Mrs. Smith says:

"The name of the town gave our family great pleasure in the selection. Father and mother decided to name it for my sister Sarah (Mrs. Cotton), laughingly saying to me, "Bet, we once named a flat-boat for you, and we will name the town for Sarah." Her pet name was 'Sed'; so they called the town 'Sedville'. Our father had delightful friends at St. Louis, and often Sarah and I would accompany him there. Among them was Mr. Josiah Dent, who became much interested in the new town and its name. To him the 'ville' was decidedly objectionable; it did not comport with the flourishing city of our dreams. He suggested the termination 'alia' in its place; and this so delighted father that it was at once accepted. 'Sedalia' has since been the town's name."



Gen. Smith's House, in Sedalia, 1900

By this time and before, the Kansas troubles were upon the people of Missouri and the country. As early as October, 1854, the slaveholders of western Missouri began to organize secret lodges for the extension of slavery into Kansas, from Missouri and the South. About this time General Smith was spending the night with a personal and political friend in a neighboring town, by whom he was told that a secret organization was meeting that evening at the Court House. He was asked to join it, and told he would like it; and he went with his friend to the room, and

there found some 40 members. A Bible was brought forward, and it was proposed to give him an oath that he would do all in his power to make Kansas a slave state. He at once refused, and when they began to argue with him, he replied, "I am not a fit subject for your organization, and by your leave I will retire." Six months after, April, 1855, he was attacked in a newspaper, and asked to resign his seat in the legislature, to which, among other things he replied:

"At a recent meeting I stated that I was born the owner of slaves, and had always owned them; that the larger portion of my property consisted in slaves; and that it was not necessary for me to make long and loud professions of my loyalty to the South; that I desired to see Kansas a slave state, otherwise we would have non-slaveholding states on three sides of us, and slave property would be almost valueless in Missouri. But this consideration, however important pecuniarily, was nothing in comparison to the obligations under which I was placed. I was then, and am now, under an oath to support the Constitution of the United States, and the Constitution of Missouri. If the object of the meeting was to induce bona fide settlers to to move into Kansas, then I am as warmly in favor of the movement as any gentleman here. But if the object is to induce persons to go to Kansas merely to vote,—who are citizens of Pettis and mean to remain such,—then I am opposed to this movement, and my advice to every one who hears me is, to stay at home and attend to his own business. And I here declare my determination to oppose any infraction of the laws of my country, by persons residing either in the non-slaveholding or in the slave states."

This purpose of General Smith was adhered to through thick and thin. He lost his slaves—beginning in 1857, when a singular affair occurred, illustrative both of the state of public feeling, and of the sturdy character of Smith. One September day, in Buchanan's first year of the Presidency, a well-dressed lad, Henry Spencer, with a knapsack on his back, called at the Smith house in Georgetown, asking for a drink of water. He was invited to dine, and told his story of running away from school in Philadelphia, and from a counting-room in Cincinnati. His father was consul-general at Paris, and had lost patience with his faithless son, threatening to disown him if he ran away again. Henry was invited to visit the Smiths until arrangements could be made for his returning home; and did stay three weeks, riding the horses, playing with the children and the negroes, and enjoying himself hugely. Mrs. Smith goes on:

"One morning at the end of three weeks, while father was in St. Louis, we were surprised to find Juliet the cook, mother and grandmother of all our negroes except Henry, crying in the kitchen.—"Henry is gone, and Harriet is gone and Nancy is gone, and all the horses are gone." Young Spencer was also gone, and our saddles were gone. My mother and I went over to the village and told the news, and before noon a dozenmen, armed and mounted, had gone in search of the fugitives. They were found on the western border of Missouri, and made to retrace their steps, the captors, with much self-sacrifice, deciding to wait till they got home before they lynched the young offender. He was made to ride with his face to the tail of his horse, which no doubt impressed him as simply a novel idea, and the whole party were lodged in jail. Father reached home the same afternoon, visited the jail, and decided that the negroes had run off with the boy, not he with them. He seemed to think they had as much right to a pleasure trip, or to their freedom, as anybody. . . . Father joined the boy's cousin, S. L. Clement of Philadelphia, in a petition to the governor for pardon; certificates showed that he was immature in intellect, and deficient in moral principle, and the governor granted the pardon the same day, Dec. 17, 1857. By collusion with the jailer the boy was stolen out of jail before day, and sent to our house, to await the stage which carried him to Jefferson City, on his way home. The slaves concerned had all been reared from infancy in the family. Two of them

had to be sold, to appease the outraged feeling of the community; but the elder woman the General refused to sell, because she had children. It makes my heart sick now to think of Henry. We never heard of him after he was sold. I hope to meet him in heaven, and be forgiven the injustice of keeping him in slavery. He must have passed into eternity before the war, or he would have come to let us hear from him."

By this time, indeed, General Smith was in full accord with Benton, Frank Blair, Gratz Brown, and Abraham Lincoln, in favor of emancipation in Missouri. The matter is briefly mentioned in Newton's very important volume, "Lincoln and Herndon" published last year at Cedar Rapids, Iowa. On page 114 of that book, Herndon, Lincoln's partner, writes to Theodore Parker:

"I had a most entertaining conversation yesterday with one of the leading emancipationists of Missouri, and one of the leading Republicans of Illinois. Do not ask who they are; this is the substance of it: The Missouri *Democrat* is to open and bloom for Republicanism in 1860; the Louisville *Journal* is to follow, and some paper in Virginia is to fall into the trail,—all of which is, as it were, to happen accidentally. The *Democrat* is simply to suggest, the *Journal* is to suggest still stronger, and at last all are to open wide for Republicanism. These two are more than ordinary men; the conversation was in my office, and was confidential; therefore I keep it dark."

This conversation was on April 7, 1857, at Springfield, Ill. In February before, Gratz Brown had made an emancipation speech in the Missouri legislature, and had communicated it to Smith and to Blair. The former was not then ready to take public ground for emancipation, but he moved along rapidly in that direction.

In 1860 he was in the habit of saying: "If the South brings on civil war, they may have my negroes for three bits the dozen"; and in February, 1861, General Smith said in a Union speech at Georgetown:

"If every man, woman and child in Missouri should vote for going out of the Union, I would vote for staying in; and if every state in the Union should go out but Massachusetts, I would go to Massachusetts, if I had to crawl on my hands and knees to get there."

It was prudent to hold back from practical emancipation in 1857; but that Blair and Brown were working in that direction in 1857–58 was known to me at the time. I had ceased to vote in New Hampshire in 1855, and was living in Massachusetts, and helping my friend Samuel Bowles edit the Boston *Traveller*, when he took me one day to dine at Parker's in Boston, at what was then called the "Banks Club." Present on that occasion was Frank Blair, and either then or soon after, Gratz Brown, editor of the St. Louis *Democrat;* and they were outspoken in favor of emancipation in Missouri. My own activity in favor of making Kansas a free state in the years 1856–57, made me familiar with all the plans of the time, open or secret; and I was intimate with Theodore Parker, with whom Herndon was in frequent correspondence. New Hampshire had done her share in the Kansas movement, and several of her citizens had found a foothold there.

When the rebels fired on Fort Sumter, General Smith, too old to bear arms, was yet most active in organizing union regiments in Missouri. He had long known General Lyon, who drove the rebels out of St. Louis, and forced the treasonable governor to show his hand for secession. Smith stood bravely by the most pronounced friends of the Union, saw his property exposed to ruin and himself to insult; but became one of the firmest and wisest of the Radical Republicans of Missouri, who in 1864 abolished slavery by state action, and supported Lincoln in all his measures. When Johnson succeeded Lincoln, although General Smith was then a federal officeholder, he stoutly op-

posed the renegade President, and lived to see the government restored to the hands of its sincere friends. He died in 1879,—his property restored and increased, his city flourishing, and himself honored and beloved for his sturdy patriotism and his generous sentiments.

When Chancellor Hoyt of the Washington University at St. Louis, had been there long enough to warrant him in doing so, he offered me a position in the teaching force of his college. A little earlier I had been offered the headship of the Lawrence Academy, at Lawrence in Kansas, by the late Amos Lawrence, second of the name, and father of Bishop Lawrence. This is now the State University of Kansas. For good reasons I declined both offers Such were my political relations that I knew my presence in Missouri would be an embarassment for my old instructor, to whom I wished every success in his new field of action. As for Kansas, I was ready to do all that I could to promote its freedom from slavery, but New England seemed to be indicated as my proper sphere of exertion. So it happened that for the early years of the Civil War I should not have been welcomed in the great state of Missouri, and could have done little to improve its political and social condition.

But in time my good friend, the philosopher and educator, Dr. W. T. Harris, was chosen as Superintendent of Schools at St. Louis, and for nine years held that difficult and influential place. He became there the center of a group of philosophers, German, Scotch and American, and established in St. Louis the best philosophic quarterly Review ever seen in America. Combining with the survivors of the Transcendentalist party in New England, Doctor Harris and his friends formed the Concord "School of Philosophy," and for ten years maintained lectures of a high order at Concord, where Doctor Harris came to reside for ten years. And there has long been sweet peace between Missouri and New Hampshire.

FANTASY

By Laura Garland Carr

O Fantasy! Dear Fantasy!
How dull this prosy earth would be
Without the magic of your light
To make the desert places bright!

You take from grief and woe their sting,
O'er poverty your mantle fling,
You lift the weight of brooding care,
You make the lowliest dwelling fair.

By you designs and arts are led,
By you poetic fires are fed.
You can grim death from terrors free
And rob the grave of Mystery.

You bring to us our heart's desire,
You add a glow to friendship's fire;
And what would love—the mighty—be
Without your aid—dear Fantasy?

TO AN OLD BIBLE

By Mary Currier Rolofson

Dear, blessed Book, whose well-worn pages tell
How thou hast been beloved in days of yore,
Thou hast performed thy sacred mission well,
Faithful to all who turned thy pages o'er.

A lamp to feet that walked in darkened ways,
To feet that ways of error may have trod;
A lamp to light for youth life's wondrous maze,
And guide them, past all perils, safe to God.

Ah, would that we thy history could know!
Perhaps some little child, when thou wast new,
Bore thee to Sunday School, sedate and slow,
To learn from thee the Gospel story true.

Perhaps some mother at the parting hour,
When her belovéd went from home, with tears,
Praying that God would keep him through His power,
Gave him this book to bless his coming years.

We may not know; but thou hast been revered,
Treasured, though not unused, nor laid away,
Ever with passing years the more endeared
Till sight grew dim and shining locks were gray.

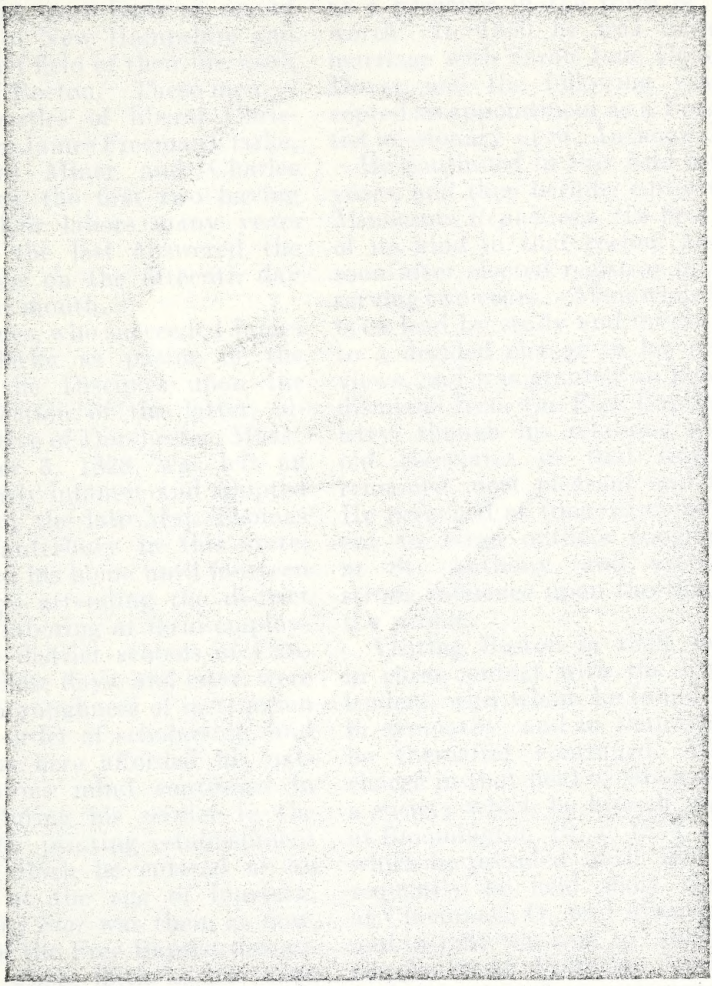
"Let not your heart be troubled." Here we see
Sad eyes have often read. The page is worn.
A pencil underlines, "Come unto Me,"
And marks the blessing for the hearts that mourn.

A bit of fern and one pale violet
Lie on the page beside the Shepherd psalm;
In pastures green they grew, dew-wet,
Beside still waters, crystal-clear and calm.

Dear, blessed Book, the hearts that loved thee best
Will beat no more within their walls of clay;
Those ransomed souls are entered into rest,
And thou hast pointed out to them the way.

Thy work is almost over, thou art old.
Thou lookest quaint, and strange of type and page;
But other Books the message thou hast told
Shall tell to souls of this our later age.

God's word thou art, that shall not pass away,
Nor shall return unto Him void and vain.
The ends of earth await thee, and the sway
Of Him whose right it is o'er all to reign.



REV. CHARLES GORDON AMES, D. D.

Courtesy of the *Christian Register*.

REV. CHARLES GORDON AMES, D. D.

Three men, than whom no others have left a deeper impress upon the religious life of New England and the world at large, were born or reared in the state of New Hampshire and found the chief field of their life work in the city of Boston. These men,—all great apostles of liberal Christianity,—were James Freeman Clarke, Alonzo Ames Miner and Charles Gordon Ames, the first two having completed their labors many years since, while the last answered the final summons on the fifteenth day of the present month.

Doctor Ames, who succeeded James Freeman Clarke as pastor of the Church of the Disciples upon the personal selection of the latter, although a native of Dorchester, Mass., born October 3, 1828, was left an orphan in early infancy, and adopted soon after, by the late Maj. Thomas Ames of Canterbury in this state, where he had his home until fourteen years of age, attending the district school and laboring at farm employment. The district schools of Canterbury in those days, and later, were noted for thoroughness of instruction and a high order of scholarship, and the stimulus here afforded his naturally vigorous mind continued in full force during his service in the *Morning Star* printing establishment at Dover, which he entered as an apprentice at the age of fourteen. The *Morning Star* was then, as now, the organ of the Free Baptist denomination, in whose faith he had been reared, but out of which he ultimately grew into another and broader field of religious life.

Improving all the opportunities for study at his command, and directing his thought mainly along theological lines, he was licensed as a preacher at the early age of eighteen years and went West, where, in Ohio, he engaged in preaching and teaching, meanwhile continuing his studies and for a time attending an academy. In 1849 he was ordained to the ministry, and, returning east, was located for a time as a preacher in the town of Tamworth. In 1850 he was united in marriage with Sarah Jane Daniels of Dover, and the following year accepted an appointment as a Free Baptist missionary at St. Anthony, Minn.

He continued in this field for four years, and then became editor of the Minnesota *Republican*, the first paper of its kind in that region, and was soon after elected registrar of deeds, serving two years. Meanwhile he had been lead by study and investigation to a decided change in his religious views, and was granted an honorable dismissal from the Free Baptist ministry, though his relations with his old associates of that faith ever remained most pleasant and kindly. He preached at times as an independent to large outdoor congregations at St. Anthony, and exercised a strong influence upon the thought of the people.

Visiting Boston in 1858, he came in close contact with the Unitarian leaders, with whom he found himself in sympathy, and in that fellowship he thereafter continued. His first charge in that field of labor was over a society which he himself organized at Bloomington, Ill., in 1859, and over which he presided until 1862. Subsequently he held short pastorates at Cincinnati, O., and Albany, N. Y., and in 1865 was sent to California by the American Unitarian Association, and there spent several years in the organization of societies and in general educational work, in San Francisco and in different parts of the state. In 1872 he became pastor of the Unitarian society in Germantown, Pa., continuing for five years, till 1877, when he assumed editorial charge of the *Christian Register*, the Unitarian denominational organ, then as now, published in Boston, which

position he filled with great ability till 1880, when he went to Philadelphia. Here he organized the Spring Garden Unitarian society and ministered to the same for eight years, when he resigned to assume the pastorate of the Church of the Disciples in Boston, upon the death of Rev. James Freeman Clarke, by whom he had been selected as his successor many years previously, and in which position he continued his labors till the end. His pastorate was most successful in all respects, and it was largely through his efforts that the erection of the society's elegant new house of worship in the Fenway, opened for use six years ago, was effected.

Several volumes of his works, some of them made up of his best sermons, have been given to the public, among the titles being "George Eliot's Two Marriages," "As Natural as Life," "Sermons of Sunrise," "Five Points of Faith," "Living Largely," "Hidden Life," "Peter and Susan Lesley," "Poems" and "A Book of Prayer"; while large numbers of his sermons have been published in pamphlet form. In 1896 Bates College, his *alma mater*, conferred upon him the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws.

Aside from his purely ministerial and pastoral work Doctor Ames labored earnestly and effectively for the elevation and progress of mankind, both with pen and voice. He was an ardent supporter of the Union cause during the Civil War, and his addresses on public affairs, during and after the war in various parts of the country were heard with splendid effect. He was a firm friend of the freedman and a faithful supporter of Booker Washington in his work for their education and improvement. The cause of temperance had in him an unyielding friend, and he was among the earliest and most devoted adherents of the woman suffrage cause, the promise of whose complete success gave him no small measure of satisfaction in his last days. To all measures for the promotion of real social service and civic betterment he gave ready and loyal support, and he was particularly interested in the "New Voters' League," designed to aid the preparation of young men for the responsible duties of citizenship. He was foremost in all charitable and reform work, a foe of all forms of oppression, broadly democratic in his views and habits, and an outspoken opponent of continued American domination in the Philippines, as diametrically opposed to the fundamental principles of our republican government. He was a member of the American Philosophical Society, the Twentieth Century Club, the Boston Thursday Evening Club, and various other civic and philanthropic organizations. His grandest and most enduring monument is found in the words of the immortal covenant of which he was the author, now so widely adopted by churches of the liberal faith, as follows: "In the freedom of Truth, and the spirit of Jesus Christ, we unite for the worship of God and the service of Man."

His home on Chestnut Street, in Boston, was the resort of a wide circle of friends, where all were cheerfully welcomed—none more so than young men seeking guidance in the way of truth and right, either in civic or religious life. His eightieth birthday anniversary, October 3, 1908, was the occasion of a notable gathering at the home of the American Unitarian Association, on Beacon Street, Boston, at which not only many representative Unitarians, but prominent men of all sects, were in attendance to do him honor, among the speakers being President Charles W. Eliot of Harvard, Rev. Edward Everett Hale, and others of note.

His first wife died at Bloomington, Ill., in 1861, leaving one son, Charles W. Ames, now of St. Paul, Minn. June 25, 1863, he married Fanny, daughter of Mr. Increase Baker of Cincinnati, O., who survives him, with two daughters, Alice Vivian,

wife of Thomas G. Winter of Minneapolis, and Edith Theodora, wife of Raymond M. Crosby, a Boston artist.

The last rites over the mortal remains of this good friend of man and true disciple of the Master, which were thereafter conveyed to the Forest Hills Crematory for ultimate disposition, and the final honors to his memory, were observed at noon on Thursday, April 18, in the church where he had so long ministered, which was filled to its capacity by friends, members of the society, representative Unitarians and citizens generally.

Various clergymen had part in the service. Prayer was offered by Rev. Abraham M. Ribbany, present pastor; scripture reading was by Rev. Howard N. Brown, and Rev. Charles F. Dole of Jamaica Plain, Rev. Reuben Kidner of Trinity Church, Louis R. Nash and the Rev. Samuel A. Eliot, D.D., President of the American Unitarian Association, all paid brief and eloquent tribute to the departed.

Frank Lynes, the church organist, was in charge of the music. The regular quartet led the congregation in singing "Rise, My Soul, and Stretch Thy Wings" and "While Thee I Seek, Protecting Power," and the anthem, "There are Deep Things of God," was given by the quartet.

The honorary pall bearers were Rev. George Batchelor, D.D., a successor to Doctor Ames as editor of the *Christian Register;* Rev. William Channing Brown, field secretary of the American Unitarian Society; Edward A. Church, one of the oldest officers of the society; Rev. Christopher R. Eliot of the Bulfinch Place Church, George H. Ellis, Rev. Roger S. Forbes of Dorchester, Rev. Paul Revere Frothingham of Boston, Francis J. Garrison, Rev. Bradley Gilman of Canton, Rev. Edward Hale of Chestnut Hill, Rev. Robert F. Leavens of Fitchburg, Miss Mary L. Leggett, minister of the First Unitarian Society, Revere, Rev. William H. Lyon, D.D., of Brookline, Edwin D. Mead, Louis R. Nash, Rev. Charles E. Park, Moorfield Storey, Rev. Thomas Van Ness and Rev. J, Herman Whitmore of Stoneham.

Perhaps no more fitting tribute to the life and character of Doctor Ames has yet been penned than that of Edwin D. Mead, the well-known author and lecturer, son of New Hampshire, his friend and co-worker in the cause of humanity, appearing in the *Boston Herald* of April 17, as follows:

Rev. Charles G. Ames, whose going from us, although at so ripe an age and after so long an illness, deeply touches Boston's heart, was a pronounced American. It might be said of him as unreservedly as Lowell said it of Lincoln, whom Doctor Ames loved so profoundly, "nothing of Europe here." He was a most indigenous man and smacked of our soil. He was, too, a most national American, free from every sectionalism and provincialism, with sympathies as broad as the prairies and purposes as high and white as the Sierras. He began his preaching life in Ohio; he lived for years in Minnesota; his first Unitarian pastorate was in Illinois, and there were subsequent chapters in Albany, Cincinnati, California and Philadelphia.

There were thus few parts of the country where he was not thoroughly at home. But we here remember proudly and lovingly today that he was emphatically a New Englander, and at the first and at the last belonged to Boston. Within the limits of the present Boston he was born; on a New Hampshire farm in the Merrimack Valley his boyhood was spent; while still a very youth we find him preaching under the shadow of Chocorua, and he goes back to that beautiful region in the late summer of his life to play with a farm among the hills. The ministry by which he will be chiefly remembered is the long Boston pastorate. The first quarter of the life belonged to New England and the last quarter wholly to Boston.

Following Doctor Hale at an interval of but three years, Doctor Ames was the last figure in a great Unitarian group. There was no other in the group whose mind had in its very texture more of New England transcendentalism. There was no other quite

so Emersonian. A hundred of his sermons were almost Emerson essays. He had Emerson's firm and quiet faith, his penetration and poetry of nature, his wit and humor and sententiousness, his gift for homely illustration, his buoyant optimism and his democracy. He recognized in all, as he himself once said, his brothers and sisters; and his heart was so full of love that his impulse was not simply to shake hands with men, but to throw his arms around them. His mind was as original and full of surprises as Doctor Bartol's, whose last home was just across Chestnut street from Doctor Ames's own last home. But his life was as steady and serene it as was surprising. One of his volumes is called "Sermons of Sunrise," another "As Natural as Life," another "Living Largely." It was a sunny and a shining life and a large life which Boston and the country remember so gratefully today. It was a life devoted to religion and to the commonwealth. No man was more interested in affairs. He was early an abolitionist; he had Lincoln at his table in Bloomington when he was minister there, and when three years ago he reprinted, unchanged, fifty years afterward, the sermon which he preached in Bloomington when John Brown was hanged, we found that he had dealt with that critical episode at the height of the excitement with the firm judgment of the historian as well as the glow and insight of the prophet.

Of his fidelity and courage in the great industrial and political issues of these recent years it is superfluous to speak, for his ringing words are in our ears. He hated our new and un-American militarism and imperialism with a holy hatred. Politics was to him as religious as to the Puritan. When the New Voters' Festivals were inaugurated a dozen years ago at Faneuil Hall, he gave the festival the noblest name it ever had, that of "a political consecration service"; and from the first for as many years as he was able, he was always present there to lead the impressive gathering of young men in repeating the historic old Freeman's Oath of our Massachusetts fathers: "I do solemnly bind myself that I will give my vote and suffrage as I shall judge in my own conscience may best conduce to the public weal, so help me God."

His conspicuous place in those New Voters' Festivals best expresses to many of us who remember his impressive words and presence there the consecrated spirit which he brought into our politics and society. His religious spirit is equally well summed up in the simple covenant which he prepared for one of his own congregations, and whose beauty and sufficiency were so instantly recognized by thousands that they in their churches have made it their covenant too: "In the freedom of Truth and the spirit of Jesus Christ we unite for the worship of God and the service of Man." It is doubtful whether in all this modern time any other covenant for a congregation of religious men joining together to help turn earth into heaven has been created so simple, so comprehensive and so satisfying as this. A life giving us this memorable word alone would have been a life of great service. The word was but one flowering of the opulent, consecrated and aspiring life of Charles G. Ames, a life devoted hopefully and believingly from beginning to end to what another has called skeptically "the foolish attempt to make the world over," to the endeavor to establish on earth the kingdom of God.

HOMO INEBRIATUS

By Bela Chapin

Oppressed with ills and full of woes
Behold the sad inebriate goes
Toward the region of the dead
With cloud and darkness overspread!
May God remove the rust and stain,
And renovate a soul insane.

THE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH OF PEMBROKE

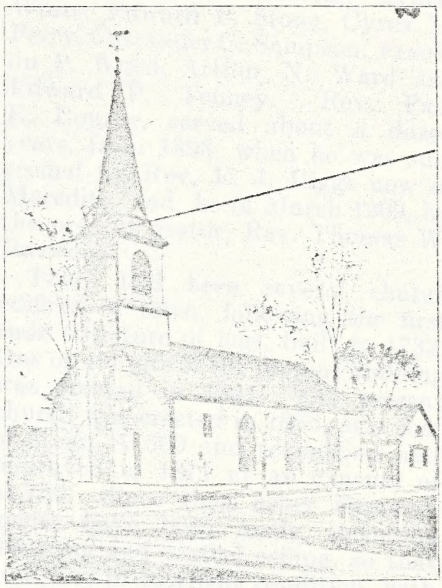
By an Occasional Contributor

In all New Hampshire there is no more delightful section of country road than the three mile stretch of highway known as "Pembroke Street." Bordered by fertile farms and attractive homes on either side, and commanding a magnificent view of the Merrimack Valley and the hills beyond, whether one passes over the route on foot, by team, automobile or trolley, he cannot fail to be charmed by the view, near or distant, that meets his vision in any direction. The most commanding object, on the southerly, more elevated and most thickly settled portion of the "street," is the Congregational church edifice, the only house of worship in this portion of the town, whose tall spire is discernible from long distances, and has been a prominent landmark for years beyond the memory of the present generation.

Nearby, to the northward, on the same side of the street, stands the old town house, built a century ago, for town purposes, and also occupied as the home of the Pembroke Grange since its organization in 1885, while a few rods to the southward, is the fine new brick Pembroke Academy building, occupied by one of the few old-time academies of the State, enjoying renewed prosperity after nearly a century of existence, and serving every purpose of a town high school, besides attracting pupils from abroad.

Pembroke, like most of our New Hampshire towns, was settled by a God-fearing, and a humanity loving, people, and in the early days of the settlement (the town being first known as Suncook, and embracing a far larger territory than at present) a pastor was called, Rev. Aaron Whittemore being the first incumbent. He was ordained and installed March 12, 1737, some five years after the erection of the first log church in which services had been held from time to time by such preachers as could be employed.

Mr. Whittemore's pastorate extended over a period of thirty years, till his death November 17, 1767, but

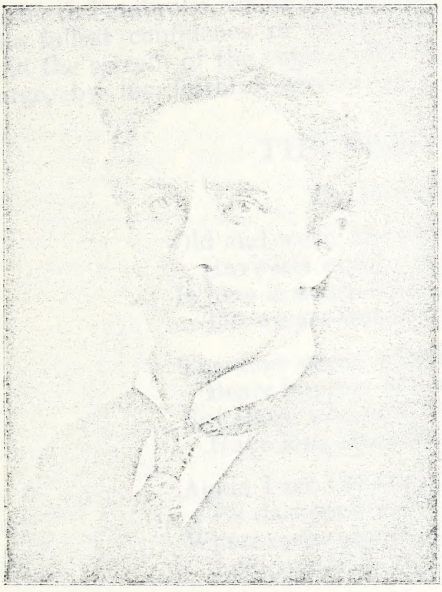


Congregational Church, Pembroke

was by no means a season of uninterrupted prosperity, many difficulties arising, not the least of which was dissension in the "flock," a considerable portion of whom were Presbyterians, not in sympathy with the Congregational polity, and seeking conformity with their own plan of church government and worship—so much so that they ultimately set up a church of their own, and maintained

separate worship for a number of years, though the same was ultimately abandoned, and the two churches united.

Rev. Jacob Emery, was the next pastor, being installed, August 3, 1768, continuing until his dismissal, March 23, 1775. There was no settled pastor for the next five years, but in March, 1780, the Rev. Zaccheus Colby was settled and continued in the pastorate for twenty-three years, till May 11, 1803, when he was dismissed.



Rev. Thomas W. Harwood

The pastorate again remained vacant, until the settlement of Rev. Abraham Burnham, a native of Dunbarton and a graduate of Dartmouth, of the class of 1804, who was ordained and installed, March 2, 1808, the Presbyterians and Congregationalists having united and formed a new church, the preceding year.

The pastorate of Mr. Burnham, who was a learned and able man, conspicuous in the community and the state, and who received the honorary degree of D.D. from his *alma mater*, was a long and remarkable one, continuing until his dismissal at his own request, November 20, 1850, when his successor, Rev. John H. Merrill, was also installed. During Doctor Burnham's ministry 303 members were added to the church on confession and 120 by letter. The record also adds that during the same time he baptized 654 persons, officiated at 650 funerals and solemnized 604 marriages.

Following Mr. Merrill, who served three years, a brief pastorate was held by Rev. Robert Crossett, who was followed for eight years by Rev. Lewis Goodrich. Brief pastorates were successively held by Revs. N. F. Carter, Benjamin Merrill, Lyman White, Edward P. Stone, Cyrus M. Perry, Cassander C. Sampson, Franklin P. Wood, Arthur N. Ward and Edward P. Tenney. Rev. Paul E. Bourne, served about a dozen years, from 1893, when he was succeeded by Rev. E. J. Riggs now of Meredith, and he in March 1909, by the present pastor, Rev. Thomas W. Harwood.

There had been several church edifices in town, following the first rude structure of logs, built in 1733. One on the site of the present building was erected in 1804. The present church was erected in 1836, at a cost of about $3,500 and remodeled and improved in 1871 at an expense of $1,750. Since then other improvements have been made, including reseating and a steel ceiling, so that now it is in excellent condition, with a pleasant vestry and supper room attached.

The church has prospered greatly under the present pastorate, fifteen members being added at Easter last year and eighteen this year. There is a thriving Sunday School in connection, a prosperous Christian Endeavor Society and the banner "Junior" society of the county. The Ladies' Social Circle works earnestly and harmoniously, giving suppers and entertainments that are largely patronized, and effectively promoting

the social welfare of the society and community.

The present pastor, Rev. Thomas W. Harwood, is a native of England, the son of a Methodist clergyman, educated at the famous Kingswood school, founded by John Wesley. He came to this country in 1895, and pursued a theological course at the Bangor (Me.) Seminary, graduating in 1898. He held short pastorates successively at Garland, Me., Loudon, N. H., Fairview, Kans., and Bakersfield, Vt., coming from the latter to Pembroke, where he has won the fullest confidence of his people and the esteem of the community at large, by his faithful service as a pastor and his deep interest in all that pertains to the public welfare. He married, in 1899, Miss Nellie Sawyer of Garland, Me., and they have four children, two boys and two girls, with whom they occupy the society's pleasant parsonage, a short distance from the church on the opposite side of the street.

It may be added that the church in Pembroke, maintains the most harmonious relations with the Grange, of which the pastor is also a member, and that these, with the Academy, constitute a trinity of forces working together for the uplift of the people in intellectual, moral and spiritual life.

THE OLD HOMESTEAD

By Hannah B. Merriam

Old and worn, the rain and wind
Have left many a scar and seam,
It here is marked and there is lined,
Till we are lost in midday dream.

The door stone, which no chisel wrought,
Bears impress of a softer mold,
But those who once its threshold sought
Have long since found a broader fold.

Again I see the quaint old room,
Its darkened walls and sanded floor,
Where spinning-wheel and household loom
Lent music in the days of yore,

A ruddy fire, its glowing heat
Lights hands that point to twilight hour,
Lights windows, 'gainst which snow and sleet
Are drifting, while the storm-clouds lower.

Beside the fire a couple sit,
Whose hearts have ever beat in rhyme;
Watching the embers fall and flit,
Read stories of the olden time,

Till hearts grow young and faces beam,
Glasses and cane are dropped aside;
The passing years seem but a dream,
They live again a groom and bride.

Their ashes rest 'neath lowly mounds,
Where wild flowers mid the grasses grow,
Where winter in its yearly rounds
Builds monuments of crystal snow.

NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY

WALTER BURLEIGH

Walter Burleigh, a leading citizen of Franklin, and one of the best known men in Merrimack County, died at his home in that city, February 24, 1912.

He was a son of the late Henry and Eliza (Gregg) Burleigh, born on the old Burleigh farm, on the river, September 12, 1831, the late Wallace Burleigh, who died last year, being his twin brother.

In early life he engaged in the wood and coal business, but in 1856 went into trade in the dry goods and grocery line, in which his brother the late Rufus G. Burleigh was, later, associated with him. The brothers built the first brick block in Franklin Falls.

Mr. Burleigh was postmaster of Franklin twelve years, from 1874. He served in the legislature in 1863 and 1864. He was for some time a member of the board of education and superintended the construction of the Franklin High School building. In 1898, he was chosen one of the Commissioners of Merrimack County.

He is survived by a son, Walter E. Burleigh, now in the service of the Interstate Commerce Commission, and a daughter Miss Mary Burleigh of Franklin.

DR. JOHN W. PARSONS

John W. Parsons, M. D., long a prominent physician of Portsmouth, died at his home in that city February 28, 1912.

He was a son of the late Col. Thomas J. and Eliza (Brown) Parsons, of Rye, born August 1, 1841. His father was adjutant of the 35th regiment in the old New Hampshire militia and Lieutenant Colonel of the 1st regiment in 1836, being, also, an aide-de-camp of Geo. Isaac Hill.

Doctor Parsons studied medicine with the late Dr. Levi G. Hill of Dover, and, later, graduated from the Harvard Medical School. He served as assistant-surgeon in the 24th Massachusetts Volunteers in the Civil War, and then settled in Portsmouth in the practice of his profession, which he had followed successfully for half a century. He was president of the board of trustees of the Chase Home for Children in Portsmouth, a trustee of the Hospital and of the Portsmouth Athenæum. He was a Democrat in politics, a member of Storer Post, G. A. R., and of St. John's Lodge, A. F. & A. M.

WILLIAM C. HARRIS

William Calvin Harris, a life long resident and the oldest man in the town of Windham, born December 14, 1822, died in the home of his birth March 7, 1912.

He was the eleventh and last surviving child of the Rev. Samuel and Ruth (Pratt) Harris. He was educated in public and private schools, taught, himself, for several years, but finally devoted himself to agriculture on the home farm, which he inherited, from his father, by whom it had been cleared, and who was the town minister from 1805 to 1826. He was active and prominent in town affairs, serving ten years on the school board, four years as town clerk, six years as treasurer, ten years as moderator, chairman of the board of selectmen two years, supervisor four years, and representative in the legislature in 1865. He was a leading member of the Presbyterian church of Windham, and had been one of its ruling elders and deacons since 1878. He was also superintendent of the Sunday school from 1878 to 1888 inclusive. In 1897, he was a delegate to the Presbyterian General Assembly.

June 22, 1853, he married Philena Heald Dinsmoor, daughter of Dea. Samuel Dinsmoor of Auburn, who survives him, with one son, William S. Harris who lives at the home place, and one daughter, Ella, wife of J. W. M. Worledge also of Windham.

ARTHUR E. POOLE

Arthur E. Poole of Jaffrey, prominent in the Grange and agricultural life, and a leading citizen of the town, died of pneumonia at his home in that town, March 23, 1912.

He was a son of Joel H. Poole, a well known Grand Army man, with whom he was associated in the proprietorship of the famous summer resort known as "The Ark." He was a Past Master of Jaffrey Grange, Past Noble Grand of Monadnock Lodge, I. O. O. F., of East Jaffrey, and a member of the Masonic lodge at Peterborough and Commandery at Keene. He is survived by a wife, and his parents.

DR. JULIA COGSWELL CLARKE

Julia Cogswell Clarke, a native of Manchester, daughter of the late Attorney General William C. Clarke and Anna Maria Greeley, a long time teacher, and later successful practitioner of osteopathy, died at her home, 14 Eggleston St., Jamaica Plain, Mass., April 14, 1912.

She was born September 14, 1844, and educated in the Manchester schools. She was a student of rare attainments, and was for some twenty years an assistant in the Chauncey Hall School, Boston. She was also for a time an instructor in a school for the blind in London. She was interested in literary work, and was a member and secretary of the Appalachian Mountain Club. She was the owner of a fine estate in Gilmanton, which she occupied as a summer home. She was a member of the Massachusetts Cremation Society, which took charge of the remains

after the funeral service which was holden at the residence of Dr. Edith Cave, 22 Cypress Place, Brookline. She left no relatives nearer than a nephew and several cousins, two of the latter being Col. Arthur E. and William C. Clark of Manchester.

GEORGE S. SHUTE

George Smith Shute, a well known citizen of Exeter and a native of that town, died at his home there, April 7, 1912.

He was the son of Henry and Eliza Rowe (Smith) Shute, born March 2, 1827, and graduated from Phillips Academy which he entered in 1838, being a classmate of Hon. Joseph B. Walker of Concord. He was for some time associated with his father in the lumber business, but, later, served about twenty years as a clerk in the Boston Custom House, having his home for some time in Reading, Mass. He left the Custom House in 1889, and resided thereafter in Exeter, where he was a prominent figure in the social life of the place. He was a writer of fine verse and a brilliant raconteur. Among the seven children he leaves is Judge Henry A. Shute of Exeter, the well known humorous writer.

PROF. CHARLES H. CHANDLER

Charles Henry Chandler, of New Ipswich, a noted teacher and long time professor in Ripon College, Wisconsin, died suddenly at the home of a friend in Leominster, Mass., March 2, 1912.

He was the son of James and Nancy (White) Chandler, born in New Ipswich October 25, 1840, and graduated from Dartmouth, as valedictorian of his class, in 1868. He taught in this state, Vermont and Ohio for several years before going to Wisconsin, where he continued for a quarter of a century, returning to his childhood home a few years since to care for an invalid sister, who died last year. Meanwhile he had long been engaged in the preparation of a history of New Ipswich, which work he expected to complete in another year. He was a Carnegie pensioner, being one of the first enrolled upon the list.

Professor Chandler married at Fitchburg, Mass., August 17, 1868, Miss Eliza Francena Dwinnell, who died at Ripon, Wis., October 28, 1894. Of his immediate family, a son and daughter survive.

CAPT. JAMES M. DURELL

Capt. James McDaniel Durell, a native of Newmarket, died at Hyde Park, Mass., Thursday, March 14, 1912.

Captain Durell was the son of Newman and Sally B. Durell, born June 2, 1832. He attended the Newmarket schools, and at an early age went to Boston and entered the employ of a wholesale dry goods house, becoming eventually a travelling salesman, in which avocation his life was spent, with the exception of the years of the Civil War in which he was engaged in the Union service going home to Newmarket to aid in raising troops and being commissioned a first lieutenant in the Thirteenth N. H. Regiment, September 27, 1862. He served with distinction, being promoted to captain of Company C, July 15, 1864, and honorably discharged June 21, 1865, having participated in eleven battles and been wounded at Fredericksburg and Cold Harbor. He served for a time on the staff of Gen. C. K. Graham and was acting assistant adjutant-general of the Naval Brigade at Portsmouth, Va.

He had resided at Hyde Park for the last forty-two years, where he was a member of Hyde Park Lodge, A. F. & A. M. of Neponset Council, and of Timothy Ingraham Post, G. A. R.

He married Miss Bathsheba T. Hovey, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Solomon Hovey, of Hyde Park, and his widow, three sons and two daughters survive him. The children are Captain Edward H. Durell, U. S. N., now stationed at Annapolis; Mrs. Sumner L. Osborne, Mrs. M. D. Alexander, Louis F. and Wallace D. Durell.

REV. BENJAMIN FRANKLIN PERKINS

Rev. Benjamin Franklin Perkins died at his home in Hampton, February 29, 1912, He was the oldest son of Deacon James Perkins, and was a lineal descendant of Abraham Perkins, who was one of the first settlers of Hampton.

He was born in Hampton February 22, 1834, and was educated in the schools of his native town and at Dartmouth College, graduating in the class of '59. He entered Andover Theological Seminary and was graduated in 1864, remaining at the institution another year, however, for post graduate study. He was ordained to the ministry November 22, 1865, and the same day was married to Anna Farrar Abbott, daughter of the Rev. Sereno Abbott. Immediately after marriage they went to Missouri, where he engaged in home missionary work for several years.

Returning East in 1869, he preached in Kingston, Mass., Stowe, Vt., and then went West again for three years. But he felt the call of New England and came back to serve churches with acceptance and success for 15 years more, coming to Hampton to reside in 1901. His last work was with the Christian church in North Hampton, which he supplied for two years, preaching for the last time Sunday, December 3, 1911.

He leaves a widow and five children, two brothers and three sisters.

EDITOR AND PUBLISHER'S NOTES

Interest in the contest between the adherents of President Taft and the followers of Governor Bass, supporting the candidacy of Ex-President Roosevelt, has overshadowed everything else in the political world in this state during the past month. The fight has been the most earnest and determined that has ever been witnessed in an issue of this kind, and has been characterized by a spirit of bitterness seldom if ever equalled. Vituperation and abuse of the most flagrant order have been freely indulged in, and the charges of trickery and the improper use of money freely made. The outcome is a substantial victory for the friends of the President, who will elect eight delegates, without doubt, in the State and district conventions now close at hand; yet it appears that the majority of the popular vote, taking the State together, is not so large relatively as is the proportion of delegates to the several conventions. The Democratic State Committee concluded not to provide for a primary preference vote, not contemplated by law, feeling that its effect would be mainly to engender bitterness in the party ranks without any beneficial result, and the delegates to the Democratic State and district conventions, to be holden in Concord May 14, will be chosen by the old caucus method, and the general expectation is that the delegation to the Baltimore convention will go uninstructed, as is usually the case with delegations from this State to Democratic national conventions. There are no reliable indications as yet, as to what the general sentiment of the Democratic voters of the State may be regarding the presidential nomination. Both Wilson and Clark have strong adherents in the State, and the two are undoubtedly preferred by more voters than all others, but no bitterness has developed as yet, between their respective adherents.

Now that the pre-convention presidential campaign in the State is practically ended, public attention is likely to be diverted in other directions, and the work of the coming constitutional convention, now near at hand, is likely to receive some attention. Up to this time little thought has been given to proposed amendments, and the organization of the convention itself has been little discussed. Replies from delegates-elect to inquiries sent out from the Woman Suffrage headquarters indicate a proportion of more than two to one, thus far, in favor of the submission of an equal suffrage amendment to the people, though delegates favorably replying are by no means thereby committed to personal support of the amendment at the polls. It is noted that in many of the Granges of the State discussion of proposed amendments is now being had, but the trend of public sentiment in any direction is not yet manifest.

A circular has been issued announcing the spring meeting of the State Board of Trade to be held upon invitation of the Exeter Board, in that town, on Tuesday, May 7. Mr. S. Percy Hooker, the newly appointed State Superintendent of Highways will be present and speak upon "Road Making and Maintenance." As the subject is one of particular interest at this season of the year, and the superintendent is a new man in the State, it would seem that a large attendance especially from the southeastern section of the State, may be expected. Another subject of special interest in that section, will also be discussed, viz.: The proposed agricultural fair to come off in August at Rockingham Park, Salem. This will be presented by Ex-Mayor Reed of Manchester, Secretary of the Chamber of Commerce in that city, and president of the fair association.

Regardless of the contest for ascendency between the Republican party factions, which has commanded general public interest, the Equal Suffrage Associations have been pushing their campaign right along, and have held many meetings in different sections of the State. The next large meeting will be held on Thursday evening, May 9, in the Universalist church at Concord, with Rev. Ida C. Hultin of Sudbury, Mass., as the principal speaker.

The attention of GRANITE MONTHLY subscribers in arrears, is called to the dates on their respective address labels, showing the extent of their arrearages, with the hope that they will take prompt measures to have the same carried forward in advance.

Wanted, at this office, a copy of the GRANITE MONTHLY for September, 1894—Vol. 17, No. 3; also copies of Nos. 9 and 10—September and October—Vol. 13, 1890. Any one who can forward either or all of the desired numbers will be liberally compensated for so doing.

EDITOR AND PUBLISHER'S NOTES

VOL. XLIV, No. 5 MAY, 1912 New Series, Vol. VII, No. 5

THE GRANITE MONTHLY

A New Hampshire Magazine

Devoted to History, Biography, Literature and State Progress

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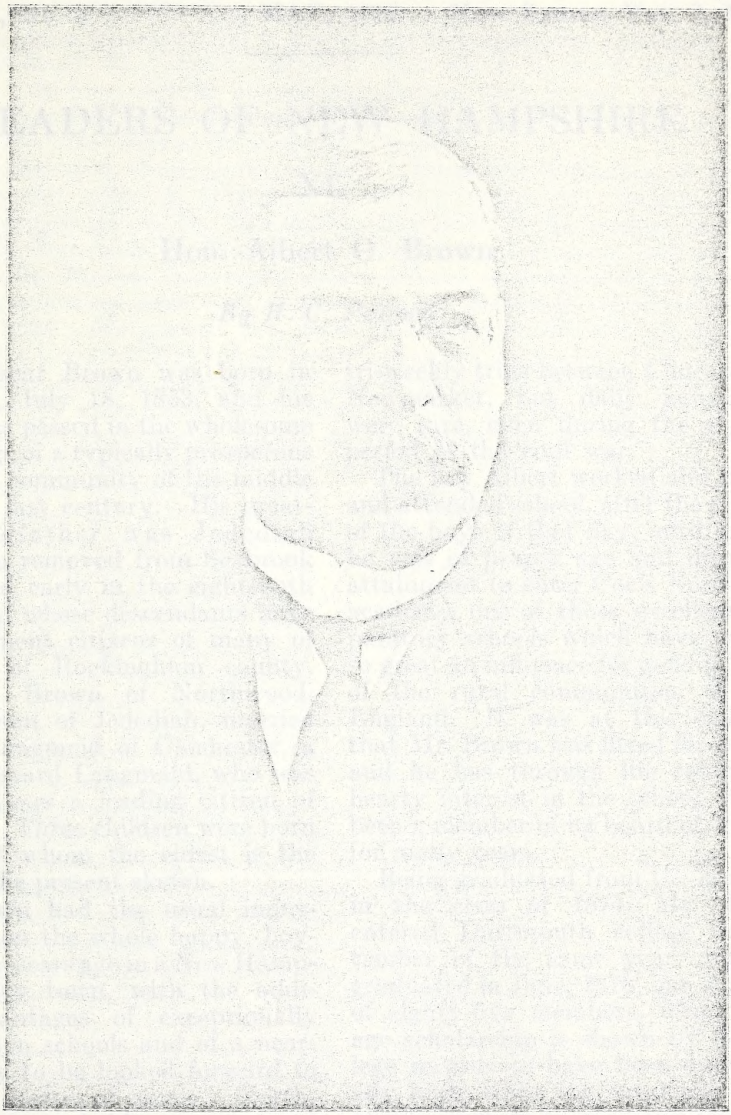
Issued by The Granite Monthly Company

HENRY H. METCALF, Editor and Manager

TERMS: $1.00 per annum, in advance; $1.50 if not paid in advance. Single copies, 15 cents

CONCORD, N. H., 1912

Entered at the post office at Concord as second-class mail matter.



HON. ALBERT O. BROWN



THE GRANITE MONTHLY

VOL. XLIV, No. 5 MAY, 1912 NEW SERIES, VOL. 7, No. 5

LEADERS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

XI

Hon. Albert O. Brown

By H. C. Pearson

Albert Oscar Brown was born in Northwood, July 18, 1853, and his boyhood was passed in the wholesome surroundings of a typically prosperous agricultural community of the middle half of the last century. His great-great-grandfather was Jedediah Brown, who removed from Seabrook to Raymond early in the eighteenth century, and whose descendants have been prominent citizens of many of the towns of Rockingham county. Charles O. Brown of Northwood, great-grandson of Jedediah, married Sarah E. Langmaid of Chichester, a sister of Edward Langmaid, who was for many years a leading citizen of that town. Three children were born to them, of whom the eldest is the subject of the present sketch.

Mr. Brown had the usual industrious, but on the whole happy, boyhood of fifty years ago in a New Hampshire country town, with the additional advantages of exceptionally good common schools and of a near-by academy to be looked forward to almost as a matter of course. Northwood has long held an advanced position in the educational opportunities afforded, and she has her reward in the record of the useful lives of her sons and daughters. Life ran on very quietly in a country town fifty years since. A stage coach passed through Northwood each week day, on its tri-weekly trips between Concord and Newmarket, but daily newspapers were rare, even during the exciting period of the civil war.

The boy Albert worked and played and attended school, after the manner of the boys of that day, until in time he was of proper age and degree of attainment to enter Coe's Northwood academy, one of those excellent preparatory schools which have exerted so great an influence for good in many of the rural communities of New England. It was at this academy that Mr. Brown was fitted for college, and he has through life retained a hearty interest in the school, having been a member of its board of trustees for many years.

Being graduated from the academy in the class of 1874, Mr. Brown entered Dartmouth college in September of the same year, and was graduated in June, 1878, one of a class of eighty-five members, whose average scholarship is shown by the college records to have been exceptionally high; while the catalogue of the alumni reveals that among them are college presidents and professors, doctors of divinity and of medicine, judges of high courts, writers and publishers, and successful business men. Mr. Brown sustained a high rank in scholarship throughout his course, and his friends have abundant reason

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XI

Hon. Albert O. Brown

By W. C. Todd

to be gratified with his success in after life, which has not been excelled by any of his classmates.

After graduation from Dartmouth, Mr. Brown turned temporarily to the occupation of school teaching and was for three years an instructor in Lawrence academy at Groton, Massachusetts. In this work he was abundantly successful, but he had decided to adopt the profession of the law, and devoted the next three years to its study in the office of Burnham & McAllister and that of the Honorable Henry E. Burnham in Manchester, and at the Boston University law school, graduating from that institution in 1884. He passed the New Hampshire bar examinations and was admitted to practice in this state in August of the same year, so that the length of his professional career to the time of his retirement, March 1, 1912, is nearly twenty-eight years.

Throughout all this period Mr. Brown was associated in partnership with Judge Burnham. From time to time other partners were admitted, until the style of the firm became Burnham, Brown, Jones & Warren, and its members United States Senator Henry E. Burnham, Mr. Brown. Hon. Edwin F. Jones, George H. Warren, Esq., Allan M. Wilson, Esq., and Robert L. Manning, Esq.

The history of this firm from the beginning is one of solid, unbroken, substantial success, and it is probable that no other firm in New Hampshire has exceeded it in the aggregate amount of its business, while no other could excel it in honors won by dignity, ability and integrity. Its roll of clients is notable for the well-known names of persons and corporations that it bears; it has been interested in a large proportion of the more important cases determined in the New Hampshire courts during the past three decades, and at the same time has had a great amount of business of an advisory and executive character. Judge Burnham was elected to the United States senate in 1900, and was re-elected for another term of six years in 1906. During his public service he has dissociated himself from his law business, and Mr. Brown, until his own retirement in March, was the virtual head of the firm with the burden of its direction resting upon his shoulders. It is a fact which is freely recognized that during this period the professional position of the firm was fully maintained.

From the beginning of his professional career Mr. Brown recognized the truth of the maxim that the law is a jealous mistress, and although he did not shut himself out from all the social, fraternal, religious and other activities of his city, he devoted his energies with marked persistency and singleness of purpose to winning success in his chosen profession by safeguarding to the utmost the rights of his clients. He was united in marriage at Ayer, Mass., December 30, 1888, to Miss Susie J. Clarke, and their home life has been happy at their residence, 395 Lowell Street, Manchester. Mr. Brown is also a member of the Masonic fraternity, and an attendant and supporter of the First Congregational church in the city of his residence. It may be added that he has in an unusual degree retained his interest in the affairs which pertain to youth, an interest which by affording opportunities for much needed recreation, has tended to keep him young in spirit and in body, and has also prompted many acts of advantage to young men of his acquaintance.

But from the beginning to the end of his professional career, Mr. Brown devoted his energies and abilities to the practice of the law as a jealous mistress indeed, and he has fully earned the success which he has attained. One of his earliest successes was in an important highway case to which his native town and two other neighboring towns were parties. It was sharply contested, and involved certain legal points of more than common interest, and the people of Northwood might well feel repaid for the educational opportunities

which they had provided in the victory gained through the efforts of one of their own sons. From that time, if, indeed, there could have been any doubt from the beginning, the professional position of the young practitioner was assured.

Although a Republican, and a member of the political majority in his state, Mr. Brown has never been a candidate for office, his interest in public affairs being that of the intelligent and patriotic citizen who supports principles and candidates in accord with his convictions, but who does not feel it incumbent upon him to spare the time from an overcrowded life for active participation in party leadership. However, in 1910 and 1911, as special counsel for the state of New Hampshire, he consented to assist the attorney-general in the important railroad tax appeals then pending in the supreme court, preparing the state's side and taking a prominent part at the trial of the litigation with the Boston & Maine and other railroads over the assessment of taxes upon them by the state board of equalization; and this formed a natural step to his appointment in May, 1911, by the supreme court as chairman of the then newly created permanent state tax commission.

One of the most important acts of the legislature of 1911 was that "to create a permanent tax commission and to provide for the taxation of certain public service corporations and companies." By its terms the supreme court was to appoint the three members of this commission, which was given powers much more extensive and effective than those of the old state board of equalization, which the commission superseded. The supreme court promptly named Albert O. Brown of Manchester as chairman of this commission for a term of six years; William B. Fellows of Tilton as its secretary for a term of four years, and John T. Amey of Lancaster as its third member for a term of two years.

At the midsummer meeting in 1911 of the New Hampshire state board of trade, Mr. Brown gave the principal address of the day, upon the subject of taxation, and on that occasion showed a mastery of the subject, in its perplexing intricacy of details, which gave assurance of efficient service to the people of the state—a service for which he is the better qualified from his familiarity from boyhood with conditions in the country towns, and, through his long and extensive legal practice, with the conditions in the cities and the circumstances attendant upon the taxation of corporations.

Chairman Brown believes that taxation in New Hampshire should be more equitable and effectual, and therefore less burdensome, than it has been, and he and his associates hope to be able to make it so. As a first step in this direction, they held a three days' conference at the state house in January last with the assessors of cities and selectmen of towns in attendance. Since that time they have held like conferences with the local assessing officers in every county in the state, at which it has been made absolutely plain that while the taxpayers are waiting for new and better laws, those now upon the statute books will be enforced without fear or favor.

It was almost inevitable that as Mr. Brown came to be known as a man of sound judgment and successful in his profession, his advice and direction would be sought in connection with financial affairs. The Amoskeag Savings Bank is the largest institution of the kind in the state. Incorporated in 1852, it now has nearly 23,000 depositors, with almost $13,000,000 of deposits and more than $16,000,000 of assets. Mr. Brown has been a trustee of this bank since 1894, and was elected president in 1905 to succeed Otis Barton. In January, 1912, he was elected treasurer to succeed the late and much lamented George Henry Chandler. He is also a member of the special

committee of the trustees which has under consideration plans for a new bank and office building which is expected to be the most imposing business structure in New Hampshire.

It will be seen that Mr. Brown, in retiring from the active practice of his profession, has by no means withdrawn from participation and positive leadership in affairs of importance. In addition to his duties at the head of the tax commission and of the largest financial institution in the state, he devotes no inconsiderable amount of time and effort to the interests of Dartmouth College, of which he has been a trustee since his election to that position by a large majority of the alumni in June, 1911. In the organization of the board Mr. Brown serves upon the standing committee on education, which has control of the college curriculum. Although the youngest of the trustees in point of service, Mr. Brown has already been called upon to speak for the board and the college at Hanover, in his home city of Manchester, and at the great Boston reunion of alumni. He has happily found himself in cordial sympathy with the college life of today, and while his associates and contemporaries prize his presence on the board because of his attainments and experience, the undergraduates and young alumni are glad to find in him a man of kindred spirit, who sees as many baseball and football games as he can, and who is capable of understanding and entering into the "boys' view" of college questions.

While Mr. Brown has by no means rounded out his career of activity and usefulness, and has, indeed, but little more than entered upon the public portions of it, he is entitled to hearty congratulations upon the unusual sequence of honors and responsibilities which have come to him, for it is certainly very much out of the ordinary that a man should be elected trustee of the leading college of his state, appointed chairman of that state's tax commission and chosen treasurer of its largest savings bank, all in the space of less than a twelvemonth.

WHITE VIOLETS

By Hannah B. Merriam

My darling brought these violets,
All wet with morning dew;
In mossy bed, by a brooklet fed,
Beside a rock they grew.

She brought me these white violets.
As I look in their starlike eyes
And breathe their own sweet fragrance
Born of the woods and skies,

I know who made their beauty,
For I see in every line
Which marks their fair sweet petals
A writing all Divine.

And I ask the good All-Father,
As the leaves of her life unfold,
To keep the heart of my darling
As sweet as the buds I hold.

committee of the trustees which has under consideration plans for a new bank and office building which is expected to be the most imposing business structure in New Hampshire.

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HAVERHILL IN THE WAR OF THE REVOLUTION

By William F. Whitcher

Presented at the Annual Meeting of the N. H. Society, S. A. R., in Concord May 14, 1912.

Haverhill was chartered as a township May 18, 1763. Its settlement had been begun, under promise of this charter, the previous year. It was the northernmost settlement of the province, and the nearest on the south, was Charlestown, then called Number Four, on the Connecticut and Canterbury on the Merrimac.

In the ten years following the charter the town had a prosperous growth, and a census taken in 1773 gave it a population of 387, classified as follows: unmarried men between the ages of 16 and 60, 30: married men between the ages of 16 and 60, 66: men over 60, one: unmarried females, 112; married, 66; widows, 3; negro slaves, 2.

During this period of ten years, considerable settlements had been made at Lebanon, Canaan, Cockersmouth (now Groton), Hanover, Lyme, Orford, Piermont, Bath, Landaff, Gunthwaite (now Lisbon), Lancaster, Northumberland, Conway, Wentworth, Rumney, Thornton and Plymouth in the County incorporated under the name of Grafton, but Haverhill was by far the most important town, notwithstanding the fact that Hanover had become the seat of Dartmouth College, was rapidly growing and was soon to lead in point of population if not of influence.

The importance of Haverhill had been recognized by the Royal Government, by making it in January, 1773, the shire town of Grafton County which had been incorporated two years earlier, but was not organized till 1773. John Hurd, Asa Porter, Moses Little and Bezaleel Woodward, Esquires were on May 18, appointed as Justices of His Majestys Inferior Court for the County. Of these the three first named were of Haverhill, but the latter declining to serve for business reasons, David Hobart of Plymouth was appointed in his place.

The population of the town in April 1786 according to a census then taken was 478. It is hardly probable that the population at any one time during the years 1775–1783, exceeded 425, and yet during that period no less than 119 men and boys of the town did active military service as soldiers in the struggle for Independence.

Aside from the three men who held commissions as colonels, John Hurd, Timothy Bedel and Charles Johnston, seven were commissioned as captains and commanded companies, while 109 served in subordinate capacities as officers or in the ranks.

In the company of Rangers authorized by the Provincial Congress, May 26, 1775, mustered June 23 under Timothy Bedel as Captain, increased in July to a battalion of three companies under the same command, there were 15 Haverhill men, This battalion grew into a regiment, and was under command of Col. Bedel at the fall of St. Johns in November 1775, its term of service expiring about that time.

In the regiment authorized by the House of Representatives in January, 1776, Timothy Bedel, Colonel, which was assigned to the Northern Continental Army, and whose field of service was in Canada at St. Johns, The Cedars and elsewhere, in the spring and summer of 1776, there were 25 men from Haverhill.

In May, Benj. Whitcomb's Rangers, which some of the time acted as a company of Independent Rangers, some of the time served in the Continental service by authority of Congress, organized a part of the time as a

HAVERHILL IN THE WAR OF THE REVOLUTION

company and a part as a battalion, and which was in service from Oct. 15, 1776 to Dec. 31, 1779, there were six Haverhill men.

There were sixteen Haverhill men serving at various times in Col. Stark's regiment at Bunker Hill, in other New Hampshire regiments during the siege of Boston, in Col. Scammel's Continental battalion, and in other New Hampshire commands in the Continental line during the war.

In Col. Gilman's regiment at Peckshill, N. Y. during the winter of 1776 and '77 were eight Haverhill men.

One Haverhill man, Eleazer Danforth, was in Arnold's fateful expedition to Quebec. and two in Col. Warner's regiment in the Jerseys in 1775.

In Col. Hobart's regiment, in Gen. John Stark's brigade, at Bennington there were seven.

In Capt. Joseph Hutchins company, which served under command of Gen. Jacob Bayly, in the Eastern division of the Northern Army under Gen. Gates from Aug. 17 to Oct. 3, 1777, there were twenty, including Capt. Hutchins, from Haverhill.

An expedition was planned against Canada in the latter part of 1777 and it was ordered by Congress to be raised by Col. Timothy Bedel. This regiment of eight companies, five of which were commanded by Haverhill men—Ezekiel Ladd, Timothy Barren, Simeon Stevens, William Tarleton and Luther Richardson—was raised in December, 1777 and January and February 1778, and after the abandonment of the plan of the expedition, the organization was continued under the same command for the defence of the frontiers on and adjacent to Connecticut River, until Nov. 30, 1779. The muster rolls of some of these companies have been lost, but in those which have been preserved the names of sixteen Haverhill men appear.

In Col. Moses Hazen's regiment organized under act of Congress March 15, 1779 and in Gen. Hazens later command in 1782, there were eight Haverhill men.

In order to guard the Western and northern frontiers and probably also to preserve peace and order in matters arising out of the so-called Vermont controversy, it was voted by the General Assembly Jan. 10, 1782, that Col. Charles Johnston be "impowered to raise twelve men as a scouting party," that the place of rendezvous be Haverhill, and that he be desired to call on the town of Haverhill for supplies for the men. In accordance with this act, James Ladd, of Haverhill, raised these men who went on duty in April. June 26, the same year, it was voted that two companies of good-able, bodied, effective men of fifty each, exclusive of commissioned officers be raised immediately for the same service, that both companies be under the direction of Col. Charles Johnston, the place of rendezvous to be Haverhill, that James Ladd be a lieutenant of one of these companies and that the men whom he had previously enlisted under the act of Jan. 10 be added to the same company. Ebenezer Webster of Salisbury was captain of the first company which was in service till Nov. 5, 1782, and which contained twenty-seven men from Haverhill.

Haverhill also furnished five men for longer or shorter periods of service in New York regiments and four in Massachusetts regiments.

Many of these one hundred and nineteen men saw service two or three times as most terms of enlistment were short. The number of enlistments, as just named was 356 and this, from a town the population of which at no time in the period extending from 1775 to 1783 numbered as many as 450. It may be doubted if any New Hampshire town can in this respect show a superior if indeed an equal record. Many of these men it is true were never on the firing line, never engaged in battle, were in no long campaigns, but they rendered arduous, self-sacrificing military service in their country's cause.

The conditions existing in the Coös country of which Haverhill was the recognized political and military center were peculiar. The Coös towns had been chartered by His Majesty's governors, were a part of New Hampshire, but this part was largely nominal. Previous to the termination of the Royal Government no town in the Coös country, or on the Connecticut river had been represented in the House of Representatives except Charlestown, which was first represented in 1771. For the House of 1775, members were elected for the towns of Plymouth, Orford and Lyme by virtue of the King's writ. These members were refused seats on the ground that the writ had been issued without the Concurrence of the other branches of the Legislature, and this refusal led to an acrimonious dispute between the Governor and the House. The Governor stood on the royal prerogative, and the House upon its right to regulate its own membership, and grant the privilege of representation as it saw fit. A large number of towns in the northern and western section of the Province were aggrieved at the denial of representation, and this brought about results which later threatened the integrity of the state. Many of those who had settled in the Coös towns were men of culture and influence, and they naturally paid little heed to legislative enactments in which they had no voice.

John Hazen, James Bailey, Ephraim Wesson, Timothy Bedel had rendered honorable service as officers in the French and Indian wars. John Hurd, Asa Porter, graduates of Harvard college, Charles Johnston, John Taplin, Ezekiel Ladd, Jonathan Elkins, James Woodward, Moses Little, Timothy Barron, Joseph Hutchins, Maxi Haseltine, Jonathan Hale, Simeon Goodwin, Thomas Simpson and Andrew Savage Crocker were men of substance, of sturdy New England stock, of liberal and independent views, zealous for personal rights and liberty and with the exception of Hazen, founder of the town, who died in the autumn of 1774, were all prominent in the affairs of the town during the Revolutionary period.

At the outset the town was prompt to take measures for defense. The records of the town meetings, annual and special, are scanty, but they furnish much of significance. At a special meeting held Nov. 4, 1774, it was voted to provide a town stock of ammunition and to raise 20 *l.* lawful money for that purpose. At another special meeting held January 5, 1775, a special committee consisting of James Bayley, Capt. Ephraim Weston, Capt. Charles Johnston, Simeon Goodwin, Timothy Barron, Lieut. Joseph Hutchins and Maxi Haseltine were appointed to see that the results of the Continental Congress were duly observed in the town. It will be noted that it is "the results of the Continental Congress," and nowhere in the town records is there any reference to the Provincial Congress or the House of Representatives of New Hampshire. Moreover Haverhill does not appear to be represented in any of the Provincial Congresses held in 1775 and 1776 except the Fourth and Fifth, when Ephraim Wesson and John Hurd were members of the Fourth, and John Hurd of the Fifth in which he represented the towns of Haverhill, Bath, Lyman, Gunthwaite, Landaff and Morristown. Just how or when Hurd and Capt. Wesson were elected as members does not appear, however, from the town records. At the March town meeting 1776, Thomas Simpson, Asa Bayley and John Page were chosen a Committee of Safety, and in 1778, James Woodward, James Abbott, James Corliss, Jonathan Hale and Maxi Hazeltine were chosen to act in the same capacity. At a special meeting January 6, 1778, it was voted to supply the families of those who were in the Continental service. In 1780 Timothy Bedel, John Rich James Woodward were appointed a committee to prevent the transportation of any grain from town.

May 2, 1775, at the house of Joseph Hutchins, innholder in Haverhill, committees from the towns of Lyme, Orford, Piermont, Bath, Gunthwaite, Lancaster, Northumberland and Haverhill met in joint session and signed the following pledge:

"We, the subscribers, do solemnly declare by all the sacred ties of honor and religion that we will act at all times against all illegal and unconstitutional impositions and acts of Parliament made and enacted against the New England governments, and the continent of English North America." And we do engage to stand in opposition to all force come, or coming against us, by order of the present ministry, for supporting of the present measures, while our *lives* and *fortunes* last, or until all these notorious unconstitutional acts are repealed and the American colonies re-established in the privileges due to them as American subjects."

This pledge was signed on behalf of Haverhill by Charles Johnston, Timothy Barron, Simeon Goodwin and James Bayley. It was voted that a copy of the proceedings of the meeting be transmitted by the clerk to the Provincial Congress which was to meet at Exeter May 17, and Ezekiel Ladd was appointed a delegate to represent these committees in that Congress. The clerk, Charles Johnston, accompanied his report with a letter which shows the danger which Haverhill and the other towns believed threatened them and from which they sought relief.

After mentioning the reports that men were being invited by Gov. Carlton of Quebec, and that Indians were being engaged for the purpose of invasion of Coos, he wrote: "How near the borders of the enemy we are, every one knows who is acquainted with the boundaries of our Province. As to the position of defence, we are in difficult circumstances; we are in want of both arms and ammunition. There is very little or none worth mentioning, perhaps one pound of powder to twenty men, and not one half of our men have arms. Now, gentlemen, we have all reason to suspect, and really look upon ourselves in imminent danger of the enemy, and at this time in no capacity for a defence for want of arms and ammunition . . . We refer the matter to your mature consideration, whether it is not necessary to give us assistance, that we may be ready in case of invasion. We have a number of men in these parts of the country who have not any real estate, who will certainly leave us unless some assistance be given; and who are ready to assist and stand by our cause with their lives, provided encouragement is given them. If you shall think it necessary to raise forces to defend this our Province, if you will give orders in what manner assistance can be procured, please to inform us as expeditiously as the nature of things will allow. There is no doubt of enlisting numbers without distressing or much interfering with towns near the seacoasts, provided we have the platform to act on." What was wanted was some color of authority on which to act.

In response to this appeal the Provincial Congress voted June 3, "that a company of sixty men be raised of the inhabitants of the western frontiers to be commissioned by the Committee of Safety, and that these and two companies out of the two thousand men raised in this colony be stationed, as soon as the Committee of Supplies procure stores for them by the Committee of Safety, on said frontiers and remain until further orders." Timothy Bedel was appointed to the command of these companies. July 7 he was commissioned Captain, and later in the month mustered his men at Haverhill, which was made the place of rendezvous. In September he marched with a greatly enlarged force to join the army of Maj.-Gen. Schuyler, who was investing St. Johns, Canada. This command, with which he rendered brilliant service, numbered, at the fall of St. Johns,

November 2, about 1,200 men, enlisted from the towns in the Coös country and the western frontiers, with some Green Mountain boys and Indians. What Haverhill wished for, in common with the other Coos towns, was authority, and, though the men authorized to be raised for defence were used for aggressive purposes, it was little more than authority that was given. So seemingly neglectful were the Exeter authorities in making provision for Col. Bedel's troops, that, down to the fall of St. Johns, it was uncertain whether his command belonged to the military establishment of the province or that of the Continental government, the result being that both governments neglected to pay his men. This neglect was probably partly due to lack of ability. Thus at the beginning and indeed all through the struggle for independence Haverhill and her sister towns felt that they had little to expect in the way of material aid from the Exeter government.

In the Fourth Provincial Congress which met May 17, 1775 and was finally dissolved November 15, Ephraim Wesson was in attendance fifty-nine days and John Hurd six days. This Congress had provided for a census to be taken of the province and, based on this census, for another Congress to be elected to meet at Exeter December 21, 1775. This latter Congress was to consist of eighty-nine members, apportioned according to population, and Grafton County, which embraced the present counties of Grafton and Coös and part of Carroll, was to be restricted to six members. Bath, Lyman, Gunthwaite, Landaff and Morristown were classed with Haverhill, and Col. John Hurd of Haverhill was chosen the member from these towns, though no record of his election is found in any of the towns. It was provided that in case the Continental Congress should recommend this colony to assume government in any way that would require a House of Representatives, the Congress might resolve itself into such a House for the term of one year. Col. Hurd was beyond question one of the most prominent and useful members of this body. He was a man of marked personality and exerted a dominating influence in Haverhill and Grafton County during the early years of the Revolutionary period. He had received a liberal education, graduating at Harvard in the Class of 1747. Removing to Portsmouth some time after 1760, he became one of the coterie of friends and advisors of John Wentworth, when he came to the governorship in 1767, who gave him large grants of land in various towns in the northern part of the State. He came to Haverhill in the latter part of 1772, and at once took a leading part in the affairs of the town. He had a large acquaintance in Rockingham County, was probably more familiar with the general affairs of the province and had more influence with His Majesty's government at Portsmouth than any other resident of Coös. When, however, it came to a choice between the cause of the Colony and the King, he did not for a moment hesitate, and took at once a pronounced position. When the Provincial Congress in June 1775 determined that John Fenton was no longer to be trusted with the records of the Grafton Courts, they were placed in the custody of Col. Hurd for safekeeping, and he was continued as colonel of the militia which had been enrolled in Coös for purposes of defence. When the Congress met in December 1775, he at once took a prominent part in its proceedings. He was a member of the committee appointed to draw up a plan of government, a committee which framed the first civil compact or constitution for New Hampshire. He was chairman of the committee to draft a form of oath to be entered into by members of the new government, and also of a committee to audit accounts against the colony. The temporary constitution which

went into effect January 5, 1776, provided that after resolving itself into a House of Representatives, the said House should choose twelve persons to be a distinct and separate branch of the Legislature, by the name of a Council. Under this provision Col. Hurd was chosen on the councillor to which the County of Grafton was entitled and he thereupon vacated his seat in the House. The old county offices were held to be abolished and the Legislature proceeded to establish others. Col. Hurd was continued in his office as first justice of the inferior Court of Common Pleas, his associates being Bezaleel Woodward, Israel Morey and Samuel Emerson. He was also chosen county treasurer and recorder of deeds and conveyances. In the Council he took a leading position, serving on its most important committees; among others, first on the committee appointed June 11, 1776, to draft the declaration of the general assembly for the independence of the United Colonies. He was also given pretty much the entire control of the military operations in Coös. Haverhill was made the place of rendezvous for soldiers intended for service in Canada, and Col. Hurd with Col. Morey was to enlist the companies, muster and form the men, give orders to the companies of rangers raised to protect the frontiers and deliver commissions to those whom the soldiers had chosen as their officers.

The Legislature adjourned July 6, and Col. Hurd found affairs in Haverhill in anything but a satisfactory state on his arrival home. The American soldiers in Canada were retreating before the superior force of Gen. Burgoyne. Col. Bedel who had in the previous January, returning from Canada to Haverhill, raised in the Coös County a second regiment and taken it through the woods on snowshoes to "the Cedars" near Montreal, was under arrest, and shortly to be dismissed from the service. A great state of alarm existed. Haverhill had been fortified to some extent, the towns to the north, Bath and Gunthwaite were practically deserted, and many had left Haverhill for their own homes. Among those who had left was Mrs. Hurd, whom her husband met at Concord on his way home, and from which place he sent back to Exeter urgent appeals for help.

Aside from this, he found that the new government of which he was so important a member was held in anything but high esteem by his constituents. Representation in the House of Representatives was based on population and Grafton County had but six members in a total of eighty-nine. The towns in that county and in the western part of the State had been settled by men who believed the town to be the unit of government and entitled to representation as a town, in any legislative assembly. Hanover and the five Grafton County towns classed with it had refused to send a member and Hanover men led by Col. John Wheelock and Bezaleel Woodward had been active during the summer in stirring up disaffection with the Exeter government in the towns to the north, Haverhill among others. Col. Hurd had hardly arrived home before the famous convention of representatives from Coös towns met in College Hall at (Dresden) Hanover to protest against the authority assumed to be exercised over them by the government at Exeter.

Col. Hurd also discovered, or at least thought he discovered that his neighbor and former associate on the Grafton County bench, Col. Asa Porter, was among those who were believed to be plotting to throw Coös under the protection of Gen. Burgoyne. Col. Hurd himself was an ardent revolutionist, but his association for years with the exclusive set that had been in control of the province, naturally made him a strong partisan of the government at Exeter in the organization of which he had so actively participated, and caused

him to look upon disloyalty to that government as little less than treason to the country. Col. Porter was a marked personality and wielded large influence in the early history of Haverhill. A graduate of Harvard in the Class of 1742, he had engaged in mercantile pursuits at Newburyport for a time, till he acquired large landed property in Coös, and came to Haverhill about 1770, where he at once took a leading position in affairs. A man of large means, aristocratic in his tendencies and habits, he undoubtedly had little sympathy with the revolutionary acts of his neighbors — Johnston, Hurd, Bedel, Wesson, Barron and others.

He certainly had little sympathy with the Exeter government. Human nature was much the same in 1775 and 1776 as now. He had been dropped from his office of justice of the County Court on its re-organization, while Hurd had not only been retained, but had also been made Councillor for the County, recorder of deeds, county treasurer, and had returned home a kind of military dictator. It is just possible that Col. Hurd may have shown signs of consciousness of his own importance, which might have made his reception by his neighbor and former judicial colleague less enthusiastic than he wished. This much is certain: Col. Porter was a positive man and was beyond question outspoken in his criticism of the Exeter government for its neglect to send aid to the seriously threatened people of Coös, and under the circumstances he naturally became an object of suspicion to Col. Hurd who became convinced that Porter was "practising things inimical to his country. Col. Porter's arrest followed and, after examination by the Committees of Safety of Haverhill and Bath he was sent to Exeter, where he was tried by the Committee of Safety, placed under bonds to remain on his father's farm in Boxford, Mass., and only permitted to return to Haverhill in November, 1777, where he resided until his death in 1818, loyal to his government, influential with his townsmen, and prominent in the affairs of his section.

John Hurd rendered most important and valuable service to the patriot cause, though his influence in Haverhill, because of the Porter affair, and the growing disaffection of the people with the Exeter government was on the wane, and he ceased to take an active part in affairs after the former part of 1777. He returned to his earlier Boston home and his remains lie in the Old Granary burying ground of that city.

Haverhill and the towns classed with it refused to comply with the precepts issued in the name of the Council and House of Representatives, and at meetings called in 1776 for the choice of members of the Council and House, chose committees to return the precepts with reasons for non-compliance. The voters of Haverhill presented reasons very similar to those of other towns, which were in brief as follows: the plan of representation was inconsistent with the liberties of a free people; the classification of towns for purposes of representation was in violation of undoubted rights inhering in towns as units of government; none but freeholders were entitled to election; no bill of rights had been drawn up or any form of government established subsequent to the Declaration of Independence; a Council having power to negative proceedings of the House of Representatives was dangerous; and if a Council was to be authorized at all, it should be elected on a general ticket by the whole people instead of by districts. It may be noted in passing that not all the theories of government vociferously urged today are wholly new. Haverhill was certainly "Progressive" in 1776.

From 1777 on, till the close of the Revolution, Haverhill acknowledged but little allegiance to the Exeter government. She refused representation in the New Hampshire Legislature, but remained steadfastly loyal

to the revolutionary cause. She furnished men for defence and for aggression. She responded to calls for men for any service in the patriot cause, though preferring that the calls and requisitions should be made by the Continental Congress instead of the New Hampshire Government.

Timothy Bedel returning to Haverhill in 1776 after an absence of three or four years in Bath, again rendered valuable service and probably recruited more men for the patriot cause than any other citizen of the State. His grave in the old cemetery at Haverhill Corner is marked by a simple stone slab from which the inscription, except that of his name, has been obliterated by the storms of a hundred years. Charles Johnston, who succeeded Col. Hurd in the work of the defence of the borders, who as Lieutenant-Colonel of Col. Hobart's regiment in Stark's brigade at Bennington, by personal bravery and skillful handling of his men won undying honor, rendered during all the years invaluable service, and became the most influential and prominent citizen of the town, doing more perhaps than any other to bring the town and section into harmony with the State government. His grave, but a few feet distant from that of Col. Bedel, merits a more substantial monument than the crumbling stone on which only this inscription is now decipherable.:

"Col. Charles Johnston died March 5, 1813, in his 75th year."

Haverhill's prominence in the great struggle of independence was due in part to her geographical position. The town was the doorway of entrance from the north to eastern New England and was constantly in danger of attack by forces from Canada. The inhabitants were in almost a constant state of alarm from invasion from that section. Stockades were built at four different places for security and at one time people from Bath and Gunthwaite were gathered in these, through fear of an attack by Indians. After the fall of Ticonderoga in 1777, and again in 1780 there was special alarm. Town expenses increased and population at one time decreased, many, for the most part non-land owners, removing to more safe and central parts of the State; but through these troublous times men and supplies were furnished without wavering. There was hardly an able-bodied man or boy in town who was not at some time under enlistment for a longer or shorter period, and doing duty as scout, ranger or soldier of the line.

Few descendants of these men of the early time are found in the Haverhill of the present, and it is significant of the changes that have taken place in New England population that the leaders in the struggles of that time, Hurd, Bedel, Johnston, Barron, Tarleton, Ladd, Simpson, Stevens, Richardson and Hutchins have no representatives in the citizenship of the town today. They are not, however, wholly forgotten.

The soldiers' monument which will be erected in the town this present year will happily and appropriately be a memorial not only to the one hundred and forty-seven men of Haverhill who followed the flag from 1861 to 1865, to preserve liberty and union, but also to the one hundred and nineteen men who in an earlier time, amid the hardships and privations of pioneer life risked lives and fortunes to make liberty and union possible.

DEACON WILLIAM G. BROWN

By J. Elizabeth Hoyt-Stevens, M.D.

The memory of Deacon William G. Brown dates from childhood with many New Hampshire people who are yet living.

The father of the writer—Sewel Hoit—died Jan. 22, 1874. A girl of thirteen years, she well remembers the bright sunshiny morning, a few weeks later, when Deacon Brown called at their door with Bibles to sell, soliciting at the same time contributions of money for the Bible Society. He was poorly clad, in rusty or faded black clothes, and a hat the worse for wear. In person he was clean and wholesome.

The Bible representative, unconsciously on his part, appealed to the lady's sympathy quite as much as did the cause for which he was soliciting, although both objects appeared to her as one. Her husband's best suit of clothes had not yet been handed over to anyone. Calculating in her mind that they would fit the gentleman in need she made free to ask if he would accept for himself a suit of clothes which she had in the house. He seemed most pleased to do so and, in accepting, she learned that the suit he was wearing was the best he owned.

The headquarters of the New Hampshire Bible Society, then as now, was at Concord, and he was invited by Mrs. Hoit, in order to save the Society the expense of his board, to make this home his abiding place whenever he needed to be in Concord. Thus the Sewel Hoit place became one of his homes and so continued with only one interruption for eighteen years.

In 1879 Mrs. Hoit married Franklin R. Thurston of Marlboro, N. H. The reconstructed home was for a few years transferred to Marlboro. There Deacon Brown lived, during several canvassings of the town and its outlying districts. Mr. Thurston's time and team as well as the home were always at the Deacon's disposal, without limitation.

In the mean time the writer had entered Wellesley College. The home letters which told of Deacon Brown being with the home people were always of particular interest to her, especially when, as frequently happened, a message direct from his lips was forwarded her. The messages were usually in the nature of encouragement for the warfare of life and backed by a scripture text, or interwoven as a rhyme.

The following are inscriptions made by him on various occasions in the writer's autograph albums.

Dec. 22, 1887.
Favour is deceitful and beauty is vain, but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised. Give her of the fruit of her hands and let her works praise her in the gates.
Prov. of Solomon, 31: 30, 31.
WM. G. BROWN.

Campton March 23, 1885.
John 13 : 34

Beauty will fade; and gold may fly;
The head grow white and dim the eye;
The step grow weak and sound depart—
But Christian Love still warms the heart.

This is a grace that never dies
Though stars may cease to light the skies
Though sun and moon may shine no more
This grace shall triumph evermore.
If this be so (we doubt it not)
Why then should not this grace be sought
'Twill cheer *our* pathway to the grave
And help us much to others save.
W. G. BROWN.

After five years Mr. Thurston's interest in Marlboro waned somewhat, due to the fact that his children's families had, for business reasons, left the town. It was then deemed wise that the Sewel Hoit place, built by him about the year 1840, should be re-occupied by his heirs and Mr. Thurston returned with them.

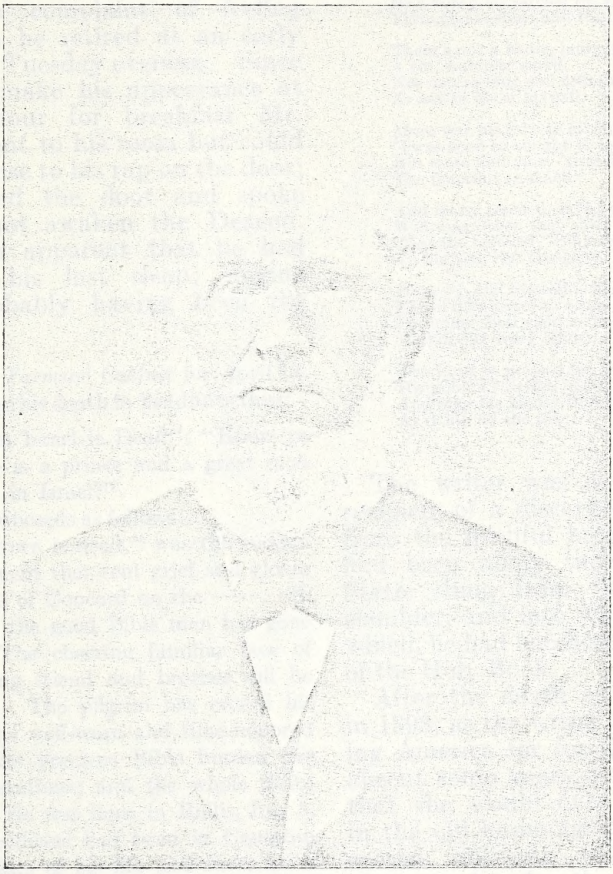
Deacon Brown's duties in connection with the Bible Society about this time were calling him to the Capital City nearly every month, and often held him in the city for weeks at a time, so a room in the house was set aside for him, and was

always spoken of as "Deacon Brown's room." Again Mr. Thurston's team and time were always at his command.

With the two seater, Mr. and Mrs. Thurston (and during vacation season the writer) frequently accompanied him to the towns adjoining Concord. He was a delightful companion. He had a rich store of stories in connection with his work, and could keep any company in good humor and some times make them roar with laughter. He was blessed with humor and always saw the funny side of life. Religious and most conscientious, he was always bubbling over with fun, a fountain of inspiration to all about him. His prayers were a help in daily life to us all.

Deacon Brown started out in this work with an old white horse. They were companions in the Bible work for many years and when the horse died the Deacon had the hide tanned and made into leather cases which he carried, filled with Bibles and Testaments, strapped across his shoulder during the remainder of his life. Well acquainted with the country by the time the old horse died he did not incur the expense of buying another, but used "shanks mare,"

The dear old man died at the Sewel Hoit place April 5, 1892, two years after the writer had been graduated in medicine. He had been attending a meeting at Raymond on the Thursday previous and was taken with



Deacon William G. Brown

pain in his chest which extended down his left arm. He spent the Sabbath at Manchester with his sister Mrs. Emma Brown Holbrook, and on Monday, although not feeling well, he came to Concord where he had been canvassing for several weeks. The writer was away from home; otherwise some medical assistance might have averted the results that followed his complaint of feeling poorly when he retired at an early hour on that Tuesday evening. Since he did not make his appearance at the usual hour for breakfast Mr. Thurston went to his room but could get no response to his rap on the door; so he opened the door and spoke but could not awaken the Deacon. It was soon apparent that he had fallen into his last sleep; angina pectoris probably having been the cause.

The *Milford Farmers' Cabinet* for April 14, 1892, mentioned his death in headlines thus:

"A Prince in Israel is Dead"; "Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel?"

The article proceeds as follows:—

"Deacon Brown is dead," was the sudden sad announcement that sent grief and gloom into the homes of Concord on the ——— —th instant. Yes, the good Bible man has gone to his rest. The cheering familiar face of our dear loving friend and brother will be seen no more. The pilgrim has ceased his wanderings; the well-worn and time-honored satchel with its precious Bible burden has ceased its visitations; and the whole State is in tears." He was born in Hollis, July 3, 1815. His residence had been in Campton the last 42 years of his life and there he is buried.

"In January 1849 he commenced the work of canvassing the State for supplying the Bible under the auspices of the New Hampshire Bible Society—a work which death found him engaged in, having been as he playfully termed it 'wandering forty years in the wilderness' and having in that time walked more miles than any other man in the State, and left in its homes more than one hundred thousand copies of the word of God. He has also often supplied pulpits, attended untold bible meetings; engaged in revival services; largely aided the Y. M. C. A. and done an immense amount of Christian work in the families of the State in connection with his oft repeated visits. His visits will be missed. And what will the Bible meeting be without the Bible man? Who can fill his place?"

In summer's heat and winter's cold,
O'er hill and dale and plain,
He's borne his satchel till grown old,
Through sunshine and through rain.

There's not a home, however proud,
A cot, however small,
Nor one so lone and solitaire,
As not to know his call.

More was his love to give than sell,
'Twas need he sought to reach;
But more and most 'twas his delight
The ignorant to teach.

And many rescued, savèd ones
Will weep when they shall learn
That the beloved "Bible Man"
To his long rest has gone.

He rests, and blessed is his rest,
For in long years to come,
His name shall yield a sweet perfume
Within our every home.

The Lord be praised for Deacon Brown.
His noble Christian race.
And may his kindly Providence
As richly fill the place.

E. D. B.

The writer was at one time the recipient of a discarded satchel made from the faithful horse's hide which had been many times through the State, slung from the good man's shoulder, and into which, and out of which, he had handled many a volume of the Holy Book.

After the death of Mrs. Thurston in 1898, as the writer was about leaving America for foreign shores to be absent some years, and not knowing that she would ever return to live in the old home again, she gave this sacred souvenir which had been given to her by the "Bible Man," himself, to the New Hampshire Historical Society, and it is probably safe in the Society's charge today.

He used to tell a story of one frosty morning, when, in the neighborhood of the new Cemetrey, he met a peddler who accosted him thus: "Well, old man what are you selling?" The Deacon replied "Lamps." "Lamps?" said the peddler; "Lamps? how can you have lamps in that bag?" The

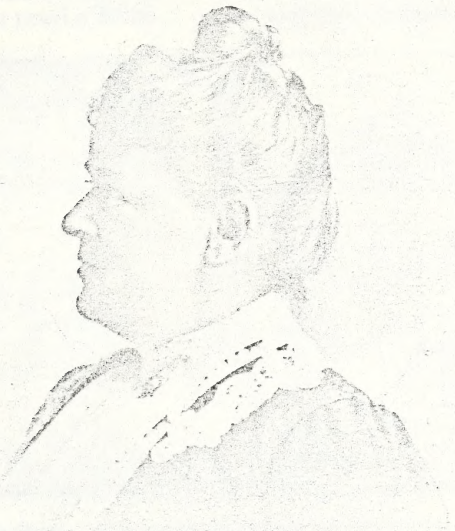
Deacon opened his bag and took out a book, opening it to Psalms 119: 105; repeating the words as he handed the Testament to the man:

"Thy word is a lamp unto my feet and a light unto my path."

"Ha-ah!" said the peddler and he drove on.

Deacon Brown told once of stopping with his sister in Manchester, N. H., when he inquired of her husband concerning a certain saloon in their vicinity. Mr. Holbrook stated the name of the owner, but said; "You are not going in there, are you? you must not go in there. Don't do it!" Next morning the Deacon's brother-in-law asked him; "You are not going into that saloon, are you?" The Deacon replied, "I don't know." Mr. Holbrook again emphatically stated that he must not go into that place and pleaded at length for him to pass that place by. But the Deacon went. On entering he first beheld four young men at a table playing cards. He walked up to the table, opened his bag, took out one ten cent Testament after another and laid them at the elbows of the young men. Each in turn opened the book, and one of them said, "This don't seem to be just the place for that sort of a book, does it?" The Deacon asked, "What do you think your mother would say about it?" And he replied; "I know who you are. You used to call upon my mother upon the hill. I remember you." "Well, young man," said the Deacon, "which do you think your mother would prefer you to have, the Testament or the cards?" And he, turning to his companions, said—"I guess we had better take them, boys."

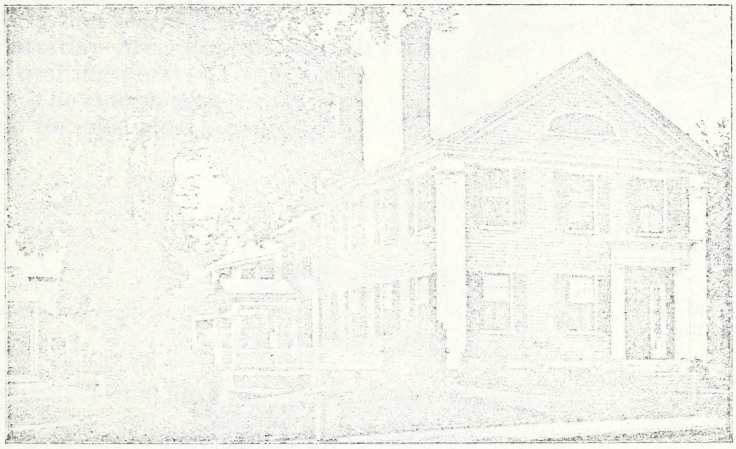
A young man then entering walked



Dr. J. Elizabeth Hoyt-Stevens

straight to the bar and called for a glass of beer. The Deacon walked up and planted a ten cent Testament beside the glass. The young man looked at it and the Deacon exclaimed "The spirit of God and the spirit of the Devil side by side and not quarreling!" Then the Deacon asked, "Which will you have; they are both the same price?" The fellow bought the Testament and went out, leaving the glass untouched. The saloon-keeper informed Deacon Brown that he was doing more business there than himself. The Deacon replied to the saloon-keeper; "Well, you'll buy one before I get through; you need a Bible. Here is one for forty cents." All the hangers-on took up the subject and challenged the bar-keeper till he was forced to make an offer. He said, "I'll give you twenty-five cents for it"—and the Deacon replied, "the book is yours." Following this more copies of the Testament were sold in the saloon before the good man left.

In a thrifty New Hampshire town where contributions were asked a finely dressed woman after church told the Deacon that she was greatly interested in his work and that when he should call at her house she would give him something for the cause. He thanked her and the following week came to her home, which was beautifully furnished. She greeted him cordially and reiterated her great interest in the cause he represented, saying she should be pleased to contribute. She arose and left the room, returning with a five dollar bill and handed it to Deacon Brown. As he was folding it to put it into his pocket she remarked that they were short for money just now. If he would make the change he might keep five cents for the cause. The Deacon put his hand into his pocket and brought out a handful of silver, slowly counted out the change and gave her four dollars and ninety-five cents ($4.95); Then said, "Now, madam, I thank you for your generous gift, I hope you will follow it with your prayers. Good Morning."



The Sewel Hoit House. Concord Home of Deacon William G. Brown

On another occasion, while in conversation with an egotistical man who claimed to believe that there is no God, the Deacon energetically remarked "Oh I have heard of you! You are mentioned in a book I have here." The man became very curious and wanted to see the book and his own mention. The Deacon opened his satchel and took out one of his Bibles; opening to Psalm 14–1 he pointed for the man to read—"The fool hath said in his heart, there is no God." The man read and hung his head.

One autumn during the latter part of the good man's life Mr. and Mrs. Thurston and the writer, in response to an oft repeated invitation took a carriage trip to Campton to spend Saturday and Sunday in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Brown. On the evening after the arrival it was chilly. The Deacon's son Henry sat on the woodbox in the kitchen while each of the others occupied chairs near the stove. It was a cozy country scene. The subject of conversation as the writer remembers it, was interesting because Mr. Henry Brown knew the wooded Waterville property which had belonged to Sewel Hoit which his heirs had never seen and which they had recently sold.

On Saturday Mrs. Brown escorted us to a quilting party, at the church vestry. The church people were busy at work for the eldest daughter of the pastor, Miss Ellen Blakely, who was about to leave for foreign shores as missionary to Turkey. That second night the wind howled, and in the morning the ground was white with snow. There were cracks and crevices in the house, through which the snow actually blew. The building was old and probably the deacon felt that it was not worth enough to pay for fixing it up; for to begin would have meant no end to repair and expense.

In 1907 the writer married George W. Stevens of Claremont, who, as she later discovered, had in his youth also assisted Deacon Brown in his canvassings of Acworth, and that on such occasions the Deacon's home had been in Mr. Stevens' father's family. Thus was the man of God endeared to the hearts of both New Hampshire people.

MAY MEADOWS

By Charles Henry Chesley

May meads are fit for tripping feet,
  Children of the spring;
Gay young hearts with joy replete,
Melodies from near retreat
  Where the thrushes sing—
Happy youths and maidens stray
Through the blooming fields of May.

Innocent, with bluet eyes,
  Creeps the greening grass,
And the golden cowslip vies
With the oriole that flies
  Through the maple pass.
All the colors of the morn
In the meads of May were born.

Fancy rears her castles high
  In a bed of flowers;
Maidens dance with laughing eye,
This is not the time to sigh,
  Cherish well the hours,
For the song that ripples here
  Lives a joy full many a year.

MONHEGAN ISLAND

By Helen Rolfe Holmes

About twenty miles out to sea from Boothbay Harbor, Maine, lies the peaceful little island of Monhegan. To a lover of nature it is an ideal spot. Its very primitiveness gives one a feeling of perfect rest. Within its length of two and a half miles and width of one mile, one never tires of the varied scenery, for there are so many kinds,—the rocky cliffs, the sandy beach, the woods of tall evergreen trees and the green fields.

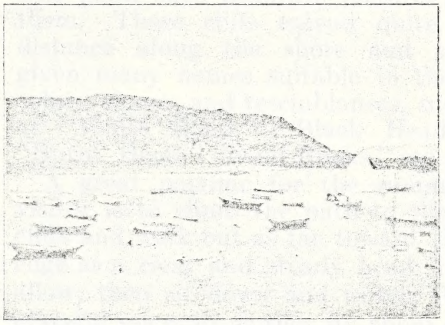
This island is only inhabited by about a hundred people, fishermen and their families, who live there the year around. Their little cottages are small but comfortable.

Through the summer a few visitors come to the island, who mostly board at the two small hotels. Many of them are people who have come year after year to spend their summer in the quaint old place they have learned to love. There are many artists who never tire of coming to paint on their canvas the beautiful spots they find on the island and to sketch the old tumbling down fish houses, where are stowed away nets, oars, lobster cages and what would seem to us only "trash" but which are very useful to these old fishermen.

To one who has spent a summer on dear old Monhegan Island it is like being in another world than our busy cities or thronged summer resorts. The memory will ever be a pleasant and dear one to those fortunate enough to visit this little island.

It is a daily event to the islanders when the small boat arrives with the mail, supplies and a few passengers. No large steamers come to the island. Two small sail boats, fitted with power engines to be used in cases of necessity, attend to all the wants. Occasionally a private yacht with tourists makes a landing to allow the people on board a few hours on this attractive island. Plenty of row and sail boats are generously loaned by the fishermen to the summer visitors.

Lying parallel with the island is a ledge of rocks called "Mananna" which forms a little harbor for Monhegan Island. This ledge is on the side toward the mainland. On its highest point are a fog horn and a bell. On a foggy day these make the first sounds to let the craft know they are nearing Monhegan Island. As one approaches Mananna, in a clear day, he thinks it is Monhegan and is disappointed, but when the boat makes the turn around the ledge into



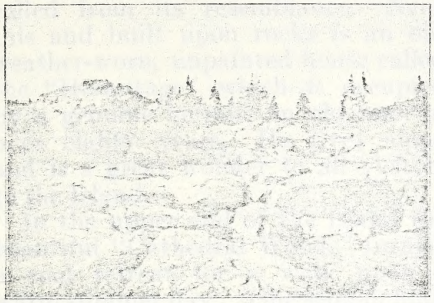
Small Harbor, between Mananna and Monhegan

the tiny harbor his first thought can be none other than, "What a fascinating spot," for now he sees Monhegan Island.

Stepping from the boat to the old wooden wharf the visitor will see what he would call a two wheeled dump cart to which is attached the only horse on Monhegan Island. This takes the mail, the supplies and baggage to the proper places. This same cart does all the necessary teaming on the island. There are a few cows and plenty of hens on the island.

Walking up the road path from the wharf one sees first an old carpenter shop, then the Post Office. This is in the ell part of a quaint old house of

nearly a century of years old. There are several old houses upon this island, for its history dates back nearly as far as that of Plymouth, Massachusetts. Some of the islanders insist that it had been visited before that place, even.



A Bit of Interior Scenery

There is only one road through Monhegan, but many a path winds about in the woods, fields and on top of the cliffs. Scattered along this road are the homes of the fishermen, the one little store that the island boasts of, a small school house, a little church, a very few summer residents' cottages, a few artists' bungalows and two small hotels. This road winds along rather irregularly with plenty of rocks to stumble over.

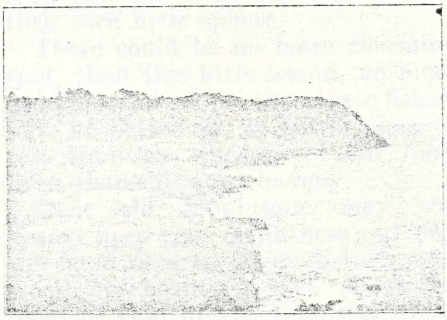
There is one house on the island that draws attention at once. It is called the "Influence" and is of a very different type from the others. Various romantic stories hover over this quaint and mysterious looking house which was built by other hands than that of fishermen evidently, for it is the style of architecture one finds in other countries.

All these romances have for their foundation that an Italian nobleman came and had built this mansion years and years ago and that he brought a beautiful bride there to live. For some reason they chose to drop their real family names. There is some truth in the stories but no one knows the full history of the house. It has been made over, partly, into studios for summer artist visitors and some rooms reserved for a family who come every year from Massachusetts, to occupy it.

One of the fascinating spots on the island is Lobster Cove. Here are broad flat rocks where one can sit for hours watching the surf as it dashes wildly over the many jagged rocks on the outer edge of the island. One can look far out to sea from this side of the island and see naught but the vast ocean, flecked occasionally with a white sail nearer the island.

Following along from here one comes to a path leading up to the great rocky cliffs, grand as they are, overlooking the broad ocean. Some are one hundred and seventy-five feet high. The colorings in these cliffs furnish many subjects for the artists who paint such beautiful pictures of them. These cliffs extend quite a distance along the shore and are given many names suitable to their colors, shapes and resemblances, such as "White Head," "Black Head," "Burnt Head," "Gull Rocks," etc.

A great pastime for the summer visitor is to climb the path to these cliffs and walk out as far toward the edge as a clear and steady head will allow, then sit down and watch the graceful sea gulls as they fly about so thickly. The air, the great expanse of sky and sea, the grandeur of the rocks all harmonize together and invigorate as no tonic can do. Inside Burnt Head is a cave which is difficult of access and only the courageous at-



Cliffs and Rocky Shore of Monhegan

tempt it. Its darkness and dampness are fairly gruesome and one must step across water from rock to rock in one place to enter its opening.

At the upper end of the island, along the shore is Pulpit Rock, so-called from its resemblance. Near this and built upon rocks is an old weather-worn, unpainted house called the "Hermitage" which is occupied by a genuine hermit, an old man of over eighty years. He lives alone and is a great wonder to all visitors to the Island.

In the upper end of the island the beautiful "Cathedral Woods" furnish a cool retreat for a walk upon a warm summer day. One seldom finds so many tall and perfectly straight evergreen trees. The beautiful ferns make a vista of green, through the trees, that forms a picture to the eye. These trees are like great spires. Thus they take their name.

On the highest point in the island stands Monehegan Light House, whose powerful light is thrown by a lens bought in France at a cost of forty thousand dollars. This is a first-class lighthouse. In connection with the lighthouse is the house where the faithful keeper and family live. The immaculate whiteness of this set of buildings, both inside and outside, is refreshing.

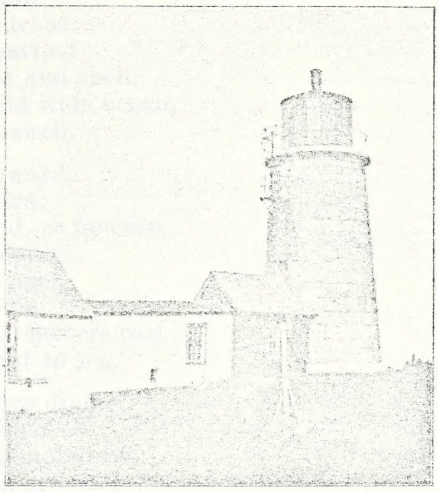
In about the center of the island are a few acres of fields where plenty of berries are picked in their season. There are vegetable gardens on the island.

At the little chapel a prayer and song service is held unless a minister chances to be among the visitors.

The little cemetery is near the lighthouse. Grave stones are rare, but crosses of wood are used. Here are buried many unknown sailors whose bodies have been saved from wrecks, washing to shore, as well as the dear ones of the fishermen's families.

In the little store can be found a few groceries, fishing tackle, pipes and tobacco, etc., but about everything has to be brought from the mainland in the "Effort" which has made daily trips for about thirty years carrying all the mail. The "Effort" has seen many a wintry storm and has had few mishaps.

There are many children on this island who have never seen the mainland and know no life but that of their own little sphere.



Monhegan Lighthouse

There could be no more charming spot, than this little island, no more good hearted people than these fisherfolk, no better air, no better place to rest from the turmoil of our busy lives, than this quiet haven.

Dear old Monhegan, may you always keep your quaintness and may the hand of man never disturb your wondrous beauty, which shows the hand of God in His beautiful works of nature!

BRAVE SOLDIERS OF THE SEA

By Margaret Quimby

Just as the tide is flowing
  Out to the open sea,
We'll cast adrift sweet flowers
  In loving memory
Of the heroes, lost and buried
  In ocean's voiceless deep.
Immortal are love's vigils—
  Fond memory cannot sleep.

On and on the years may roll,
  Yet time can ne'er efface
The stirring deeds of valor,
  On history's page we trace:
For our sailor soldiers battled
  Not alone 'gainst shot and shell,
Storm-tossed, on the wild wide ocean,
  Four-fold their perils swell.

And silently drifting onward,
  On crested waves of sea;
Sweet flowers shall blend, as incense,
  Our love with their loyalty.
And on through all the ages,
  The children of the free
With loving hands, shall flowers cast
  On the tide flowing out to sea.

For human love, like love divine,
  Can ne'er forget its own,—
Our soldier dead shall honored be
  Till heaven and earth are one;
While they, in the Holy City,
  From mansions of the blest,
May see and know us, as we cast
  Sweet flowers on Ocean's breast.

THE MYSTIC SPRING

By Stewart Everett Rowe

Smile through the day and then amid the night
  Smile in your dreams, no matter what befall,
  And know for sure that e'er you hear the Call
Your fond desire shall be your own by right;
Smile on! Smile on! With all your strength and might
  For smiles—you know—make all the world go round,—
  Yes, he who smiles the Mystic Spring has found
Whereof to drink and win at last the fight!

Oh! Can't you see and can't you know for sure
  That if you mope and grope and hope in grief,
  You'll surely fall and fail beyond relief,
(Unless you smile—for smiles all ills can cure);
So don't you dare let sadness play the thief
And steal away your life so sweet and pure!

F. B. SANBORN

The Last of the Abolitionists

By Harold D. Carew

To the boys and girls of today, who have read with delight the stories of Hawthorne in their quaint, gripping, inimitable style, or the poems of Longfellow in their simplicity of charm, or the stirring speeches of Wendell Phillips against the injustice of slavery; to those of us in maturer years who have spent many pleasant hours in delving into the inspiring philosophy of Emerson, or studying the somewhat obscure verses of Whitman,—to each one of us, indeed, at some time in our lives, must have come the almost irrepressible desire to have known these men.

Where is the imaginative, adventure-loving schoolboy of the last half century who has not read with mingled amazement and admiration the account of John Brown's ill-starred assault at Harper's Ferry? And where is the impulsive, romantic schoolgirl who has not felt an overpowering sense of gratitude to Louisa May Alcott for having given us "Little Women",—or has not pictured to herself the ideally happy environment of Brook Farm in the early 50's, with such congenial associates as Henry David Thoreau and Margaret Fuller and George Ripley?

Of that brilliant circle of anti-slavery agitators who played their parts on the stage of our national progress in the most memorable drama of our country's history, there is but one survivor—Franklin B. Sanborn, the last of the abolitionists.

In these days of commercialism, when the whirlwind of business activity leaves but little time for a more thoughtful consideration of the events that stirred those men to action, we are prone to forget them. History has accredited them the honor, however, and their names are inscribed on the escutcheon of American liberty.

Seldom indeed has the opportunity been given a man of knowing on intimate terms so many men and women famous in the annals of history; and today he lives, surrounded by the memories of friendship, a connecting link, as it were, between the living and the dead.

The writer visited the venerable patriarch not long ago in his home in the quiet little village of Concord—rich in literary lore of days gone by—and found him as enthusiastic, after eighty years of vigorous, eventful life, as if he were beginning his career all over again. We sat in his study—he beside the fireplace, and I before the smouldering embers on the hearth. He was in a reminiscent mood, and our chat was full of glittering generalities.

Though a writer of note and a speaker whose services are constantly in demand, very little is generally known of his early life, or of the service he rendered to the cause of freedom.

Franklin B. Sanborn was born December 15, 1831, at Hampton Falls, New Hampshire. He attended the common schools and the academy of his native town, and early in the fall of 1852 he matriculated at Harvard, where his literary tastes soon won the recognition of the upper classmen, who asked him to submit contributions to the college paper.

[Portions of this article were published recently in the Saturday supplement of a Boston newspaper as a biographical sketch of Mr. Sanborn, while excerpts of the interview here given appeared in another Boston daily under the caption, "Sanborn's Views of Roosevelt" at the time of the ex-President's announcement of his presidential candidacy. I have combined the two articles for the GRANITE MONTHLY, eliminating much that would have no bearing on the subject as an historical article, and amplifying the story of Sanborn's connection with the abolition movement.

I have made no attempt to go into the details of the events here recorded, nor have I written as thoroughly as I hope to do at a later day on my impressions of the personality of the man. H. D. C.]

A few weeks later there appeared in its columns a review of Thoreau's "Maine Woods," which had just been published. One afternoon shortly after, the poet-naturalist, having learned the name of his favorable critic, called and left with the young student, who was later to become his biographer, an autographed copy of the book; and there sprung from this incident a friendship between the two that lasted till Thoreau's death.

Sanborn soon became known as an anti-slavery agitator, and his many public utterances, as well as his frequent contributions to William Lloyd Garrison's paper, "The Liberator," brought his name prominently before the leaders of the movement as a young man whose services were needed.

The repeal of the Missouri Compromise and the subsequent enactment permitting the seizure of slaves only served to accentuate the bitterness of the North against the traffic in human lives, and, perhaps, more than any other event, prophesied the great struggle into which the country was precipitated less than ten years later.

During his first year at college, Sanborn formed the acquaintance of Theodore Parker and Dr. Samuel G. Howe, husband of Julia Ward Howe; heard Thomas Wentworth Higginson preach in his church in Newburyport, and met Whittier at his home in Amesbury, where many spirited discussions were held on the all-absorbing question that was already assuming gigantic proportions. In 1853, in company with Dr. Howe, he heard Charles Sumner for the first time in Faneuil Hall. Emerson, because of his expressed views, had been ostracised from Harvard by a rigid orthodox faculty; and in Sanborn, who visited him in his home in Concord, the philosopher took a keen interest.

In the summer of 1854 occurred one of the most pathetic incidents of his life. He was called to the sick-bed of Miss Ariana Smith Walker, of Peterborough, whom he met five years before in the village church in Hampton Falls, and to whom he had paid court. Through her guiding love and devotion he had planned his course for the future, but the infinite malice of destiny cut short her life ere their dreams were realized. With the certainty of approaching death, they were married on August 24, and a week later she expired in his arms.

Under the staggering blow—his first real sorrow—he returned to his work and plunged still deeper into the cause he had espoused. He removed in March 1855 to Concord, where he has since made his home; and in the late spring of the following year, as an agent of the Massachusetts State Kansas Committee, he went to Kansas to determine a route over which anti-slavery emigrants might travel without molestation from pro-slavery adherents, or "border ruffians," as they were known.

Returning late in the summer he became secretary of the society and opened an office in the Niles Building on School street in Boston. To this office one cold day early in January, 1857, came John Brown with a letter of introduction from a friend in Springfield. During his stay in Massachusetts he was entertained at Sanborn's house in Concord, and on one memorable night, of which Sanborn has written at some length in his biography of Brown, spoke in the town hall to a large and enthusiastic audience, previous to his departure for Ossawatomie.

Truly these were stirring times! Within three years Virginia had wreaked her vengeance by sending the old captain to the gallows, and in a little more than five years the troops, on their way to the front, were singing:—

"John Brown's body lies amouldering in the grave,
But his soul is marching on!"

The rapid succession of events necessitated immediate as well as thoughtful action. Hostile eyes were

continually riveted on their movements, and much adverse criticism was brought to bear from quarters generally supposed to be in sympathy with the cause. The crisis of secession had not yet come, and the more conservative members of Congress from the Free States were inclined to lean toward a satisfactory solution of the problem through amicable compromise.

But the abolitionists were not to be swerved from their purpose, and their forces were marshalled into what became known as the "underground railway," a system whereby runaway slaves were aided in certain towns in a direct route to Canada. Sanborn's home was one of the "stations," and many slaves found and received the hospitality of the gallant young defender of liberty.

When the news flashed through the North that John Brown, after an unsuccessful attempt to gain possession of Harper's Ferry, had been taken prisoner and that letters of an incriminating nature from several men in Massachusetts had been found on his person, Sanborn was conducting a private school in Concord. He had been corresponding with Brown prior to this event, but for several weeks the latter had not disclosed his movements even to his most intimate friends.

Senator Mason of Virginia immediately demanded that a committee of investigation be appointed in the Senate, and Sanborn and Dr. Howe were summonsed to appear before that committee to tell what they knew of the "conspiracy." Had they obeyed the summons they would have been taken on Virginia or Maryland soil and spirited away to share a like fate with the captain. But they refused to obey, and warrants for their arrest were forthwith sworn out on charges of contempt. Sanborn fled to Quebec, but returned within a few days; again went to the Canadian city, but came back finally on advice of his counsel, John A. Andrew, later the war governor of Massachusetts, and threw himself on his state rights.

No action having been taken in the matter for over two months, Sanborn concluded that the plan had been abandoned; but on the evening of April 3, 1860, shortly after nine o'clock, as he sat reading in his study, the door bell rang. Upon answering, a young man passed him a note purporting that the bearer was worthy of charity, and he stepped back to read it by the hall lamp. Looking up he saw four men before him. One of them placed his hand upon Sanborn's shoulder, saying, "You are under arrest."

"By what authority," he asked.

"By authority of the United States Senate," came the reply.

Before he had fully recovered from his surprise the men had snapped a pair of handcuffs on to his wrists and were preparing to take him bodily to a hack waiting them in the road. The clever ruse was frustrated. Bracing his feet against the casements of the door and the pillars of the portico and again on the stone butments of the fence, he impeded their progress; and finally, as his captors were endeavoring to put him into the carriage feet first, he kicked in the door.

Sanborn's sister, who had retired early, hearing the commotion in the hall, set up a vociferous calling from the side door, arousing the neighbors. Within a few minutes the church bells were ringing and dozens of men and boys were hurrying to rescue their townsman from his kidnappers, who beat a hasty retreat off toward Lexington.

During the war his service was as fully conspicuous, and with its close he retired to his home on the Concord River to devote himself to his literary work. From 1867 to 1871 he edited the *Springfield Republican*, and for more than twenty-five years has been a member of the Massachusetts State Board of Charities. He has held many other positions of honor and trust, and has been a voluminous writer on subjects covering a wide and

varied field. He is the biographer of John Brown, Henry David Thoreau, Ralph Waldo Emerson, and his old colleague, Samuel G. Howe. "Recollections of Seventy Years," published three years ago, is a delightfully charming record of his life.

At eighty, his ideas of the spirit of reform are as fully advanced as those of the most ardent reformer of half his years. His advancing years have not been years of retrogression. He has not lost any of the old time ardor that characterized his earlier life, and he enters into a discussion of the topics of the day with a vigor and effectiveness that are quite remarkable.

With the same spirit that led him to fight for the freedom of the slave he has been fighting ever since against social and political conditions that seem to him unjust. In the present political insurgency of both parties he traces the spirit that moved the abolitionists to action.

Among other questions during my visit I asked him: "Has the spirit that actuated the abolitionists of sixty years ago a relative value as applied to present day reform?"

"There is no question," he answered, "that presents itself with such compelling force as did the question of slavery; yet, in a broad sense, the spirit that is urging progressive ideas toward the betterment of economic conditions may be said to be identical with the spirit that infused into the abolitionists a determination of overthrowing the power that held the negro in bondage.

"The slave-holders," he continued, "attempted to govern the country through the power of wealth, and that is exactly what the capitalistic interests are endeavoring to do today. In their eagerness to acquire prestige and to set themselves up as a dictatorial dynasty, they brought about a condition that foreshadowed their downfall."

Fearless expression of conscientious convictions is characteristic of the man; his views are clearly defined and his purpose unwavering. Speaking at the celebration of the centennial of Charles Sumner in Fanueil Hall, in January, 1911, he deplored the spirit of hate and deprecated, with a stinging rebuke, the conspicuous absence of both Massachusetts senators because of "petty political disappointments of a vanished year."

There is something about the man that is inspiring. It may be his fearlessness, but, better still, his readiness, to perceive that the dogmas and theories of an earlier age do not fit the needs of today, and his willingness to look about for a remedy to cope with the exigency.

"How must we go about it," I concluded, "to overthrow the usurped power of the courts and the tenets of political corruption?"

"The initiative and referendum still remain popular causes, and through them the plain people will eventually win."

And as the train rattled over the tracks toward Boston in the gathering darkness, I thought to myself: Of those men who were his companions in the great struggle—Phillips, Garrison, Higginson, Howe, Redpath, Whittier, Beecher,—all have finished their work, and he remains alone.

The true greatness of their work cannot now be measured, but other times and other men will pay glowing tributes to their memory and place a fair value on what they have given us. And with the names of those he knew and loved, the name of Sanborn will shine resplendent as a vitalizing power in the works of men.

LINES WRITTEN TO A BABY

By Maude Gordon Roby

O Gilbert Lee
When you I see
The other babies look to me
Like fruit upon the chestnut tree;
Or tiny pebbles on the shore,
Or bargains in the ten-cent store.
In fact, I feel they are a bore
They are so common, nothing more.

But you, my own, sweet baby dear,
You stand alone without a peer
'Mongst all the babies. Think'st it queer?
Nay, love, to me tis very clear.
You're mother's baby—that is why
You are so dear and sweet and shy,—
So cuddle down and don't you cry;
You're God's own blessing from the sky.

And Gilbert, had you been a *girl*
With flowing hair each day to curl,
And dresses ruffled like a swirl,
Life would have seemed a maddening whirl.
So thank the Lord *you* are no toy,
For you have won Earth's greatest joy.
The only one without alloy—
'Tis this, you have been born a BOY!

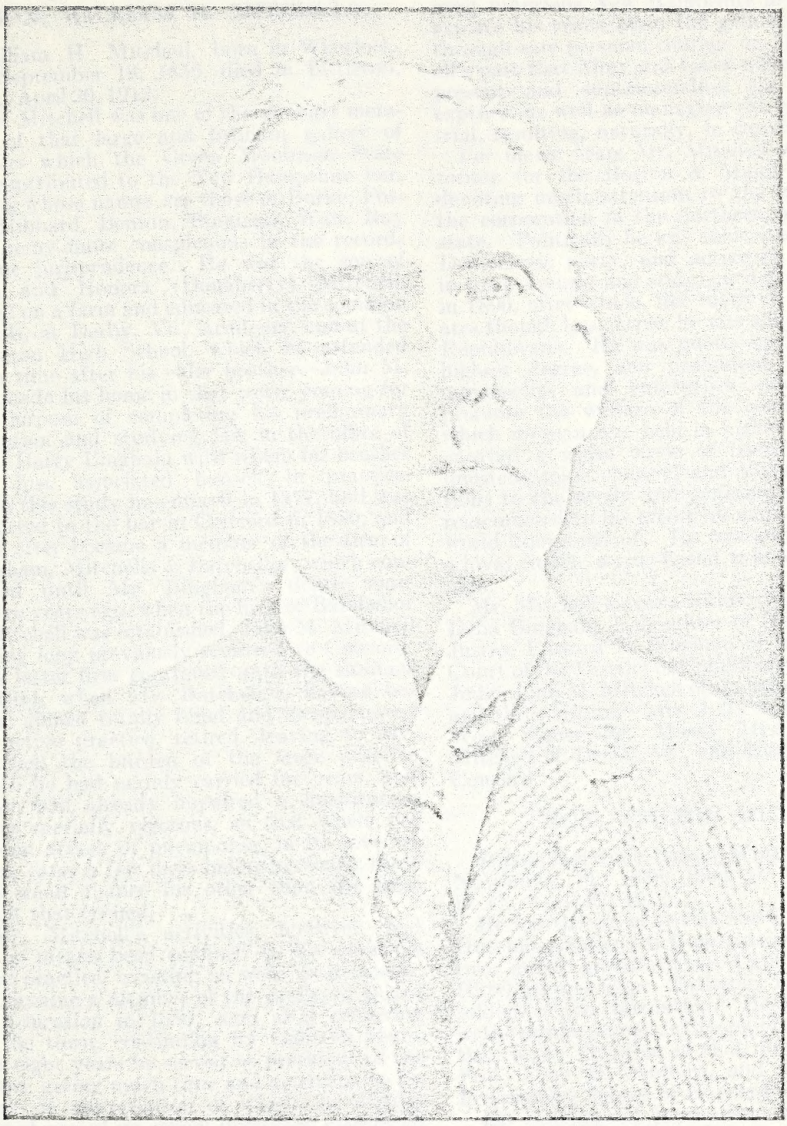
NIGHT WINDS

By L. J. H. Frost

Night winds now are sadly chanting
  Requiems over time's decay;
Chanting dirges for the flowerets
  That today have passed away:—
Flowers that, dying, left their fragrance
  To embalm departing day.

Trembling star-beams now are gleaming
  Down upon the shadowy earth;
From behind night's sable curtain
  Look they down on scenes of mirth;
Scenes of mirth and scenes of sadness,
  Worthless hearts and hearts of worth.

Shadows now are vigils keeping
  O'er the valleys while they sleep;
And I feel their chilling presence
  Gathering round me while I weep:—
Weep I for the gentle voices
  That are lost in memory's deep.



HON. WILLIAM H. MITCHELL

Courtesy of the *Littleton Courier*.



NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY

HON. WILLIAM H. MITCHELL

William H. Mitchell, born in Wheelock, Vt., September 18, 1856, died in Littleton, N. H., April 20, 1912.

Mr. Mitchell was one of the younger members of that large and brilliant galaxy of lawyers which the Green Mountain State has contributed to the New Hampshire bar, among whose names are those of Burke, Foster, Hibbard, Benton, Bingham, Wait, Ray and many more conspicuous in the records of our jurisprudence. He was the son of John and Honora (Dougherty) Mitchell, reared on a farm and educated in the common schools, at Derby, Vt., Academy, and at the Littleton High School, which he attended for a time after his elder brother—John M. had made his home in that town, coming for the purpose of completing his preliminary education and studying law in the office of Hon. Harry Bingham with whom his brother had just associated himself in practice. Upon this study he entered in 1877, and was admitted to the bar in Concord in 1880, and soon after became a member of the firm of Bingham, Mitchells & Batchellor, which continued until Mr. Bingham's death some twelve years ago, when the firm of Batchellor & Mitchell was established, John M. Mitchell having long previously removed to Concord. This latter firm continued until the summer of 1911, when Mr. Batchellor, having become almost totally blind and incapacitated for active practice, retired, leaving to Mr. Mitchell the burden of the large practice which he had mainly carried for years, and which had already impaired a constitution never specially vigorous, so that when the sudden attack of pneumonia, in its severest form, came a few days before his death, there was small chance for other than the fatal result that ensued.

Mr. Mitchell's activities, however, had by no means been confined to his extensive legal practice, exacting as were its demands. He became a member of the Littleton Board of Education in 1880, soon after removing to the town, continuing for eighteen years. For eight years he served as president of the board, giving much time and attention to his work, in appreciation of which the district named one of its school buildings, completed about the time of his retirement, the "Mitchell School." He was also for ten years a trustee of the State Normal School at Plymouth. He represented his town in the legislature, and the Grafton District in the State Senate in the session of 1889–90, during which he secured the passage of the free text-book bill, of which he was the author. He served as Solicitor of Grafton County from 1889 to 1895 holding the office at the time of the murder, at Hanover, in the summer of 1891, of Christie Warden by Frank C. Almy, the last and most notorious New Hampshire murderer to expiate his crime upon the gallows. It was through rare personal courage on Mr. Mitchell's part that Almy was taken alive, he being present and superintending the work of capture, as well as managing the subsequent trial, resulting, naturally, in conviction.

For many years Mr. Mitchell was an attorney for the Boston & Maine Railroad, devoting much attention to the interests of the corporation in the northern part of the state. Politically he was associated with the Democratic party, and active in its affairs in town, county and state, until the break-up in 1896, after which, like many of his associates though less active, he was allied with the Republicans. He was public spirited in the highest degree, and prominent in various movements and enterprises calculated to promote the welfare of the community, in which no man was held in higher esteem, or enjoyed a wider circle of friendship. His unostentatious charity, and kindly benefactions to the needy and suffering will long be remembered to his credit by many whom the world knows not of. He was a good lawyer, a loyal citizen, a true friend, a kindly, lovable man.

Mr. Mitchell leaves a widow, who was Miss Delia Bingham, a daughter of the late Chief Justice Edward F. Bingham of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia; one brother Judge John M. Mitchell of the Superior Court, and three sisters,—Mrs. Julia A. Donovan of West Somerville, Mass., Miss Abbie E. Mitchell of Derby, Vt., and Katherine C. of Concord.

HON. STILSON HUTCHINS

Stilson Hutchins, born in Whitefield, N. H., November 14, 1838, died at Washington, D. C., April 22, 1912.

He was the son of Stilson and Clara (Eaton) Hutchins, descended from patriotic ancestry, two great grandfathers,—Capt. Nathaniel Hutchins and Capt. Nathaniel Eaton—being soldiers of the Revolution. He was educated in the public schools, at Hopkinton Academy, then under direction of that noted educator, Prof. Dyer H. Sanborn, and at the Dana Preparatory School of Harvard University.

He commenced journalistic work on the *Boston Herald*, in 1855, but, in the following year, removed with his parents to Iowa, where he started a country newspaper, and, later, became proprietor of the *Dubuque Herald*, which he made the most vigorous Democratic paper in that section of the country. In 1866 he removed to St. Louis, where he established the *St. Louis Times*, which he published for a number of years with great success, employing the services of writers of ability and reputation, and gaining a wide influence in the city and state. Meanwhile

he was personally active in political affairs, as a Democrat, and served with distinction in the state legislature.

In 1877 he sold out in St. Louis and removed to Washington D. C., where he established the *Washington Post*, which soon became a strong and influential paper, and which he continued to publish until 1889, when he sold the same to Frank Hatton and Beriah Wilkins. Meanwhile, in 1879, he had renewed his interest in his native state, taking a lease of Governor's Island in Lake Winnipisiogee, which he occupied and improved as a summer home, subsequently purchasing the same. In the same year he acquired control of the *Manchester Daily Union*, transforming the same into a morning paper—the first ever issued in the state. He held control of the *Union* for three years, when he disposed of his interest to Joseph C. Moore, who had been his partner in the enterprise. Establishing his legal residence at his summer home, then within the limits of the City of Laconia, he entered actively into the politics of the state, and served as a representative in the legislature of 1885, when he was actively instrumental in the passsage of an act strengthening the law against corruption in elections, and also prominent in other lines of legislative work.

In 1896 Mr. Hutchins purchased the *Washington Times*, which had been established but a few years and met with little success, but soon had it in flourishing condition, with his eldest son, Walter Stilson, as managing editor. This paper he sold, in 1902, to Frank A. Munsey, by whom it is still published.

Aside from journalism and politics Mr. Hutchins was extensively and successfully engaged in various important business enterprises. He became largely interested in the Mergenthaler linotype machine, soon after its invention, and it was through his energy and push that it was introduced in Europe, and made headway in this country. He realized that there was a fortune in it, at the start and he fully demonstrated the accuracy of his judgment in succeeding years. He was an extensive real estate operator in Washington. He built the Great Falls Electric Railway, to Cabin John Bridge, and sold the same at profit to the Washington Railway and Electric Company. He was also largely interested in railway and other enterprises in the South.

Mr. Hutchins was a forceful writer and a ready and interesting speaker, with a ready fund of wit and strong power of invective. He formed many friendships, was public spirited, generous and charitable. He was three times married, and leaves two sons by the first wife—Walter S., and Lee Hutchins. A daughter, Clara—Mrs. Robert Fletcher Rogers of New York—died in 1892, leaving one child, a daughter, who graduates this year, from Radcliffe College. An extended biographical sketch of Mr. Hutchins will be presented hereafter.

JOHN E. HENRY

John E. Henry, long known as the "Lumber King" of Northern New Hampshire, died at his home in the town of Lincoln, on Friday, April 19, at the age of 81 years, lacking two days.

He was a native of the town of Lyman, one of six children of Joseph and Mary Calhoun Henry. His parents were poor and he had, early in life, to make his own way in the world, commencing at the age of fifteen, to drive a freight team between different points which included Concord, Franklin, Portland and Montpelier. This business he continued for five years. At the age of 21 he began to buy small tracts of land, cutting off the wood and timber and selling at a profit, and thus continued, till he became the largest land owner and most successful lumber operator in the state, and finallly disposing of his interest to his sons in 1908, since which time he had been retired from active work. He had long owned the entire township of Lincoln, where his enormous lumber mills were located, and large tracts of land outside, including extensive holdings in Mexico.

Mr. Henry was married April 5, 1854, to Eliza M. Ide of Waterford, Vt. Five children were born to them, all of whom with their mother, survive Mr. Henry. They are Ida M., of Tintah, Minn., Hattie S. of Minneapolis, Minn., George E. Henry of Lincoln. John H. Henry of Pasadena, Cal. and Charles B. Henry of Lincoln.

EDITOR AND PUBLISHER'S NOTES

The spring meeting of the New Hampshire Board of Trade was held in the Probate Court room in Exeter on Tuesday May 7, upon invitation of the Exeter Board of Trade, a business session being held at 11 A.M., and a public meeting at 2 P.M. Olin H. Chase of Newport, the new president, was present and occupied the chair for the first time since his election. At the morning session, the following resolution, presented by the Secretary, H. H. Metcalf of Concord, was unanimously adopted:

Whereas the city of Boston is the metropolis of New England, and whatever tends to promote its growth and prosperity, contributes directly to the development and progress of our own and all other New England states, and

Whereas much has been said, written and printed during the recent past concerning a "bigger, better and busier Boston," and

Whereas the Boston Chamber of Commerce and other organizations and agencies established for the promotion of its welfare, as well as the newspaper press of the city, have long urged the adoption of various measures calculated to promote its commercial prosperity and general business progress, through the improvement of its harbor, the extension of its docks, the prevention of railway monoply and the increase of transportation facilities, both local and transcontinental, be it hereby

Resolved by the New Hampshire Board of Trade, that we earnestly recommend to the Boston Chamber of Commerce, the municipal government of the city, the Massachusetts legislature, the legislatures of our own and other New England States, and the Congress of the United States, the prompt initiation of measures providing for a great International Exposition or World's Fair in that city during the year 1920, commemorative of the three hundredth anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth—an event without parallel in importance in the history of our American development and the progress of civilization and freedom throughout the world. We believe that no project can be conceived whose execution would contribute more to the material progress, substantial growth and permanent prosperity of the New England metropolis than this, or whose influence, immediate and continued, would conduce more powerfully to the advantage of all the New England States, and especially our own, whose wonderful natural attractions and scenic beauties would command the attention and the lasting admiration of thousands of visitors from all parts of the country and the world, heretofore unacquainted therewith; and we pledge our earnest efforts, as a business organization, to the furtherance of this project, so far as the interest and cooperation of the people of New Hampshire are concerned.

Another resolution, presented by E. E. Reed of Manchester, was also unanimously adopted, after some discussion, as follows:

"*Resolved*, That the New Hampshire Board of Trade is in favor of granting authority to the Southern New England Railroad Corporation to build across this state so that the transcontinental system of the Grand Trunk Railway may be completed, and New Hampshire share in the benefits which shall accrue from this new force in the industrial development of New England."

At the afternoon public meeting Mr. S. Percy Hooker, the newly appointed State Superintendent of Highways, discussed "Road Making and Maintenance" and Messrs. E. E. Reed of Manchester, and Richard Pattee of Plymouth spoke of the coming Rockingham Fair, to be held at Salem in August. The Board voted to accept the invitation of the Salem Board of Trade to hold its annual summer outing at Rockingham Park in that town, at such time as the executive board may determine, which will probably be during the second week in July, as public attention generally will be centered upon the two great national political conventions during the last half of June.

While the preferential vote taken in the Republican caucuses in this State (which was decidedly light, by the way, when compared with the full strength of the party) gave a considerable majority for Taft, over Roosevelt; and while there seemed to be a preponderance of sentiment for Champ Clark in the Democratic State Convention, the delegates of both parties will probably not feel moraliy bound to support the candidates indicated beyond the first ballot, unless the strength developed therefor shall be sufficiently great to warrant the presumption of ultimate success. Up to this time there is no certainty of a majority for any one of the prominent candidates mentioned, in either convention, although it may be said that Col. Roosevelt has developed a strength with the rank and file of his party which is more than surprising to the average observer. Should he succeed in capturing the nomination the problem before the Democratic Convention will be one whose solution will challenge the best judgment and most considerate action of that body.

The first Wednesday in June, which comes on the fifth day of the month, is the day set for the opening of the Constitutional Convention in Concord, and which will be the last gathering of the kind in the state for many years to come if that body discharges one of its most important duties, and submits to the people for their acceptance a simpler

EDITOR AND PUBLISHER'S NOTES

and less expensive manner of amending the Constitution than that now in vogue, which it may do by a provision that the Legislature may hereafter submit amendments to the people direct, for their acceptance or rejection. Scarcely anything has been said, as yet, in reference to the organization of the Convention, and only two candidates for the presidency of that body are now understood to be in the field—Gen. Henry M. Baker of Bow and Mr. Edwin F. Jones of Manchester; Judge John M. Mitchell of Concord and ex-Attorney General Eastman of Exeter, both of whom have been mentioned declining to enter the contest. Nor is it apparent thus far that either Gen. Baker or Mr. Jones is making any special effort for the honor, and a friendly conference between delegates on the evening previous to the opening session will probably settle the matter. Thus far the clerkship does not seem to be regarded of sufficient importance to be sought for by any lawyer or politician of rank or prestige in either party.

Agitation is being fostered in favor of a "short ballot," on the ground that the voters do not, or cannot act with sufficient care and consideration when using a ballot of such length as is now put in their hands in most states, which is, in effect, an indictment of the people's intelligence, or fitness for self-government. The proposition is to lessen the number of elective offices, and have more of them filled by executive appointment. Possibly some offices, of a merely clerical nature, like those of register of deeds and of probate, that are now elective, might safely and properly be made appointive; but there are quite a number of others whose incumbents are appointed by the Governor or elected by the legislature that should be chosen by the people, so that, so far as this state is concerned, we should have a longer rather than a shorter ballot. To shorten the ballot is to take a long step away from democracy, toward absolutism; and would be in direct antagonism to the spirit of the age.

Glowing accounts have appeared in some of the newspapers of late of proposed improvements on Mount Washington, including a new scenic electrical railway to the summit, and a fine hotel thereon the expense involved aggregating $1,500,000. That such improvements would considerably increase the volume of travel to the summit, and thereby increase the amount of money there expended by tourists, some of which would remain in the state, is not to be doubted; but a project, which if carried out, would vastly better satisfy a large number of people, and far more benefit the state, on the whole, while involving a small part of such expenditure, would be the restoration of the Suncook and Candia link of the Concord & Portsmouth Railroad, thus shortening by a dozen miles the route between the Capital and the southeastern section of the State; and at the same time avoiding various sharp curves and heavy grades. This improvement was solemnly promised the people when the Henniker and North Weare link was restored for the benefit of Manchester; yet the promise remains unfulfilled to the present day.

The several organizations advocating a woman suffrage amendment to the constitution, will, doubtless, put the matter in charge of a special joint committee for its proper presentation to the convention, whose membership will include Mrs. Mary I. Wood of Portsmouth, chairman of the Campaign Committee of the N.H. Woman Suffrage Association, Mrs. Agnes M. Jenks, chairman of the Concord Association's Campaign Committee, and Miss Mary N. Chase, president of the New Hampshire Woman Suffrage Association. The case for the suffragists will be presented entirely by New Hampshire people, and no outsider will come in, in that interest, unless the anti-suffragists import outside help, and it becomes necessary to resort to similar aid in rebuttal. The question is one that should properly be discussed before the convention, or its committee, by New Hampshire women, entirely.

"Wayside Garniture" is the title of a charming volume of poems, of over 200 pages, from the pen of Rev. Thomas H. Stacey, D.D., pastor of the Curtis Memorial Free Baptist Church of Concord. The seventy poems included deal with a wide range of subjects enbracing varied forms of nature and phases of life, and are aglow with the true poetic spirit, clothed in choice and expressive words. The volume, which is issued by Sherman, French & Co., of Boston, in duodecimo form and handsome binding, will form a valuable addition to the literature of the state, and will be specially appreciated by the author's wide circle of admirers at home and abroad.

The annual meeting of the N. H. Federation of Women's Clubs was held this year outside the limits of the state, the city of Boston being the meeting place, upon the invitation of the society of "New Hampshire's Daughters." Mrs. Etta F. Woodward of Nashua was re-elected President of the Federation.

The next issue of the GRANITE MONTHLY will be a double number, for June and July, and will be largely devoted to the coming Constitutional Convention.

VOL. XLIV, Nos. 6 and 7 JUNE - JULY, 1912 New Series, Vol. VII, Nos. 6 and 7

THE GRANITE MONTHLY

A New Hampshire Magazine

Devoted to History, Biography, Literature and State Progress

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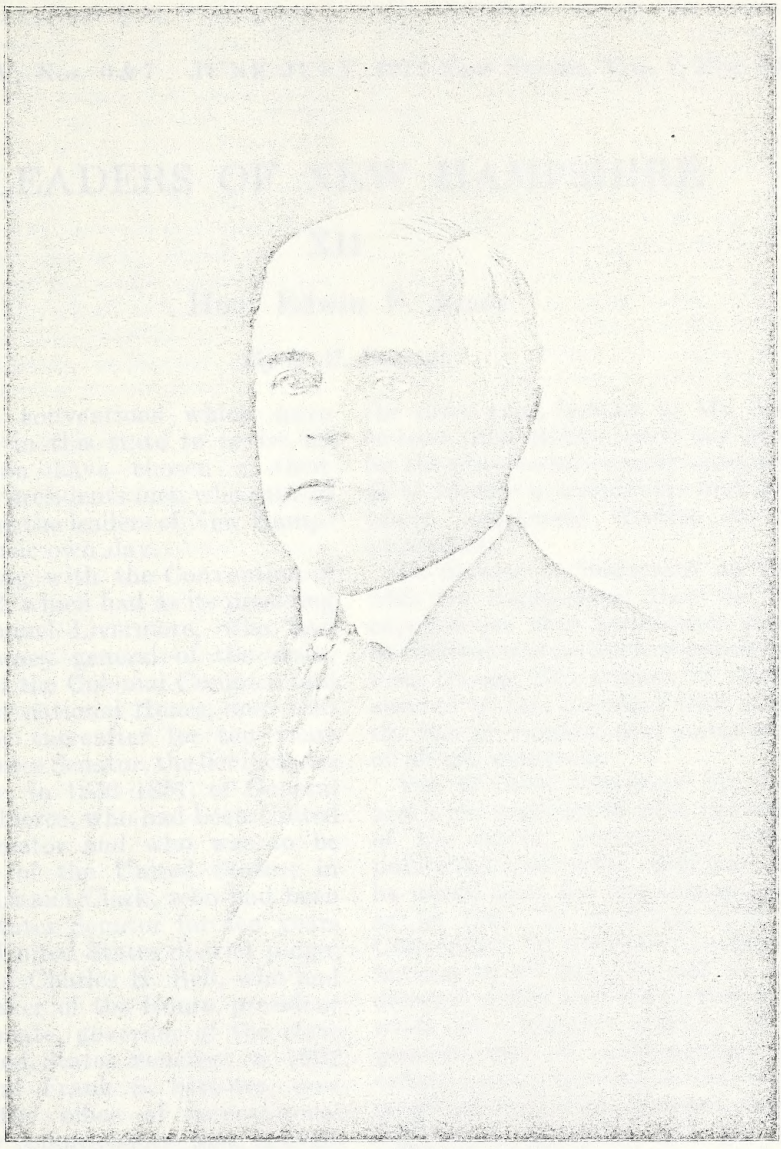
Issued by The Granite Monthly Company

HENRY H. METCALF, Editor and Manager

TERMS: $1.00 per annum, in advance; $1.50 if not paid in advance. Single copies, 15 cents

CONCORD, N. H., 1912

Entered at the post office at Concord as second-class mail matter.



HON. EDWIN F. JONES
President of the Constitutional Convention of 1912

THE GRANITE MONTHLY

VOL. XLIV, NOS. 6&7 JUNE-JULY, 1912 NEW SERIES, VOL. 7, NOS. 6&7

LEADERS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

XII

Hon. Edwin F. Jones

By H. C. Pearson

All the conventions which have been held in this state to revise its Constitution have chosen as their respective presidents men who ranked high among the leaders of New Hampshire in their own day.

Beginning with the Convention of 1791–1792, which had as its presiding officer Samuel Livermore, who had been attorney general of the state, member of the Colonial Congress and of the first national House, and who was to be thereafter for ten years United States Senator, the list includes the names, in 1850–1851, of General Franklin Pierce, who had been United States Senator and who was to be President of the United States; in 1876, of Daniel Clark, who had been United States Senator for ten years and was United States district judge; in 1889, of Charles H. Bell, who had been speaker of the House, president of the Senate, governor of the state and United States Senator; in 1902 of General Frank S. Streeter, now holding the office of international boundary commissioner; and, in 1912, of Edwin F. Jones.

This distinguished list forms one of the finest rolls of honor in our state annals, and it was a very high compliment which the Convention of 1912 paid to Edwin Frank Jones of Manchester when it gave him place in such a line. Nor had all his predecessors the same good fortune as Mr. Jones to have their ability, merit and fitness for the place so universally recognized as to receive a unanimous and absolutely unopposed election to the presidency.

To assume so important an office with the requirement that the high expectations thus manifested should be fulfilled was no light responsibility; even though this manner of election assured to the president thus chosen the hearty support and co-operation of all the delegates.

But all those who knew Mr. Jones and were acquainted with the record of his career, professional and in public life, had entire confidence that he would meet the test triumphantly, as he did. In presiding over the Convention he displayed an absolute fairness to all interests and to every delegate which won the esteem of all; while his complete mastery of the general rules of parliamentary procedure and of those applicable to this particular gathering, coupled with his legislative experience and his alert and trained good sense, enabled him to make prompt, clear and correct rulings in every situation and to guide, to expedite and to make successful the work of the Convention.

Nor was it solely by his able occupancy of the chair that President Jones aided in the good work of the

Convention. The early consideration of several subjects in the committee of the whole gave him an opportunity which he improved to take part in the proceedings on the floor and to urge that line of action in regard to taxation and some other questions of importance which he felt sure the people as a whole favored and the results of which they would be most likely to ratify. This he did without imperilling in the least the dignity and the impartiality of his official position. On the contrary, the active participation in the affairs of the Convention, which was thus possible to him, aided him in enlisting the interest and labors of all to secure action of value from a Convention not unduly prolonged.

A brief biographical review of Mr. Jones's life will show how his natural gifts and bent and all his training and experience combined to fit him for this position, which crowned a career just entering the mature fullness of its possibilities for useful achievement. Mr. Jones is of New Hampshire stock on both father's and mother's side, tracing his ancestry to one of the first settlers at Dover Point in 1623.

He was born in Manchester, New Hampshire, April 19, 1859, the son of Edwin R. Jones and Mary A. Farnham, and always has resided in the city of his nativity and early education, a city which has appreciated and honored him as a man, a citizen and a public servant.

Fitting for college in the public schools of Manchester, including its excellent high school, he entered Dartmouth College in the fall of 1876, graduating in June, 1880, with the degree of Bachelor of Arts and attaining such high rank in his studies as to receive election to the honorary fraternity of scholarship, Phi Beta Kappa. His class of 1880, which graduated 65 men, including the late Congressmen Barrett of Massachusetts and Foster of Vermont, and Judge W. B. Fellows, also a member of the Convention, was one of much promise during its undergraduate days, which has been amply fulfilled in the years that have followed. Mr. Jones was one of its leaders, not only in scholarship, but also in all the manifold activities of college life, and in the more than thirty years during which he has been an alumnus his love for Dartmouth and devotion to the interests of the college never have flagged or failed. He has served on important committees of the general alumni association and has been an active member of his home alumni association at Manchester.

Following his graduation from college, Mr. Jones took up the study of law in the office of Judge David Cross of Manchester, and on August 28, 1883, was admitted to practice in the courts of this state. At first he entered upon a legal partnership in Manchester with William J. Copeland, Esq., a connection which was terminated by Mr. Copeland's death in 1886. For sixteen years he practised alone and since 1902 he has been a member of that Manchester law firm which is best known—and very widely and favorably known—as Burnham, Brown, Jones & Warren, though it has lost Mr. Burnham to the service of the nation as United States Senator and Mr. Brown to the service of the state as the head of its tax commission. The firm now consists of Mr. Jones, George H. Warren, Allan M. Wilson and Robert L. Manning, and the firm style is Jones, Warren, Wilson & Manning. Both Mr. Warren and Mr. Wilson were members of the late Constitutional Convention.

In another year Mr. Jones will have completed three decades of the practise of his profession in New Hampshire, a period during which he has had active connection with all those branches of the law with which a member of one of the largest and busiest law firms within the commonwealth naturally would be called upon to deal. The argument of cases before the jury and the counselling and advising of corporation and other clients in their business affairs have

constituted the larger part of his work in recent years.

In his long years of success at the bar the friends of Mr. Jones have seen him manifest the same qualities that made him so admirable a president of the Constitutional Convention. Prompt, alert and keen, his client never loses an advantage through negligence or delay on his part. Yet Mr. Jones, the lawyer, never forgets nor dissociates himself from Mr. Jones, the gentleman. Courtesy and kindness are as much his weapons before a jury as in the presence of the justices of the higher court, and in either place a wide and accurate knowledge of the law and a clear, direct and sensible interpretation and application of its provisions to the facts of the particular case add to his equipment for practice.

Among the clients of Mr. Jones's firm is the largest industrial establishment in New Hampshire, the Amoskeag Manufacturing Company of Manchester, and their choice for a long term of years has fallen upon Mr. Jones to represent them and to protect their interests as counsel before various committees of the Legislature and various state commissions at the Capitol in Concord. Such a responsible and delicate position demands much of him who occupies it in the way of tact, personality and character, as well as of professional equipment; and a high compliment to Mr. Jones lies in the fact that throughout this service he not only has conserved most successfully the interests of his clients, but at the same time has retained the respect, esteem and confidence of the legislators and the officials before whom he has appeared, and of the general public as well. He has also for some years looked after the interests of the Manchester Traction Light & Power Company, which controls the electric light and power and street railway situation in Manchester before the Legislature and commissions. Insurance companies, banks and other corporations are clients of the firm, which also represents many individual clients in court and advises them in their manifold legal matters.

His election to the presidency of the New Hampshire Bar Association for the year 1908 gives most convincing testimony as to his high position in his profession and the regard in which he is held by his legal associates.

Very soon after he had attained his majority and completed his college course Mr. Jones entered upon a career in politics and public life by becoming a successful candidate for the position of assistant clerk of the New Hampshire House of Representatives at the legislative session of 1881. Despite his youth and inexperience his success in that place was so instant and complete as to bring about his promotion at the session of 1883 to the office of clerk of the House and his re-election as clerk at the session of 1885.

Here he gained that comprehensive knowledge of legislative rules and practice and cultivated that quick perception and unfailing urbanity which have been of such great service to him throughout his career and which he has most recently manifested in the discharge of his duties as president of the Constitutional Convention.

The young Dartmouth graduate, coming down from Hanover with a reputation as a scholar, was almost at once pressed into service as a member of the board of education of the city of Manchester and in that position he did valuable work for a number of years. In other ways, too, his home city honored and used him, for in January, 1887, he was chosen city solicitor and with each successive municipal change of administration was re-elected, for a period in all of twelve years. He has been for fifteen years a trustee of Pine Grove Cemetery, after six years trustee of the City Library.

From 1887 to 1895 he held the

office of treasurer of Hillsborough county. In 1902 he was chosen a delegate to the convention of that year to revise the constitution of the state and was prominent in its deliberations, serving on the Standing Committee on Future Mode of Amending the Constitution and other amendments, and presiding with acceptance in the committee of the whole.

But Mr. Jones's connection with politics and public life has been more active and influential than that of a mere holder of office. In the very year of his graduation from college he made his debut as a stump speaker in the warm campaign which elected James A. Garfield President of the United States, and from that time forth his services as a political orator were in constant demand. The culmination, in one sense, of his career on this line came in 1900, when, as presiding officer of the Republican State Convention, he delivered one of the best addresses ever given on such an occasion in New Hampshire. Further deserved recognition of his active interest and unselfish labors for his party came in 1908 when he was chosen with United States Senator Gallinger, former Governor Jordan and Attorney General Eastman, as a delegate-at-large from New Hampshire to the Republican National Convention at Chicago. He has been the orator at many civic celebrations and historical anniversaries.

Mr. Jones was married December 21, 1887, to Nora F. Kennard of Manchester, the daughter of the late Hon. Joseph F. Kennard. Their only child, Rebecca, died on October 26, 1902.

Mr. Jones is a member of various clubs and of the I. O. O. F. and other fraternities, but it is his connection with Masonry which is most prominent in this phase of his life. A member of Washington Lodge, Mount Horeb Chapter, Adoniram Council and Trinity Commandery, K. T., all of Manchester, he served as master of his lodge in 1891, was appointed district deputy grand master in the grand lodge in 1896 and became grand master of the grand lodge in 1910. He is also a member of the Scottish Rite bodies of the thirty-second degree and of the Shrine.

This is the life story of a son of New Hampshire who made the state of his nativity and education his home state as well, who has given her his best as private citizen, professional man and public servant, and who has reaped thereby a deserved harvest of material rewards and of honor and distinction. To this record of one today in the very prime of life the future is sure to add paragraphs telling of other appreciated achievements; but as it stands in this brief chronicle the record is one of hopeful inspiration to the youth whose loving loyalty to New Hampshire bids him seek opportunities for life work here at home.

THE LAST WICKET

By Maude Gordon Roby

Some day, when all Life's tasks are done,
And God writes "*Finished*" on our earthly breath,
With gladsome feet we'll to the wicket run
And kiss the outstretched hand of Death.

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Mr. Jones was married December

THE CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION OF 1912

The present Constitution of the State of New Hampshire was framed by a convention called by vote of the House of Representatives, March 28, 1781, and which assembled, first, on the fifth day of June of the same year. George Atkinson of Portsmouth was chosen president of this convention and Jonathan M. Sewall, secretary. Among the more prominent members of this convention were John Langdon, John Taylor Gilman, Timothy Walker, Jr., John Dudley, John McClary, Joshua Wingate and Ebenezer Webster. This convention held three sessions and framed three different constitutions, which were successively submitted to the people, before one was formally adopted. This was framed at a session held in June, 1783, submitted to the people, by them approved, and established by the Convention at an adjourned session in October following, to take effect on the first Wednesday in June, 1784.

Seven years later, in conformity with the provision of the Constitution itself, another convention, called by the legislature and chosen by the people, was held in Concord for the purpose of proposing amendments, said convention meeting September 7, 1791, and organizing with Samuel Livermore of Portsmouth as president and John Calfe of Hampstead as secretary. After a session of nine days, during which a large number of changes or amendments were proposed, a committee of ten was appointed to prepare and formulate amendments to be submitted to the people, and an adjournment was then taken till the second Wednesday in February, 1792, upon which date the convention re-assembled, and the committee submitted its report, which, with some amendments, was adopted and submitted to the people to be acted upon by them, in the form of seventy-two separate propositions, the convention meanwhile adjourning from February 24 until May 30, following.

Upon the re-assembling of the convention, on the designated date, it was found, upon canvassing the votes, that forty-six of the propositions submitted had been adopted by the people and twenty-six rejected. It appeared, however, that some of the amendments that had been accepted so depended upon others that had been rejected that further amendment was necessary in order to maintain consistency. Such needed amendments were prepared and sent out to the people, with an explanatory address, to be acted upon together, the convention then adjourning from June 5 till the first Wednesday in September, when, upon re-assembling, it was found that the same had been ratified and the Constitution, as finally amended, was formally declared established, and the convention adjourned.

Many and important changes had been effected, the alteration being so great, indeed, that the Constitution came to be spoken of as the "Constitution of 1792," although, as stated by Prof. J. F. Colby in his manual, from which this account is largely drawn, the term is a misnomer, the amendments, however numerous, in no sense constituting a new Constitution.

The Constitution, as thus amended and established, remained unchanged for sixty years, although the people had eight times, during that period, voted upon the question of the expediency of amendment, their decision having been strongly in the negative on each occasion. When the legislature of 1849, by act of July 7, again submitted the question, however, the response of the people was emphatically in the affirmative, the

THE CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION OF 1912

vote standing 28,877 in the affirmative to 14,482 in the negative. A convention to propose and submit amendments was accordingly called by the next legislature, and met in Concord, on the first Wednesday in November following—November 6, 1850—organized with Franklin Pierce of Concord as president and Thomas J. Whipple of Laconia, secretary. The character and ability of the membership of this convention will be recognized when the list of committee chairmanships, as follows, is considered: Bill of Rights, Ichabod Bartlett of Portsmouth; Executive Department, Samuel Swasey of Haverhill; Legislative Department, Charles G. Atherton of Nashville; Judicial Department, Levi Woodbury of Portsmouth; Militia, John Wadleigh of Meredith; Religious and Property Test, William P. Weeks of Canaan; Amendments to the Constitution, George W. Nesmith of Franklin; Miscellaneous, Benning W. Jenness of Strafford; Revising Business, James Bell of Gilford; Education, Levi W. Leonard of Dublin.

This Convention was in session till November 22, when it took a recess until December 3, and then continued till January 3, 1851, when it adjourned till April 16, having submitted a large number of amendments involved in fifteen questions all of which were adversely acted upon by the people, being defeated by heavy majorities. After canvassing the returns, which showed the failure of its work, the convention determined to resubmit three of its proposed amendments to the people, the same providing for the abolition of the religious test, of the property qualification, and for the submission of future amendments by the legislature at two successive sessions. Immediately following this action the convention adjourned sine die. By the vote of the people upon the amendments submitted, the second, abolishing the property qualification was adopted, while the other two were defeated, though the third, providing for the submission of future amendments by the legislature, barely failed, lacking but a few of the required two thirds vote for acceptance.

From 1852 till 1877 the constitution remained without farther change, no convention being called for the purpose of submitting amendments, although the question of the expediency thereof was submitted at appropriate intervals, until the March election in 1876, when the people voted it expedient to hold such convention in response to the question submitted by the legislature in July preceding, the vote standing, yeas 28,971; nays, 10,912. Delegates to this convention were chosen at the November election, following, and assembled at the state house December 6, 1876, organizing with the choice of Hon. Daniel Clark of Manchester, Judge of the U. S. District Court, as president, and Thomas J. Smith of Dover as secretary.

The constitution was revised by the convention, in committee of the whole, section by section in consecutive order, any amendment agreed upon as necessary being sent to the appropriate standing committee, of which there were four, named by the president, and consisting of two members from each county. These were: Committee on Bill of Rights, Executive Department and Religious Test, Samuel M. Wheeler of Dover, Chairman; Legislative Department, Harry Bingham of Littleton, Chairman; Judiciary Department, Jonathan E. Sargent of Concord, chairman; Future Amendments of the Constitution and other miscellaneous matters, John S. H. Frink of Greenland, chairman.

The convention was in session eleven days and the result of its deliberations was the submission of thirteen amendments to the constitution of which eleven were adopted by the people by the requisite two thirds vote at the following election. Among the more important of these were those providing for biennial elections; basing representation in the legisla-

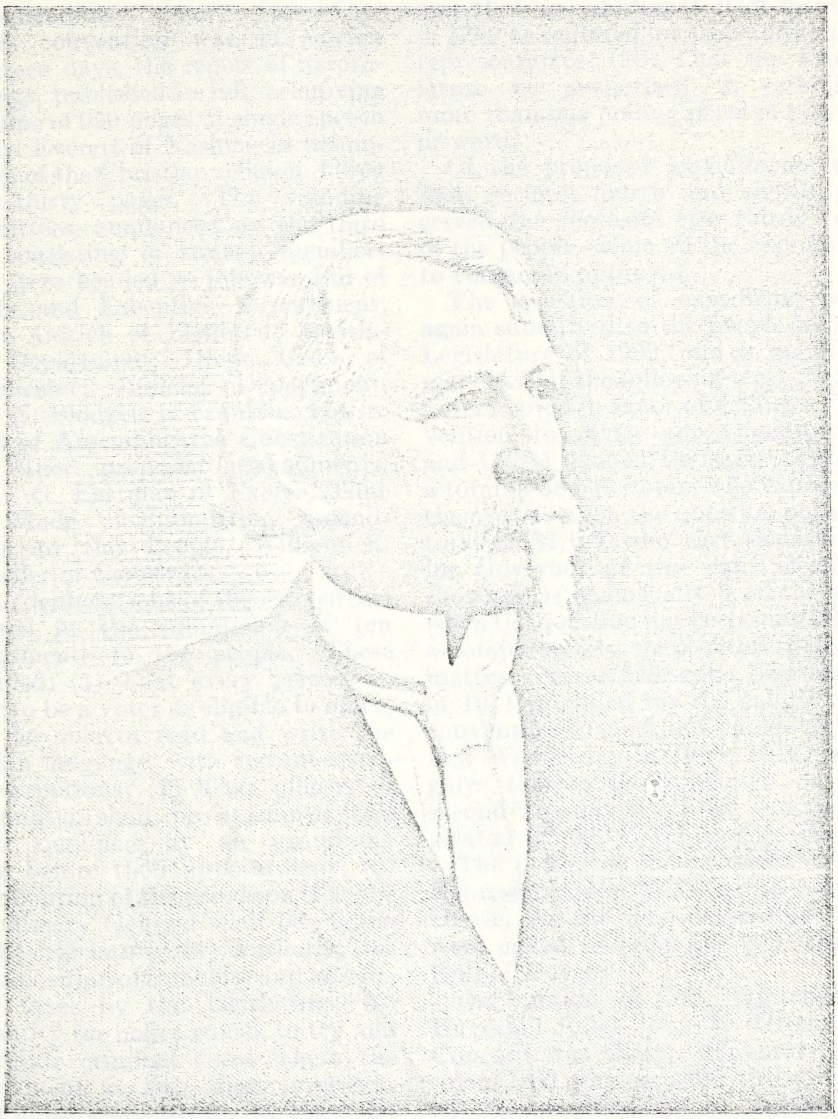
ture upon population instead of ratable polls; increasing the membership of the senate from twelve to twenty-four; providing for the election of registers of probate, sheriffs and solicitors by the people; abolishing the religious test as a qualification for office, changing the time for holding elections from March to November, and prohibiting the use of money raised by taxation for the support of schools or institutions of any religious sect or denomination. The two proposed amendments which the people failed to adopt were one striking the word "Protestant" from the Bill of Rights, which failed by a narrow margin, although the religious test for office-holding was abolished, and one prohibiting removal from office for political reasons, which was defeated by a still narrower margin.

The next constitutional convention was held in 1889, opening January 2. It had been declared expedient by a very small majority, on a very light vote, at the election in 1886, the vote standing, yeas, 11,466; nays, 10,213, and was called by the legislature of 1887, though scarcely warranted by the vote given. It probably would not have been called but for the very general feeling that the time of the legislative session should be changed from summer to winter.

This convention organized by the choice of Ex-Gov. Charles H. Bell of Exeter as president and James R. Jackson of Littleton as secretary. Five standing committees were appointed, with chairmen as follows: Committee on Bill of Rights and Executive Department, Isaac W. Smith of Manchester, Chairman; Legislative Department, James F. Briggs of Manchester, Chairman; Judicial Department, Ellery A. Hibbard of Laconia, Chairman. Future Mode of Amending the Constitution and other proposed amendments, William L. Ladd of Lancaster, Chairman; Time and Mode of Submitting to the People the Amendment agreed upon, Charles A. Dole of Lebanon, Chairman.

The convention was in session ten days, adjourning January 12, and submitting seven amendments to the people, of which five were adopted and two rejected. Those adopted provided for a change in the date of opening the session of the Legislature from the first Wednesday in June to the first Wednesday in January; provided a fixed salary of $200 each for members of both branches, in place of the per diem compensation theretofore prevailing; provided for filling vacancies in the Senate resulting from death, resignation, removal or any other cause but failure of the people to elect, by a new election; designated the Speaker of the House of Representatives as Acting Governor in case of vacancies in the offices of Governor and President of the Senate, and changed the representation of small towns having a population of less than six hundred, from the classified to the *pro rata* basis. The proposed amendments rejected by the people were one striking the word Protestant from the Bill of Rights, and one prohibiting the sale or manufacture of alcoholic or intoxicating liquor, the first being rejected by over five and the latter by over ten thousand majority.

The Legislature of 1893 provided for taking the sense of the people on the expediency of holding another convention, and at the next election, by a vote of 13,681 yeas to 16,689 nays the people decided it not expedient. The next legislature made similar provision and the popular response was 14,099 yeas to 19,831 nays. Again by the legislature of 1899 the same question was submitted and was treated by the people with such absolute indifference that less than fourteen thousand votes, all told, were cast, 10,571 being yeas and 3,287 nays. Nevertheless, a majority of those voting favoring it, the next legislature—that of 1901—provided for the choice, at the election in November 1902, of delegates to a constitutional convention to be held in Concord on the second day of Decem-



COL. DANIEL HALL
Chairman Committee on Bill of Rights and Executive Department

ber following, at which time the delegates-elect assembled and effected an organization by the choice of Gen. Frank S. Streeter of Concord as Chairman and Thomas H. Madigan, Jr., as Secretary.

This convention was in session seventeen days, the report of its proceedings, published in full, occupying a volume of 950 pages, a single speech by Mr. Everett of Nashua, in denunciation of the Christian religion, filling over thirty pages. The standing committees, announced on the third day, consisting of twenty members each, were headed as follows: Bill of Rights and Executive Department, Edgar Aldrich of Littleton; Legislative Department, David Cross of Manchester; Judicial Department, Isaac N. Blodgett of Franklin; Future Mode of Amending the Constitution and other proposed amendments, Edwin G. Eastman of Exeter; Time and Mode of Submitting Amendments to the People, William E. Chandler of Concord.

The deliberations of the convention resulted in the submission of ten amendments to the people. These provided: (1) That every person, in order to be a voter or eligible to office, shall be able to read and write the English language, with certain specified exceptions; (2) That officers of the militia shall be examined and found qualified by an examining board before their appointment; (3) The abolition of the provision that the Commissary General shall be chosen by the legislature; (4) Authority for the imposition of franchise and inheritance taxes by the legislature; (5) Authority for police courts to try and determine criminal cases where the punishment is less than imprisonment in the state prison, (6) The elimination of the word "Protestant" from the Bill of Rights and otherwise liberalizing its phraseology bearing upon religion; (7) The enfranchisement of women by striking out the word "male" from the clause providing the voting qualification, (8) Authority for the legislature to provide against trusts and combinations in restraint of trade; (9) That the basis of representation in the Legislature be a population of 800, instead of 600, and that an additional 1600 instead of 1200 be required for each additional representative; (10) That the Legislature be authorized to establish more than one polling place in a town or ward.

Of the proposed amendments the first, second, fourth and eighth, received the requisite two thirds vote of the people, while all the rest failed to command approval.

The question of expediency was again submitted to the people by the Legislature of 1909, and at the biennial election the following year 23,105 voters voted in favor of calling a convention to revise the Constitution and 15,541 against the same, making a total of 38,646 voters who expressed themselves upon the question out of a total of 84,167 who cast their votes for Governor at the same election, showing, as has usually been the case when the question has been submitted, a comparatively small interest in the matter. Nevertheless the Legislature of 1911 provided for the calling of a convention to meet in Concord on the first Wednesday in June, 1912, delegates thereto be to chosen on the second Tuesday of March, and appropriated $25,000 for the expense thereof.

The delegates chosen assembled in Representatives Hall at the State House, on the day designated, and were called to order by Col. Daniel Hall of Dover.

On motion of Mr. Whitcher of Haverhill Judge John M. Mitchell of Concord was chosen temporary president and was escorted to the chair by Messrs. Eastman of Exeter and Martin of Concord. Judge Mitchell briefly expressed his thanks for the honor, and proceeded with the order of business, Harrie M. Young of Manchester being elected temporary clerk, on motion of Mr. Preston of Rochester.

On motion of Judge Barton of Newport a committee on Credentials, consisting of two delegates from each county, was appointed by the chair, the membership named being as follows: Barton of Newport, Parker of Lempster, Sanborn of Fremont, Mitchell of Portsmouth, Meader of Rochester, Sherry of Dover, Drake of Laconia, Tilton of Tilton, Weeks of Ossipee, Wentworth of Sandwich, Clifford of Franklin, Fowler of Pembroke, Keyes of Milford, Broderick of Manchester, Blake of Fitzwilliam, Howe of Hinsdale, Carter of Lebanon, Bailey of Littleton, Bowker of Whitefield, and Cleveland of Lancaster.

Mr. Madden of Keene presented the petition of Patrick E. Griffin of Walpole asking for a seat in the convention in place of Daniel W. Connors of the same town, and the same was laid on the table, upon his motion, to be referred to a committee to be appointed later.

The committee on Credentials submitted a report embodying a roll of the convention, as prepared by the secretary of State from the official returns, as follows:

LIST OF DELEGATES

Rockingham County.

Atkinson, Charles I. Pressey.
Auburn, Edward C. Griffin.
Brentwood, John J. Knights.
Candia, George H. McDuffee.
Chester, Cyrus F. Marston.
Danville, Clarence M. Collins.
Deerfield, Jonathan H. Batchelder.
Derry, William H. Benson,
Frederick J. Shepard,
John E. Webster.
East Kingston, William D. Ingalls.
Epping, John Leddy.
Exeter, Henry W. Anderson,
Edwin G. Eastman,
Arthur O. Fuller,
John Scammon.
Fremont, Joseph B. Sanborn.
Greenland, Harrie A. Holmes.
Hampstead, Frank W. Emerson.
Hampton, Horace M. Lane.
Hampton Falls, George C. Healey.
Kensington, Stewart E. Rowe.
Kingston, Leonard W. Collins.
Londonderry, Roscerans W. Pillsbury.
Newcastle, James W. Pridham.
Newfields, George E. Leighton.
Newington, Frederick Pickering.
Newmarket, Charles A. Morse,
George H. Willey.
Newton, John E. Hayford.
North Hampton, James R. Dow.
Northwood, William H. Towle.
Nottingham, Perley B. Batchelder.
Plaistow, Fred P. Hill.
Portsmouth, Ward 1, William T. Entwistle,
John August Hett.
Ward 2, Charles H. Batchelder,
Harry E. Boynton,
Frederick M. Sise.
Ward 3, John L. Mitchell,
William H. Moran.
Ward 4, Ernest L. Guptill.
Ward 5, Eugene B. Eastman.
Raymond, William G. Brown.
Rye, Albert H. Drake.
Salem, George C. Gordon,
Lester Wallace Hall.
Sandown, John W. Lovering.
Seabrook, Charles D. Foote.
South Hampton, Frank M. Jewell.
Stratham, George E. Gowen.
Windham, John E. Cochran.

Strafford County.

Barrington, Frank H. Clark.
Dover, Ward 1, Ernest B. Folsom,
Clarence I. Hurd.
Ward 2, John Main,
Herbert K. Otis,
George H. Sherry.
Ward 3, George G. Neal,
Arthur G. Whittemore.
Ward 4, Elisha R. Brown,
Alonzo Melvin Foss,
Daniel Hall.
Ward 5, John H. Wesley.
Durham, Albert DeMeritt,
Farmington, Ulysses S. Knox,
Charles W. T. Willson.
Lee, Louis H. Snell.
Madbury, Charles G. Sanders.
Middleton, William F. Hanson.
Milton, Fred B. Roberts.

New Durham, Zanello D. Berry.
Rochester, Ward 1, Albert L. Richards.
Ward 2, Frank B. Preston.
Ward 3, Walter S. Meader.
Ward 4, Aurelle Beaudoin,
Isidore P. Marcotte.
Ward 5, Orrin A. Hoyt.
Ward 6, Albert Wallace.
Rollinsford, Gardner Grant.
Somersworth, Ward 1, John N. Haines.
Ward 2, Fred H. Brown.
Ward 3, Louis P. Cote.
Ward 4, Michael P. Flanagan,
George Letourneau.
Ward 5. Treffle Leclerc.
Strafford, Woodbury W. Durgin.

BELKNAP COUNTY.

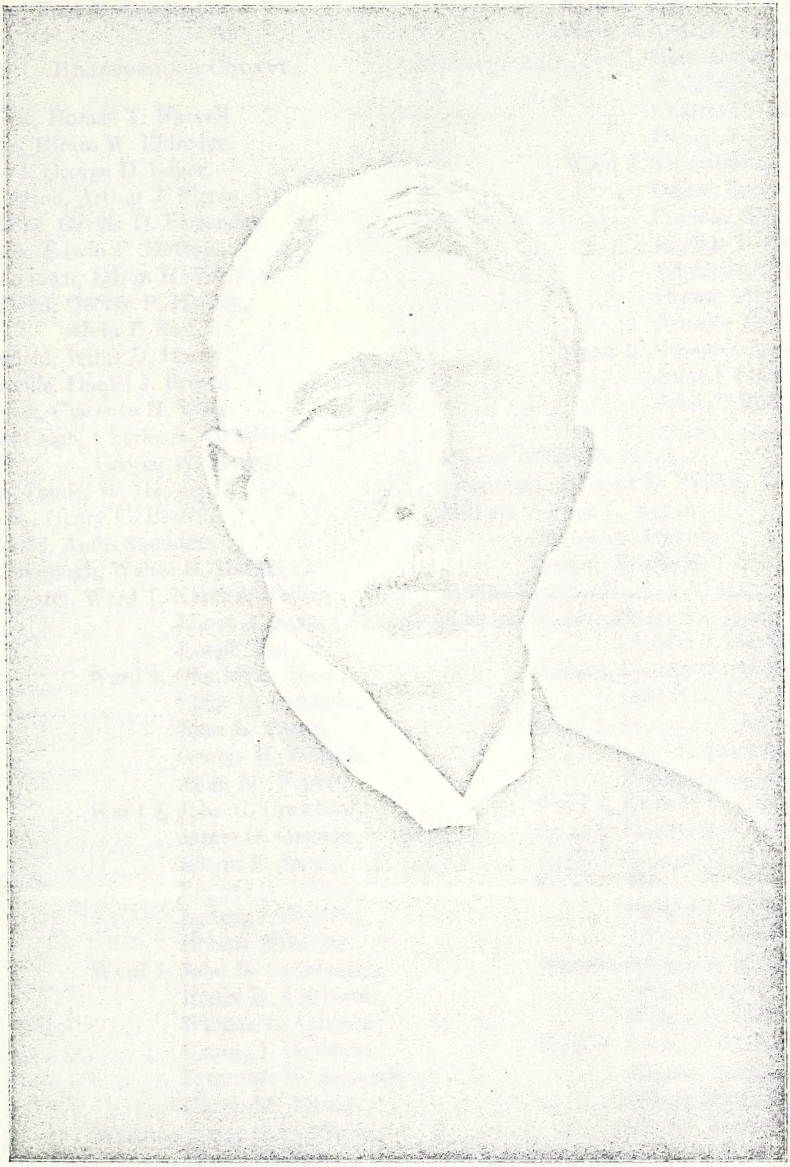
Alton, Charles H. McDuffee.
Barnstead, Frank H. Moore.
Belmont, Edwin C. Bean.
Centre Harbor, Leonard B. Morrill.
Gilford, James R. Morrill.
Gilmanton, George C. Parsons.
Laconia, Ward 1, True E. Prescott.
Ward 2, Edward M. Richardson.
Ward 3, John T. Busiel.
Ward 4, Oscar L. Young.
Ward 5, William D. Veazey.
Ward 6, Benjamin F. Drake,
George H. Saltmarsh.
Meredith, Simeon M. Estes.
New Hampton, Herbert M. Thyng.
Sanbornton, Robert M. Wright.
Tilton, William B. Fellows,
Charles E. Tilton.

CARROLL COUNTY.

Albany, James T. Povall.
Bartlett, Ralza E. Andrews.
Brookfield, George A. Wiggin.
Chatham, Hazen Chandler.
Conway, Holmes B. Fifield,
James L. Gibson,
Arthur R. Shirley.
Eaton, Henry H. Robertson.
Effingham, James L. Wormwood.
Freedom, George F. Huckins.
Hart's Location, Charles H. Morey.
Jackson, Nelson I. Trickey.
Madison, Edward E. Hoyt.
Moultonborough, James E. French.
Ossipee, Frank Weeks.
Sandwich, Paul Wentworth.
Tamworth, Edward S. Pollard.
Tuftonboro, Robert Lamprey.
Wakefield, William W. Berry.
Wolfeboro, Sewall W. Abbott,
Frank P. Hobbs.

MERRIMACK COUNTY.

Allenstown, Charles H. Smith.
Andover, George W. Stone.
Boscawen, Willis G. Buxton.
Bow, Henry M. Baker.
Bradford, Everett Kittredge.
Canterbury, Henry L. Clough.
Chichester, John L. T. Shaw.
Concord, Ward 1, George E. Farrand,
John E. Marden.
Ward 2, Clarence I. Tibbetts.
Ward 3, Abijah Hollis.
Ward 4, Allen Hollis,
James O. Lyford,
John M. Mitchell.
Ward 5, Charles R. Corning,
Arthur P. Morrill.
Ward 6, Charles P. Bancroft,
Henry A. Kimball,
Nathaniel E. Martin.
Ward 7. William W. Flint,
Edward J. Hatch,
Frank P. Quimby.
Ward 8, Howard F. Hill.
Ward 9, Edward J. Gallagher,
John Hennebery.
Danbury, Harry G. Dean.
Dunbarton, Bradford Burnham.
Epsom, Warren Tripp.
Franklin, Ward 1, Rufus P. Gardner.
Ward 2, Charles H. Bean,
Frank E. Woodbury.
Ward 3, Thomas F. Clifford,
Seth W. Jones.
Henniker, Charles A. Wilkins.
Hill, Elion S. Little.
Hooksett, Fred N. Mitchell.
Hopkinton, Arthur J. Boutwell.
Loudon, Albert B. Sargent.
Newbury, Joseph A. Donigan.
New London, Justin O. Wellman.
Northfield, Edwin J. Young.
Pembroke, George W. Fowler,
Henry T. Fowler,
Joseph A. Rainville.
Pittsfield, Edward Everett Clark,
Nathaniel S. Drake.



HON. JAMES O. LYFORD
Chairman Committee on Legislative Department

Salisbury, John Shaw.
Sutton, Milton B. Wadleigh.
Warner, Edward H. Carroll.
Webster, Harvey C. Sawyer.
Wilmot, Fred E. Goodhue.

HILLSBOROUGH COUNTY.

Amherst, Horace T. Harvell.
Antrim, Hiram W. Eldredge.
Bedford, George D. Soper.
Bennington, Arthur J. Pierce.
Brookline, Orville D. Fessenden.
Deering, Edwin F. Dutton.
Francestown, Edson H. Patch.
Goffstown, George P. Hadley,
Alvin P. Seeton.
Greenfield, Willis D. Hardy.
Greenville, Daniel J. Brown.
Hancock, Clarence H. Ware.
Hillsborough, Charles S. Flanders,
George W. Haslet.
Hollis, Daniel W. Hayden.
Hudson, Henry C. Brown.
Litchfield, Amos Saunders.
Lyndeborough, Walter S. Tarbell.
Manchester, Ward 1, Narcisse Richer,
James A. Sayers,
Joseph Tait.
Ward 2, Charles B. Brown,
Elliot C. Lambert,
Jesse B. Pattee,
George H. Warren,
Allan M. Wilson.
Ward 3, John C. Crawford,
James O. Gagnon,
Edwin F. Jones,
Eugene G. Libbey,
Ludwig Lindquist,
Hobart Pillsbury.
Ward 4, John B. Cavanaugh,
Henry B. Fairbanks,
William G. Garmon,
George I. Haselton,
Frederick W. Shontell,
Harrie M. Young.
Ward 5, James A. Broderick,
Martin Connor,
William B. Eagan,
James G. Flynn,
Thomas F. Howe,
Peter J. Magan,
Patrick J. Ryan,
Thomas F. Sheehan.
Manchester, Ward 6, Joseph P. Chatel,
Joseph M. McDonough,
Almus W. Morse,
Robert I. Stevens.
Ward 7, Edward B. Woodbury.
Ward 8, Arthur J. Moquin,
Herman Rodelsperger,
Rudolph Schiller,
Charles C. Tinkham,
Henry J. VanVliet.
Ward 9, Theophile G. Biron,
Odilon Demers,
Francois X. Gagné,
Euclide F. Geoffrion,
Winfred D. Hebert,
Horace Martel,
Armelle Turcotte.
Ward 10, Joseph Chevrette,
John J. Connor,
John J. Donnelly,
Frank J. Leclerc.
Mason, Albert B. Eaton.
Merrimack, Everett E. Parker.
Milford, Arthur L. Keyes,
Clinton A. McLane,
Fred T. Wadleigh.
Mount Vernon, Frank J. Conner.
Nashua, Ward 1, Harry P. Greeley,
Charles J. Hamblett.
Ward 2, Charles O. Andrews,
Robert A. French.
Ward 3, James A. Gilmore,
John P. Lampron,
Frank Rancour.
Ward 4, Edward E. Parker.
Ward 5, Frederick J. Gaffney.
Ward 6, Edward H. Wason.
Ward 7, Thomas F. Moran,
Frederick D. Runnells,
Arthur K. Woodbury.
Ward 8, Horace H. Phaneuf,
John F. Shea,
Willard C. Tolles.
Ward 9, Frank B. Clancy,
Charles Dionne, Jr.,
Joseph Ducharme,
George Theriault.
New Boston, Samuel L. Marden.
New Ipswich, William E. Davis.
Pelham, Charles W. Hobbs.
Peterborough, Eben W. Jones.
Ezra M. Smith.
Sharon, George M. Smith.
Temple, Willie W. Colburn.

Weare, Byron L. Morse.
Wilton, George E. Bales.
Windsor, Joseph R. Nelson.

CHESHIRE COUNTY.

Alstead, John W. Prentiss.
Chesterfield, David W. Slade.
Dublin, Willard H. Pierce.
Fitzwilliam, Amos J. Blake.
Gilsum, Osmon H. Hubbard.
Harrisville, Thomas J. Winn.
Hinsdale, Gardner S. Howe.
Edalbert J. Temple.
Jaffrey, George H. Duncan,
Will J. Mower.
Keene, Ward 1, Orville E. Cain,
Charles M. Norwood.
Ward 2, Adolf W. Pressler,
Jerry P. Wellman.
Ward 3, Martin V. B. Clark,
Charles C. Sturtevant.
Ward 4, Robert E. Faulkner.
Ward 5, Joseph Madden.
Marlborough, Levi A. Fuller.
Marlow, Rockwell F. Craig.
Nelson, James E. Ruffle.
Richmond, Almon Twitchell.
Rindge, Charles W. Fletcher.
Roxbury, David B. Nims.
Stoddard, Henry E. Spalding.
Sullivan, Leslie H. Goodnow.
Surry, Hiram F. Newell.
Swanzey, George E. Whitcomb.
Troy, Melvin T. Stone.
Walpole, Daniel W. Connors,
Frank A. Spaulding.
Westmoreland, Elmer T. Nims.
Winchester, John P. Ball,
David O. Fisher.

SULLIVAN COUNTY.

Acworth, Guy S. Neal.
Charlestown, Oscar C. Young.
Claremont, Hartley L. Brooks,
Henry N. Hurd,
Emerson A. Quimby,
George P. Rossiter,
James Duncan Upham.
Cornish, Fenno B. Comings.
Croydon, Edgar W. Davis.
Goshen, Burk Booth.
Grantham, William H. Howard.
Langdon, Charles Winch.
Lempster, Hiram Parker.
Newport, Jesse M. Barton,
John W. Johnson,
Ernest A. Robinson.
Plainfield, Charles A. Tracy.
Springfield, Carl B. Philbrick.
Sunapee, Murvin A. Bailey.
Unity, Charles A. Newton.
Washington, Melvin E. Hixson.

GRAFTON COUNTY.

Alexandria, Ned A. Mathews.
Ashland, Ellis G. Gammons.
Bath, John H. DeGross.
Benton, Lebina H. Parker.
Bethlehem, Fred D. Lewis.
Bridgewater, No choice.
Bristol, Henry C. Whipple.
Campton, Darius Moulton.
Canaan, Charles O. Barney.
Dorchester, Henry M. Merrill.
Easton, Charles A. Young.
Ellsworth, Vernie H. Avery.
Enfield, Thomas J. Carlton,
Eugene A. Wells.
Franconia, Henry Spooner.
Grafton, George S. Barney.
Groton, Charlie D. Jewell.
Hanover, Edward P. Storrs,
Frank A. Updike.
Haverhill, Edward M. Clark,
William E. Lawrence,
William F. Whitcher.
Hebron, Albert E. Moore.
Holderness, Robert P. Curry.
Landaff, Raymond B. Stevens.
Lebanon, William S. Carter,
William H. Hatton,
Reuben C. True,
Thomas P. Waterman.
Lincoln, George E. Henry.
Lisbon, George Conrad Brummer,
Eri C. Oakes.
Littleton, James H. Bailey,
Richard T. Eastman,
George A. Veazie.
Livermore, No election.
Lyman, Arthur N. Shute.
Lyme, David A. Grant.
Monroe, Daniel R. Gilchrist.
Orange, Charles H. Ford.
Orford, Robert O. Carr.
Piermont, Samuel H. Ames.

Plymouth, Davis B. Keniston,
Frederick P. Weeks.
Rumney, Henry W. Herbert.
Thornton, Frank L. Hazeltine.
Warren, Frank C. Clement.
Waterville, Clarence H. Green.
Wentworth, Calvin T. Shute.
Woodstock, George H. Green.

Coös County.

Berlin, Ward 1, Henry A. Smith,
Patrick J. Smyth,
John T. Stewart.
Ward 2, Herbert I. Goss,
John B. Noyes,
Edmund Sullivan.
Ward 3, Johannes J. Haarvei,
Robert B. Wolf.
Carroll, Edward N. Sheehe.
Clarksville, Willis A. Harriman.
Colebrook, Jason H. Dudley,
Thomas F. Johnson.
Columbia, Frank P. Lang.
Dalton, Henry F. Whitcomb.
Dummer, Adam W. Wight.
Errol, Arthur E. Bennett.
Gorham, Alfred R. Evans.
Jefferson, Don C. Clough.
Lancaster, Fred C. Cleaveland,
Irving W. Drew,
George F. Morris.
Milan, Frank M. Hancock.
Northumberland, Henry H. Hayes,
Judson A. Potter.
Pittsburg, George W. Baldwin.
Randolph, Arthur L. Watson.
Shelburne, James Simpson.
Stark, William T. Pike.
Stewartstown, Perley Knapp.
Stratford, John C. Pattee.
Whitefield, Mitchell H. Bowker.
Benjamin C. Garland.

Upon a call of the roll, moved by Mr. Corning of Concord, 382 delegates responded.

Upon motion of Mr. Eastman of Exeter, Edwin F. Jones of Manchester was elected President of the convention by acclamation and was escorted to the chair by Messrs. Wason of Nashua and Demerritt of Durham. Upon assuming the honorable and responsible position to which he had been chosen Mr. Jones, being happily introduced by Judge Mitchell, briefly but appropriately expressed his thanks for the honor conferred by his election, and his purpose to perform his election, with a view, primarily, to the expedition of the business before the convention, bespeaking at the same time the hearty co-operation of the delegates and care and deliberation in the performance of the work in hand.

On motion of Mr. Lyford of Concord the convention proceeded to the election of a secretary, by ballot with the following result:

Whole number of votes	383
Necessary to a choice	192
Harry F. Lake	2
Thomas H. Madigan	119
Allen Chester Clark	262

Mr. Clark, having a majority of the votes cast, was declared elected and took the oath of office.

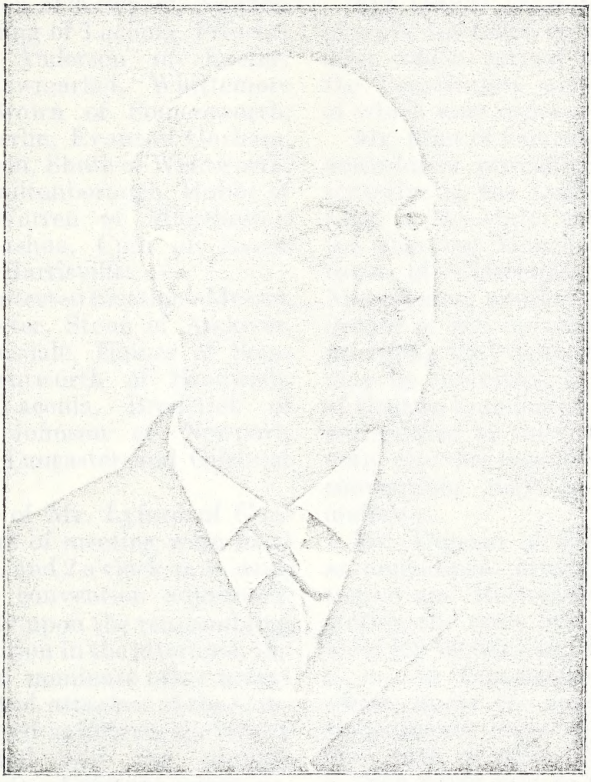
On motion of Mr. Quimby of Concord the chair was authorized to appoint a committee of twenty to nominate other necessary officers of the convention.

A motion by Mr. Hobbs of Wolfeboro, that the Secretary of State be instructed to procure daily, for the Convention, 425 copies, each, of the Concord *Daily Monitor* and *Patriot* and *Manchester Union*, was laid on the table, on motion of Mr. Clark of Haverhill.

On motion of Mr. Wason of Nashua the chair was authorized to report a committee of ten to report rules and regulations for the direction of the Convention.

On motion of Mr. Madden of Keene the petition of P. E. Griffin of Walpole was taken from the table and referred to a special committee to be appointed by the chair.

The drawing of seats was made a special order for 2:05 in the afternoon, Messrs. Drake of Laconia and Van Vliet of Manchester, having lost their eyesight, being accorded the privilege



EDWARD H. WASON
Chairman Committee on Rules

of selecting their seats in advance on motion of Mr. Young of Laconia.

The president named the following committees:

On Rules—Messrs. Wason of Nashua, Fowler of Pembroke, Scammon of Exeter, Hurd of Dover, Madden of Keene, Dudley of Colebrook, Bailey of Littleton, Bean of Belmont, Gibson of Conway and Hurd of Claremont.

Nomination of Officers—Messrs. Quimby of Concord, Clough of Canterbury, Barton of Newport, Newton of Unity, Young of Laconia, Prescott of Laconia, Anderson of Exeter, Morse of Newmarket, Whittemore of Dover, Brown of Somersworth, Sullivan of Berlin, Evans of Gorham, Oakes of Lisbon, Shute of Wentworth, French of Moultonborough, Hobbs of Wolfeboro, Warren of Manchester, Tolles of Nashua, Cain of Keene and Winn of Harrisville.

Walpole Contested Election—Messrs. Fuller of Exeter, Stone of Andover, Howe of Hinsdale, Haines of Somersworth, Wentworth of Sandwich, Veazey of Laconia, Broderick of Manchester, Johnson of Newport, Cleveland of Lancaster and Gilchrist of Monroe.

On motion of Mr. Lyford of Concord the hours of meeting were fixed for 10:30 a. m. and 2 o'clock, p. m., and, at 12:50 the convention adjourned.

Immediately upon the reassembling of the Convention in the afternoon the Committee to nominate other necessary officers and attaches of the Convention reported as follows, the report being accepted and the persons named elected:—Assistant secretary, Bernard W. Carey of Newport; sergeant-at-arms, Albert P. Davis, Concord; chaplain, Rev. Charles C. Garland, Concord; doorkeepers, John E. Bartlett, Sandown, Oscar D. Beverstock, Keene, Charles A. Holden, Rumney, George Goodhue, Concord; warden of coat room, Eugene D. Sanborn, Fremont, assistant, A. P. Horne, Laconia; official stenographer, Miss Lizzie H. Sanborn, Laconia; assistant, Ray E. Burkett, Concord.

Mr. Wason of Nashua, for the Committee on Rules, reported, substantially, the rules governing the last constitutional convention, which were accepted and adopted, the same being read by the assistant secretary. The rules were ordered printed.

On motion of Mr. Whitcher of Haverhill the Secretary of State was requested to furnish the Convention with 425 copies of Colby's Convention Manual of 1902.

The special order for the drawing of seats was taken up and disposed of, after which several amendments to the Constitution were presented, all of which were ordered printed.

Mr. Flint of Concord introduced an amendment providing for one representative in the Legislature for every town in the state, three each for all the cities but Manchester and for the town of Claremont, and five for Manchester; another providing for a Senate of fifty members, and a third providing that amendments hereafter may be submitted by majority vote of the two branches of the Legislature, and ratified by the people by majority vote, also that amendments submitted conventions may be ratified by a majority.

Mr. Duncan of Jaffrey introduced an amendment providing for the Initiative and Referendum, and on his motion the same was made a special order for Wednesday, June 12, at 10.35 a. m., in Committee of the Whole, where, under the rules, all proposed amendments were given consideration, such as were adopted for submission being sent to the appropriate Committee to be put in proper form for submission.

Mr. Fellows of Tilton presented an amendment authorizing the assessment of wild or forest land and money at interest at special or reduced rates, which also went to the Committee of the Whole on his motion. He also submitted another amendment, providing for a graded inheritance tax, which was similarly referred.

Mr. Wason of Nashua offered an

of selecting their seats in advance on motion of Mr. Young of Lacasta.

The president named the following committees:

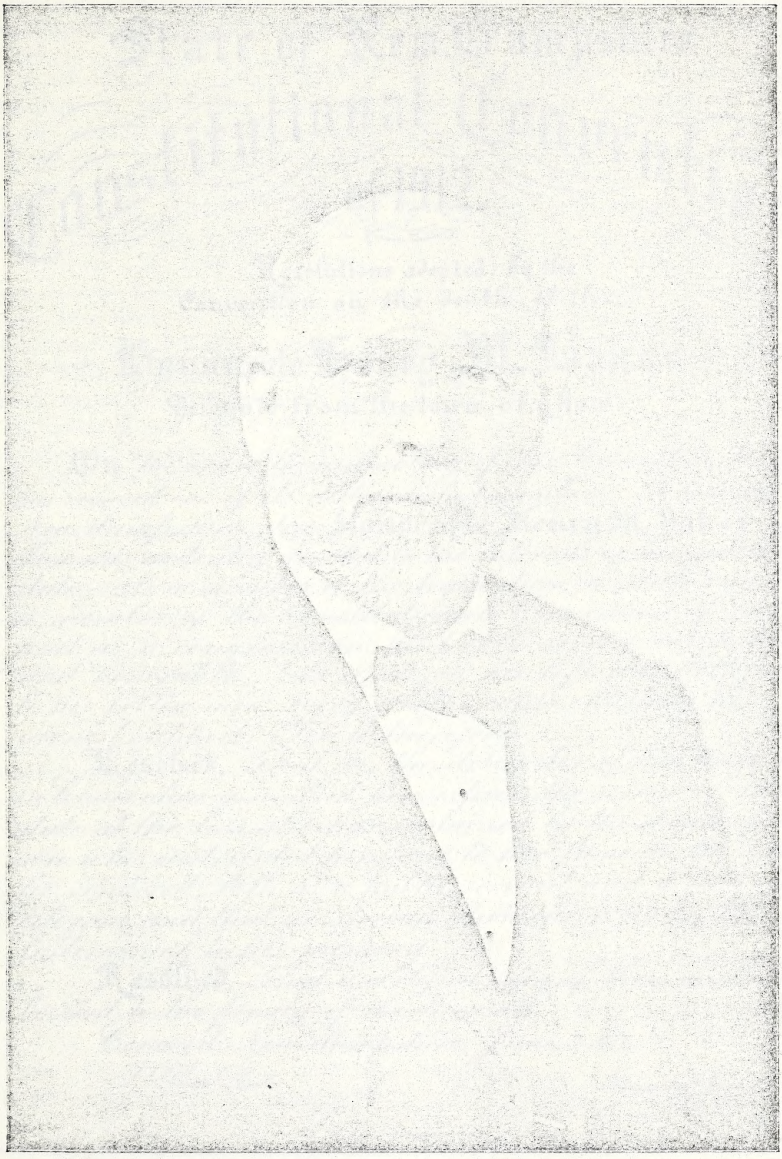
On Rules—Messrs. Wood of Sabine, Fowler of Dearborne, Seaborn of Exeter, Hurd of Dover, Madden of Keene, Dooley of Caldwell, Bailey of Littleton, Dean of Belmont, Gibson of Conway and Hurd of Claremont.

Nominations of Officers—Messrs. Quimby of Concord, Clough of Canterbury, Barton of Sanbornton, Norton of Unity, Young of Lacasta, Prescott of Lacasta, Anderson of Exeter, Morse of Newmarket, Whittemore of Dover, Brown of Somersworth, Sullivan of Derby, Evans of Grafton, Oakes of Lisbon, Sumner of Somersworth, French of Monticonnoosuc, Hobbs of Walpole, Warren of Stratford, Tolles of Nashua, Cain of Keene and Winn of Harrisville.

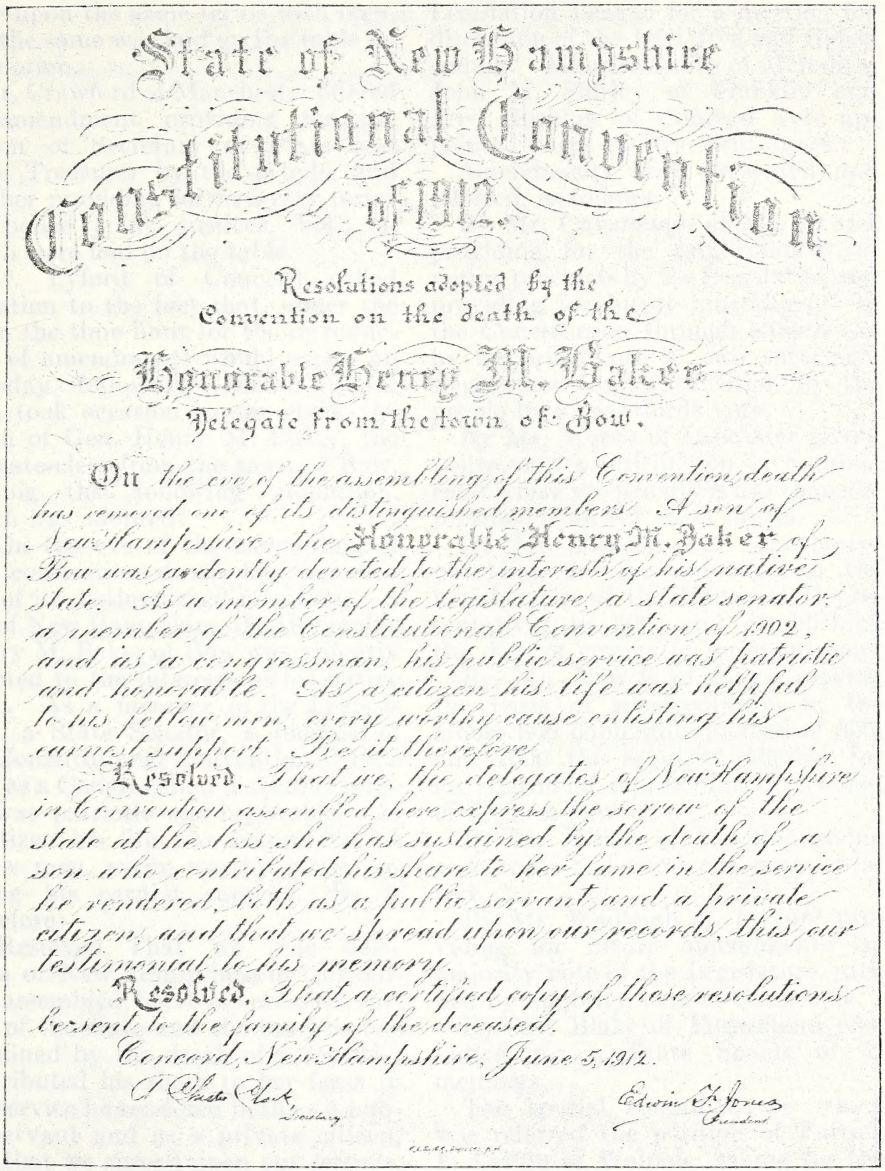
Walpole Contested Election—Messrs. Fuller of Exeter, Stone of Andover, Howe of Hinsdale, Haines of Bonnesworth, Wentworth of Sandwich, Verney of Laconia, Hendrick of Manchester, Johnson of Newport, Cleveland of Lempster and Gilbert of Marlow.

On motion of Mr. Lyford of Concord the hours of meeting were fixed for 10:30 a. m. and 2:30 p. m. and at 12:30 the convention adjourned.

Immediately upon the convening of the Convention in the afternoon the Committee to nominate state officers and officers of the Convention reported, being accepted and the persons named elected:—Assistant secretary, Herman W. Carey of Newport; messengers, Albert P. Davis, Concord; chaplain, Rev. Charles C. Cleveland, Concord; doorkeepers, John E. Barker, Pembroke, Chas. D. Hoyt, Keene, Kenne, Charles A. Hadley, Rumney, George Gooding, Concord; warden of east room, Eugene D. Sanborn, Fremont, assistant, A. P. Horne, Laconia; official stenographer, Miss Lizzie B. Sanborn, Laconia; assistant, Ray E. Burton, Concord.



GEN. HENRY M. BAKER
Delegate-Elect from Bow. Died May 30, 1912



State of New Hampshire

Constitutional Convention of 1912.

Resolutions adopted by the Convention on the death of the

Honorable Henry M. Baker

Delegate from the town of Bow.

On the eve of the assembling of this Convention death has removed one of its distinguished members. A son of New Hampshire, the Honorable Henry M. Baker of Bow was ardently devoted to the interests of his native state. As a member of the legislature, a state senator, a member of the Constitutional Convention of 1902, and as a congressman, his public service was patriotic and honorable. As a citizen his life was helpful to his fellow men, every worthy cause enlisting his earnest support. Be it therefore

Resolved, That we, the delegates of New Hampshire in convention assembled, here express the sorrow of the state at the loss she has sustained by the death of a son who contributed his share to her fame in the service he rendered, both as a public servant and a private citizen, and that we spread upon our records this our testimonial to his memory.

Resolved, That a certified copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of the deceased.

Concord, New Hampshire, June 5, 1912.

Secretary

President

RESOLUTION IN MEMORY OF GEN. HENRY M. BAKER
Reduced Fac Simile. Engrossed by E. L. Glick

amendment striking the word "male" from Article 27, Part 2, of the Constitution, thereby conferring upon the women of the state the right of suffrage upon the same terms with men, and the same was laid on the table on his motion.

Mr. Crawford of Manchester offered an amendment providing for the election of Secretary of State and State Treasurer by the people, and another providing for five-year terms for police court justices, both of which were laid on the table.

Mr. Lyford of Concord called attention to the fact that, under the rules, the time limit for the introduction of amendments would expire on Tuesday following,—June 11,—and then took occasion to announce the death of Gen. Henry M. Baker, the delegate-elect from the town of Bow, offering the following resolution, which was adopted:

"On the eve of the assembling of this convention death has removed one of its distinguished members. A son of New Hampshire, the Honorable Henry M. Baker of Bow was ardently devoted to the interests of his native state. As a member of the Legislature, a State Senator, a member of the Constitutional Convention of 1902 and as a Congressman his public service was patriotic and honorable. As a citizen his life was helpful to his fellow men, every worthy cause enlisting his earnest support. Be it therefore:

"Resolved, That we, the delegates of New Hampshire in Convention assembled, hereby express the sorrow of the state and the loss she has sustained by the death of a son who contributed his share to her fame in the service he rendered both as a public servant and as a private citizen, and that we spread upon our records, this, our testimonial to his memory."

On motion of Mr. Young of Manchester the Convention adjourned at 4.45 out of respect to the memory of General Baker.

On the coming in of the Convention on Thursday, June 6, prayer was offered by the chaplain. The use of the hall was granted for Tuesday evening, June 11, to the New Hampshire Direct Legislation League for a meeting for discussion of the Initiative and Referendum. Maurice Smith of Meredith, John M. Shirley of Franklin and Fred Rushlow of Concord were appointed pages by President Jones.

Amendments were presented and referred, as follows:

By Mr. Cavanaugh of Manchester providing for the establishment of voting precincts by the Legislature and providing for future amendments of the Constitution through submission by majority vote of two successive Legislatures and ratification by the people by a two-thirds vote.

By Mr. Morris of Lancaster giving police courts jurisdiction in criminal cases where the penalty is less than imprisonment in the state prison.

By Mr. Pillsbury of Manchester providing for the reduction of the membership of the House of Representatives to 300, and establishing the district system of representation.

By Mr. Newell of Surry making the basis of representation in the House 800 population instead of 600, and 2000 the requisite number for an additional representative, instead of 1200, as now.

By Mr. Winch of Langdon giving each town and ward one representative.

By Mr. Wadleigh of Milford providing for future amendments by majority vote of the Legislature, ratified by majority vote of the people.

By Mr. Blake of Fitzwilliam providing for a State Senate of 31 members.

The special committee to which was referred the petition of Patrick E. Griffin of Walpole, asking for the seat in the Convention held by Daniel W. Connors, reported, giving the petitioner leave to withdraw, and the same was adopted.

On motion of Mr. Lyford of Concord the convention went into com-

mittee of the whole for consideration of the taxation amendment proposed by Mr. Fellows of Tilton, Mr. Wason of Nashua being called to the chair. The discussion was quite extended, being participated in by Mr. Fellows, who explained the amendment, Mr. Davis of New Ipswich, Mr. Allen Hollis of Concord, Mr. Wadleigh of Milford, Mr. Duncan of Jaffrey, Mr. Goss of Berlin, Mr. Lyford of Concord, Mr. Whitcher of Haverhill, Mr. Stevens of Landaff, Mr. Carter of Lebanon and others. Finally, on motion of Mr. Crawford of Manchester the committee rose and reported progress.

Mr. Madden of Keene introduced an amendment limiting the membership of the House to 350 members, each town and ward to elect one member, and the remaining members to be appointed by the Governor and Council.

On motion of Mr. Cavanaugh of Manchester the Convention again went into committee of the whole to consider his amendment in regard to voting precincts, Mr. Eastman of Exeter being called to the chair. Mr. Cavanaugh explained the grounds upon which the amendment was offered, and after brief discussion in which the amendment was favored by several delegates the committee voted to report favorably. Upon rising such report was made, and the amendment was referred by the Convention to the committee on time and mode of submitting amendments, after which adjournment was taken till afternoon.

At the afternoon session amendments were presented and referred, as follows:

By Mr. Hurd of Claremont changing the division of the state into senatorial districts upon the basis of population instead of taxation.

By Mr. Updike of Hanover providing for the appointment of county solicitors and sheriffs by the Superior Court; of registers of deeds and of probate by the Governor and Council; the election of county commissioners for six-year terms and the appointment of county treasurers by the commissioners—this being the much-talked-of "short-ballot" proposition.

By Mr. Whittemore of Dover for the appointment of county solicitors by the judges of the Superior Court.

The Convention went into Committee of the Whole, with Mr. Hall of Dover in the chair, to consider the amendment of Mr. Fellows of Tilton providing for a graded inheritance tax, Mr. Fellows, Mr. Eastman of Exeter, Mr. Lyford, Mr. Crawford and Mr. Jones of Manchester, Mr. Davis of New Ipswich and Mr. Barton of Newport participating in the discussion. Upon rising the Committee reported the amendment favorably, on motion of Mr. Barton of Newport, and the Convention referred it for submission, to the Committee on Time and Mode.

Mr. Patteé of Manchester introduced an amendment making 2400 population the basis for additional representation in the House.

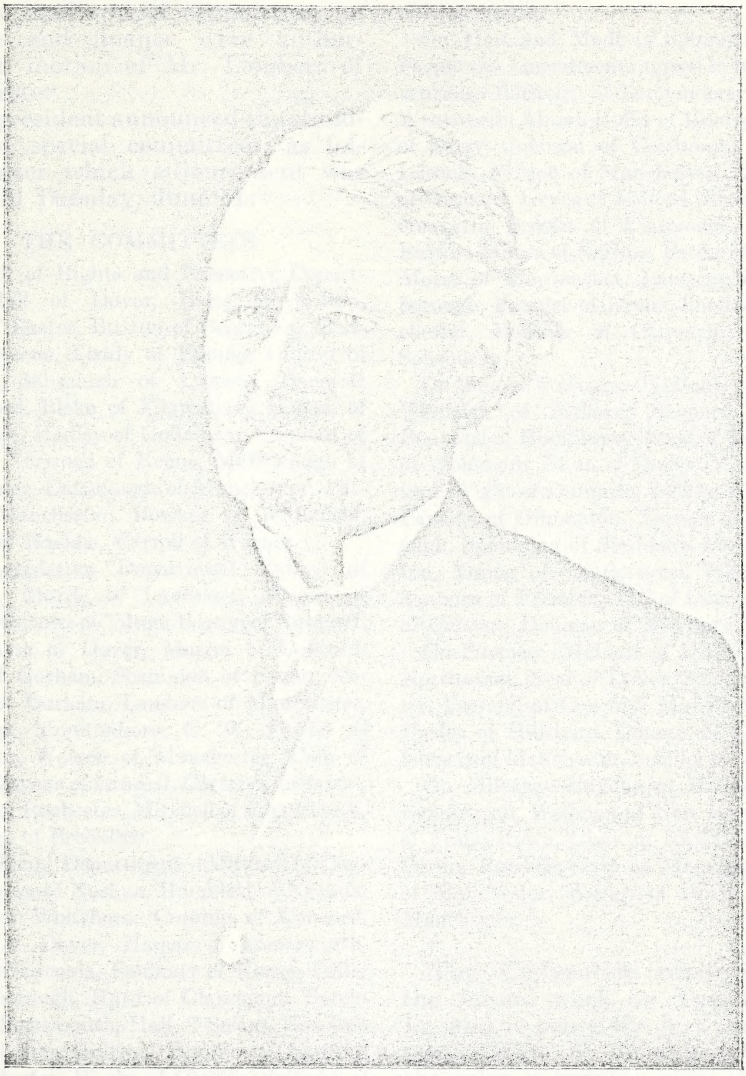
The Convention then resumed work in Committee of the Whole, with Judge Mitchell of Concord in the chair, to consider amendments relating to the State Senate. Messrs. Jones of Manchester, Hurd and Quimby of Claremont, Morse of Newmarket, Barney of Canaan and Lamprey of Tuftonboro participated in the discussion, and the Committee rose, on motion of Mr. Wadleigh of Milford, reporting progress.

Mr. Barton of Newport moved to take from the table the amendment relating to woman suffrage, but the motion was lost, and the Convention adjourned.

Upon the opening of the session Friday morning there was a very light attendance, as has been customary in the Legislature on Fridays.

Mr. Bean of Franklin offered an amendment to the Bill of Rights removing the limitation of time for which pensions may be granted.

Mr. French of Nashua presented



JUDGE JOHN M. MITCHELL
Chairman Committee on Judicial Department

one striking out the words "Protestant" and "Evangelical" from the Bill of Rights.

On motion of Mr. Wason of Nashua the president was authorized to appoint a special committee on Woman Suffrage, and special committees on mileage and finance were authorized, on motion of Mr. Lambert of Manchester.

The president announced the standing and special committees, as follows, after which adjournment was taken till Tuesday, June 11:

THE COMMITTEES

On Bill of Rights and Executive Department—Hall of Dover, Bales of Wilton, Fuller of Exeter, Buxton of Boscawen, Madden of Keene, Leddy of Epping, Gibson of Conway, Saltmarsh of Laconia, Bancroft of Concord, Blake of Fitzwilliam, Upham of Claremont, Hadley of Goffstown, Clement of Warren, Norwood of Keene, McDonough of Manchester, Cavanaugh of Manchester, Pattee of Manchester, Bowker of Whitefield, Greeley of Nashua, Carroll of Warner.

On Legislative Department—Lyford of Concord, Morris of Lancaster, Wason of Nashua, Fellows of Tilton, Barton of Newport, Whittemore of Dover, Martin of Concord, Evans of Gorham, Scammon of Exeter, Demerritt of Durham, Lambert of Manchester, French of Moultonboro, G. W. Fowler of Pembroke, Warren of Manchester, Cain of Keene, Stevens of Landaff, Carter of Lebanon, Wallace of Rochester, Mitchell of Portsmouth, Fessenden of Brookline.

On Judicial Department—Mitchell of Concord, Parker of Nashua, Hamblett of Nashua, Abbott of Wolfeboro, Corning of Concord, Folsom of Dover, Haines of Somerworth, Veasey of Laconia, Faulkner of Keene, Fuller of Marlborough, Hurd of Claremont, Batchelder of Portsmouth, Hall of Salem, Haselton of Manchester, Smith of Peterboro, Crawford of Manchester, Weeks of Ossipee, Sullivan of Berlin, Oakes of Lisbon, Cleveland of Lancaster.

On Future Mode of Amending the Constitution and other proposed amendments—Eastman of Exeter, Guptill of Portsmouth, Bean of Belmont, Stone of Andover, Hurd of Dover, Rowe of Kensington, Clifford of Franklin, Young of Manchester, Dudley of Colebrook, Goss of Berlin, Foss of Dover, Craig of Marlow, Prescott of Laconia, Wentworth of Sandwich, Runnells of Nashua, Newton of Unity, Bailey of Littleton, Tripp of Epsom, Entwistle of Portsmouth, Woodbury of Manchester.

On Time and Mode of Submitting to the People the Amendments agreed to by the Convention—Pillsbury of Londonderry, Shute of Wentworth, Abijah Hollis of Concord, Newell of Surry, Johnson of Colebrook, Young of Laconia, Wilson of Manchester, Allen Hollis of Concord, Keyes of Milford, Brown of Somersworth, Brooks of Claremont, Young of Easton, Moran of Nashua, Pattee of Stratford, Morse of Mewmarket, Lamprey of Tuftonborough, Pressler of Keene, Shontell of Manchester, Rossiter of Claremont, Shaw of Salisbury.

On Woman Suffrage—Whitcher of Haverhill Wadleigh of Milford, Shepard of Derry, Boutwell of Hopkinton, Stone of Troy, Hobbs of Wolfeboro, Main of Dover, Morrill of Gilford, Wight of Dummer, Wilkins of Henniker, Parsons of Gilmanton, Tarbell of Lyndeborough, Spaulding of Stoddard, Parker of Benton, Young of Charlestown, Pike of Stark, Sanborn of Fremont, Hill of Concord, Barney of Canaan, Donigan of Newbury.

On Finance—McLane of Milford, Towle of Northwood, Neal of Dover, Shaw of Chichester, Farrand of Concord, Morrill of Concord, Haslet of Hillsboro, Connor of Manchester, Demers of Manchester, Schiller of Manchester.

On Mileage—Hayden of Hollis, Pierce of Bennington, Wellman of New London, Patch of Francestown, Clark of Haverhill, Wolfe of Berlin, Roedelsperger of Manchester, Byron of Manchester, Wesley of Dover, Chatel of Manchester.

The Convention reassembled for the second week on Tuesday, June 11, and it being the last day for the presentation of amendments, under the rules, a number were offered, including the following:

By Mr. Quimby of Claremont providing for a State Senate of 40 members, the basis being population.

By Mr. Newell of Surry providing for the union of smaller towns for choice of representatives.

By Mr. Goss of Berlin for a House of 200 members, chosen by districts, and a Senate of 50, based on population—salaries to be $500 each.

By Mr. Fowler of Pembroke, for election of officers by plurality vote.

By Mr. Smith of Berlin for recall of elective officers.

By Mr. Allen Hollis of Concord, allowing county officers to be chosen as the Legislature may direct, and one allowing the Governor to veto single items in appropriation bills.

By Mr. Young of Manchester authorizing the Legislature to enact betterment laws.

By Mr. Stevens of Landaff modifying the articles relating to taxation.

By Mr. Hurd of Claremont providing for plurality elections; also another making 800 population the representative basis, and 1600 for each additional member.

By Mr. Buxton of Boscawen for election by plurality instead of majority vote.

By Mr. Fellows of Tilton authorizing an income tax.

By Mr. Clement of Warren permitting the Legislature to fix corporation salaries and dividends.

By Mr. Boynton of Portsmouth, relating to the taxation of incomes and intangibles; also one providing for continuous boards of county commissioners and authorizing the same to appoint county treasurers.

On motion of Mr. Wason of Nashua the woman suffrage amendment was taken from the table and referred to the special committee.

On motion of Mr. Lyford of Concord the Convention went into Committee of the Whole to consider the matter of representation, Mr. Scammon of Exeter being called to the chair.

Mr. Newell of Surry opened the debate, in favor of the town system. Messrs. Batchelder of Portsmouth, Crawford of Manchester, Lamprey of Tuftonboro and Morse of Newmarket participated in the discussion. The latter opposed any reduction of the House or increase of the Senate, and moved that all amendments looking in such direction be reported unfavorably. Mr. Rowe of Kensington seconded the motion, which was lost.

The Committee then rose, reporting progress.

Mr. Guptill of Portsmouth offered a resolution upon the death of Frederick Pickering, delegate-elect from Newington, which was adopted by the Convention and adjournment taken out of respect to the memory of the deceased.

On reassembling in the afternoon, the Convention resumed work in Committee of the Whole, Mr. Whittemore of Dover in the chair, Mr. Duncan's amendment providing for the initiative and referendum being taken up. Mr. Duncan spoke at length in support of the same, but finally withdrew the portion relating to constitutional amendment by this process.

A lengthy and spirited debate followed. Messrs. Oakes of Lisbon and Barton of Newport opposed the amendment, and Davis of New Ipswich, Stevens of Landaff and Drake of Pittsfield supported it. After considerable parliamentary wrangling, it was voted, 170 to 160, to report the amendment unfavorably. The Committee rose and so reported to the Convention.

Upon a motion to adopt the report Mr. Duncan called for the yeas and nays, which resulted: yeas, 177; nays, 157; and the report was adopted and the amendment rejected.

The morning session extended till after four o'clock p. m., and upon its adjournment, the Convention was called in order for the afternoon and immediately adjourned till Thursday morning.

Nearly the entire day, Thursday, the 13th, was devoted to discussion in Committee of the Whole, of the taxation question, Mr. Oakes of Lisbon in the chair, the taxation of growing timber or forest land, intangibles or money at interest, and incomes being the essential matters involved. Judge

Mitchell of Concord opened the discussion in a speech evincing comprehensive study of the subject in all its bearings, and urging the necessity, especially, of changes which shall allow discrimination in these lines of taxation, and was followed by Mr. Lyford of Concord, who has also given much thought to this question, along the same line. Messrs. Boynton of Portsmouth, Fuller of Exeter, Stevens of Landaff, Jones of Manchester, Meader of Rochester, Duncan of Jaffrey, Sullivan of Berlin, Smith of Peterboro, Busiel of Laconia, Whitcomb of Swanzey, Dean of Danbury, Hobbs of Wolfeboro, Burnham of Dunbarton, Rowe of Kensington, Allen Hollis of Concord and Whitcher of Haverhill and others were heard in the discussion. The matter remained undisposed of when the Committee rose at 4.50 p. m., reported progress, and asked leave to sit again at 11.05 the next Tuesday morning.

The Friday morning session, June 14, was not largely attended, but, in Committee of the Whole, with Mr. Cavanaugh of Manchester in the chair, it was decided to report favorably on the amendment offered by Mr. French of Nashua, removing the words "Protestant" and "Evangelical" from the Bill of Rights. The Committee so reported and the Convention adopted the report sending the amendment to the appropriate Committee for perfection; after which the Convention adjourned till Tuesday, June 18.

At the morning session on Tuesday the 18th, the Committee on Judicial Department reported unfavorably the proposed amendment limiting the terms of police court justices, and the report was adopted.

Mr. Dean of Danbury offered a resolution, which was adopted, limiting debate to ten-minute speeches.

The Convention went into Committee of the Whole to continue consideration of the taxation question, with Mr. Clifford of Franklin in the chair, and Mr. Lyford of Concord, Fellows of Tilton, Broderick of Manchester, Stevens of Landaff, Hadley of Goffstown, Clement of Warren, Barton of Newport, Smith of Peterboro and Wolf of Berlin participated in the discussion, which was animated and earnest. At about 1 o'clock an hour's recess was taken, with the understanding that a vote be taken at 2.45.

At 2 o'clock the Committee continued the discussion, Messrs. Eastman of Exeter, Stone of Andover, Hobbs of Wolfeboro, Hollis of Concord, Pillsbury of Londonderry, Wentworth of Sandwich and Whittemore of Dover being heard. The amendment proposed by Mr. Stevens, practically leaving the Legislature free to deal with the entire matter of taxation at its discretion, was defeated, on division, 95 to 231, and the proposition of Mr. Jones, authorizing special rates on growing wood and timber, money at interest and income from intangibles was adopted, 223 to 33.

On motion of Mr. Jones of Manchester the Committee rose and reported to the Convention the various proposed amendments, relating to taxation with the recommendation that all be referred to the Committee on Legislative Department with instructions to report an amendment permitting the Legislature to classify for taxation growing wood and timber, and intangibles, and to provide for a tax on the income from intangibles. In Convention the report was accepted and the recommendation adopted.

At the afternoon session the Convention went into Committee of the Whole to consider the question of representation, Mr. Allen Hollis of Concord in the chair. The discussion was opened by Mr. Pillsbury of Londonderry who favored the district system and a House of 300 members. Mr. Madden of Keene advocated the town system.

After a long running debate, participated in by fifteen or twenty delegates and the defeat of various motions, a motion by Mr. Madden, providing

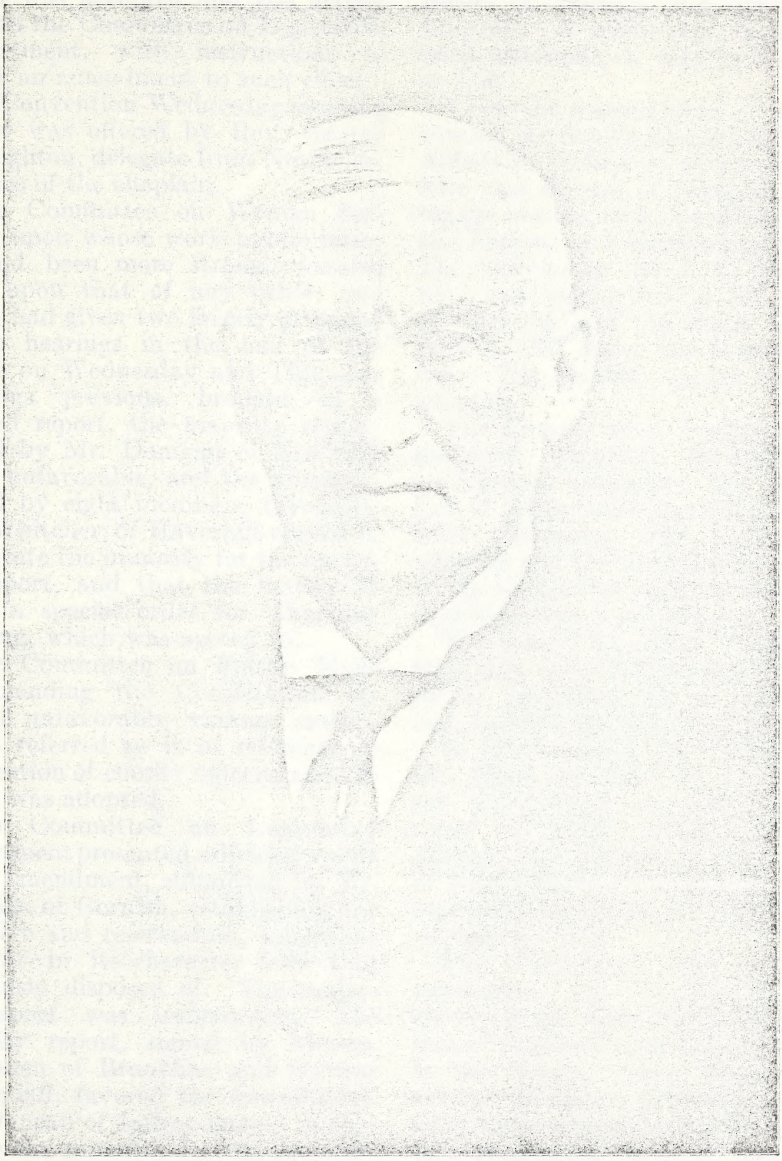
Mitchell of Cromarty opened the discussion in a speech exhibiting considerable acuity of the subject in all its bearings, and urging the necessity, especially, of changes which shall allow discrimination in those lines of taxation, and was followed by Mr. Lyford of Concord, who has also given much thought to the question along the same line. Messrs. Hopkinton of Portsmouth, Fuller of Exeter, Stevens of Lansdall, Jones of Shoebester, Neadley of Brotherton, Duncan of Jaffrey, Sullivan of Derby, Smith of Peterboro, Hazel of Laconia, Whitcomb of Swanzey, Dean of Danbury, Hollis of Wollebon, Burnham of Dearborn, Dove of Kensington, Allen Hollis of Concord and Wiggins of Haverhill and others took part in the discussion. The matter remained undisposed of when the Convention rose at 4.30 p. m., reported progress, and asked leave to sit again at 11.00 the next Tuesday morning.

The Friday morning session, June 14, was not largely attended, but in Committee of the Whole, with Mr. Cavanaugh of Manchester in the chair, it was decided to report favorably on the amendment offered by Mr. French of Nashua, removing the words "Protestant" and "Evangelical" from the Bill of Rights. The Committee to report and the Convention adopted the report making the amendment to the existing Constitution for perfection; after which the Convention adjourned till Tuesday, June 18.

At the morning session on Tuesday, the 18th, the Committee on Judicial Department reported unfavorably the proposed amendment limiting the terms of policy-court justices, and the report was adopted.

Mr. Dean of Danbury offered a resolution, which was adopted, limiting debate to ten minute speeches.

The Convention went into Committee of the Whole to consider the question of the taxation question, with Mr. Clifford of Franklin in the chair, and Mr. Lyford of Concord, Hollows



HON. EDWIN G. EASTMAN
Chairman Committee on Future Mode of Amending the Constitution

for a House of 350 members, on the town system basis, was adopted, and the Committee rose, reporting the same to the Convention, which report was accepted and the matter sent to the Committee on Legislative Department, with instructions to report an amendment to such effect.

In Convention Wednesday morning prayer was offered by Rev. George E. Leighton, delegate from Newfields, in place of the chaplain.

The Committee on Woman Suffrage, upon whose work public interest had been more strongly focused than upon that of any other, and which had given two largely attended public hearings in the hall of the House on Wednesday and Thursday evenings previous, brought in a divided report, the majority report, signed by Mr. Donigan of Newbury being unfavorable, and the minority, signed by eight members, favorable. Mr. Whitcher of Haverhill moved to substitute the minority for the majority report, and that the matter be made a special order for Thursday morning, which was agreed to.

The Committee on Future Mode of Amending the Constitution reported unfavorably various amendments referred to it in reference to the election of county officers, and the report was adopted.

The Committee on Legislative Department presented a divided report on an amendment, submitted by Mr. Comings of Cornish, establishing the initiative and referendum, somewhat different in its character from that previously disposed of. The majority report was unfavorable. The minority report, signed by Messrs. Fessenden of Brookline and Stevens of Landaff, favored the amendment. Mr. Duncan of Jaffrey moved to substitute the minority for the majority report, which motion was earnestly supported by himself and Messrs. Wolf of Berlin, Wellman of New London, Dean of Danbury, Allen Hollis of Concord, Hobbs of Wolfeboro, Drake of Pittsfield, Clement of Warren and Davis of New Ipswich, and opposed by Messrs. Lyford of Concord, Rowe of Kensington, Mower of Jaffrey, Whitcher of Haverhill, Busiel of Laconia and Mitchell of Concord. A recess was then taken until afternoon, a vote to be taken at 2.30.

Upon the reassembling of the Convention the debate proceeded, Messrs. Abbott of Wolfeboro, Smith of Peterboro and Barton of Newport opposing the motion, and Duncan of Jaffrey and Stevens of Landaff supporting it. The vote being taken the yeas and nays were demanded by Mr. Lyford of Concord, and the result was 133 yeas to 227 nays, the motion being lost. The majority report was then adopted.

The Committee on Legislative Department reported favorably the amendment extending the jurisdiction of police court justices, and, after brief discussion, the report was adopted and the amendment referred to the Committee on Time and Mode of Submitting Amendments.

The same Committee reported unfavorably upon the proposed amendments providing for a betterment law, and the report was adopted.

In Committee of the Whole, with Mr. Hurd of Claremont in the chair, the amendment providing for the recall of elective officers was considered. On motion of Mr. Barton of Newport the Committee rose and reported "inexpedient," and the Convention so voted.

The Convention went again into committee, Mr. Warren of Manchester in the chair, for the consideration of proposed amendments relating to the Senate. After discussion by several delegates, generally favoring an increase of membership and change to a population basis, it was voted, on motion of Mr. Dean of Danbury, to recommend to the Convention the submission of the matter to the Committee on Legislative Department with instruction to prepare and report an amendment to such end. The

for a House of 330 members, on the town system basis, was adopted, and the Committee rose reporting the same to the Convention, which report was accepted and the matter sent to the Committee on Legislative Department, with instructions to report an amendment to such effect.

In Convention Wednesday morning, prayer was offered by Rev. George E. Leighton, delegate from Sweetbriar, in place of the chaplain.

The Committee on Women Suffrage, upon whose work public interest had been strongly focused more than upon that of any other, and which had given two largely attended public hearings in the hall of the House on Wednesday and Thursday evenings previous, brought in a divided report, the majority report, signed by Mr. Deegan of Newbury being unfavorable, and the minority, signed by eight members, favorable. Mr. Whitney of Haverhill moved to substitute the minority for the majority report, and that the matter be made a special order for Tuesday morning, which was agreed to.

The Committee on Future Mode of Amending the Constitution reported unfavorably various amendments referred to it in reference to the election of county officers, and the report was adopted.

The Committee on Legislative Department presented a divided report on an amendment, submitted by Mr. Conings of Carroll, establishing the initiative and referendum, somewhat different in its character from that previously disposed of. The majority report was unfavorable. The minority report, signed by Messrs. Fessenden of Biggelow and Stevens of Landaff, favored the amendment. Mr. Duncan of Derry moved to substitute the minority for the majority report, which motion was unanimously supported by Messrs. Hazen of Berlin, Wellman of New London, Dean of Danbury, Allen of Hollis of Concord, Hobbs of Wolfeboro, Drake of Pittsfield, Clement of Warren and Davis of New Ipswich, and opposed by Messrs. Leyland of Concord, Howe of Kensington, Moore of Jaffrey, Whitcher of Haverhill, Daniel of Lebanon and Mitchell of Concord. A recess was then taken until afternoon, a vote to be taken at 2.30.

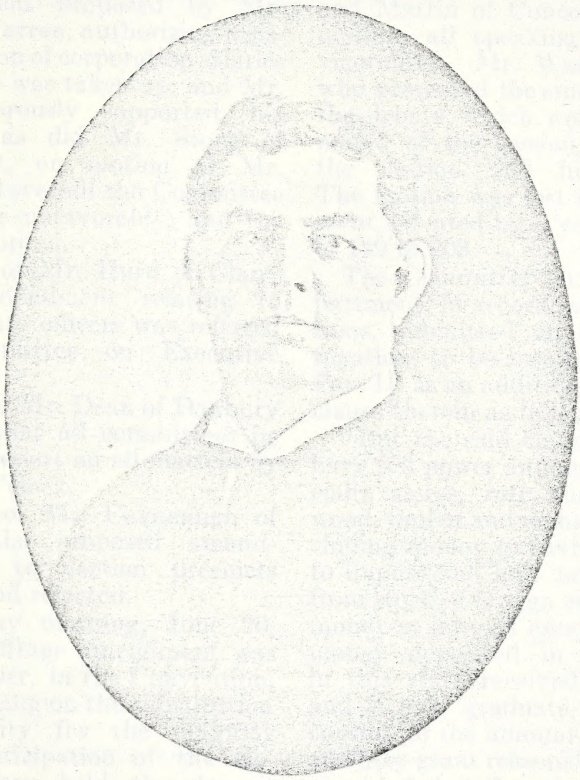
Upon the reassembling of the Convention the debate proceeded, Messrs. Abbott of Wellsboro, Smith of Dover and Barron of Newport opposing the motion, and Dinsmore of Derry and Stevens of Landaff supporting it. The vote being taken the yeas and nays were demanded by Mr. Leyland of Concord, and the result was 143 yeas to 227 nays, the motion being lost. The majority report was then adopted.

The Committee on Legislative Department reported favorably the amendment extending the jurisdiction of police courts [illegible], and after brief discussion, the report was adopted and the amendment referred to the Committee on Time and Place of Submitting Amendments.

The same Committee reported unfavorably upon the proposed amendments providing for a Bettterment Act, and the report was adopted.

In Committee of the Whole, with Mr. Hurd of Claremont in the chair, the amendment providing for the recall of elective officers was considered. On motion of Mr. Horton of Newport the Committee rose and reported "Inexpedient," and the Convention so voted.

The Convention went again into committee, Mr. Warren of Manchester in the chair, for the consideration of proposed amendments relating to the Senate. After discussion by several delegates, generally favoring an increase of membership and change to a population basis, it was voted, on motion of Mr. Dean of Danbury, to recommend to the Convention the submission of the matter to the Committee on Legislative Department with instructions to prepare and report an amendment to such end. The



ROSECRANS W. PILLSBURY
Chairman Committee on Time and Mode of Submitting the Amendments

Committee rose and reported, and the Convention adopted the report.

On motion of Mr. Fowler of Pembroke all amendments bearing upon plurality election were referred to the Committee on Bill of Rights and Executive Department, and on motion of Mr. Hurd of Claremont those relating to the Executive Council were similarly referred.

In Committee of the Whole, Mr. Broderick of Manchester in the chair, the amendment proposed by Mr. Clement of Warren, authorizing legislative regulation of corporation salaries and dividends was taken up, and Mr. Clement vigorously supported his amendment, as did Mr. Stone of Andover, but, on motion of Mr. Whitcher of Haverhill the Committee rose, reporting unfavorably, and the report was adopted.

On motion of Mr. Hurd of Claremont the amendment relating to election of State officers was referred to the Committee on Executive Department.

On motion of Mr. Dean of Danbury it was voted that all committees be instructed to report on all matters by Friday at 11 o'clock.

On motion of Mr. Cavanaugh of Manchester the proposed amendment relating to election precincts was recalled and rejected.

On Thursday morning, June 20, the woman suffrage amendment was the special order, in the Convention, the question being on the substitution of the minority for the majority report. In anticipation of the debate the gallery held the largest attendance of the session.

Previous to taking up the special order a report from the Committee on Bill of Rights, presenting favorably, in a new draft, the amendment of Mr. Updike of Hanover, providing for the restoration of forfeited suffrage rights, by the Supreme Court in certain cases, was accepted and adopted and the amendment referred to the Committee on Time and Mode.

The special order was taken up at 10.40, and the debate opened by Mr. Whitcher, chairman of the special Committee, in support of his motion to substitute the minority report in favor of suffrage. He was followed by Mr. Donigan of Newbury in opposition. Messrs. Bean of Belmont, Lyford of Concord, Young of Charlestown and Stevens of Landaff supported, and Messrs. Mitchell and Hill of Concord, Barney of Canaan and Martin of Concord opposed the motion, all speaking earnestly and vigorously. Mr. Wason of Nashua, who presented the amendment, closed the debate, which was the most animated of the session, in support of the motion and his amendment. The motion was lost and the amendment defeated by a yea and nay vote of 149 to 208.

The Committee on Legislative Department, in accordance with instructions, submitted an amendment on taxation, to be inserted in Article 5, Part II, as an addition to the taxation clause therein as follows:

"But the said General Court shall have full power and authority to specially assess, rate and tax growing wood, timber and money at interest including money in savings banks, and to impose and levy taxes on incomes from stock of foreign corporations and money at interest except income from money deposited in savings banks in this state received by depositors and it may graduate such taxes according to the amount of the incomes and may grant reasonable exemptions; provided that if such taxes be levied on incomes from stock and money at interest no other taxes shall be levied thereon against the owner or holder thereof."

Mr. Lyford, chairman of the Committee, explained its action, and on his motion the matter was made a special order for the afternoon.

Upon the coming in of the Convention in the afternoon the vote making the taxation question a special order was rescinded, on Mr. Lyford's mo-

Committee rose and reported, and the Convention adopted the report.

On motion of Mr. Fowler of Tompkins all amendments pending upon plurality election were referred to the Committee on Bill of Rights and Executive Department, and on motion of Mr. Hand of Clermont those relating to the Executive Council were similarly referred.

In Committee of the Whole, Mr. Broderick of Schoharie in the chair, the amendment proposed by Mr. Clement of Wayne, authorizing legislative regulation of corporation salaries and dividends was taken up, and Mr. Clement vigorously supported his amendment, as did Mr. Stone of Andover. But, on motion of Mr. Whitbeck of Herkimer, the Committee rose, reporting unfavorably, and the report was adopted.

On motion of Mr. Hand of Clermont the amendment relating to election of State officers was referred to the Committee on Executive Department.

On motion of Mr. Dean of Hamburg it was voted that all amendments be instructed to report on all motions by Friday at 11 o'clock.

On motion of Mr. Cavanagh of Manchester the proposed amendment relating to elective process was recalled and rejected.

On Thursday morning, June 29, the woman suffrage amendment was the special order, in the Convention, the question being on the adoption of the minority for the majority report. In anticipation of the debate the gallery held the largest attendance of the session.

Previous to taking up the special order a report from the Committee on Bill of Rights, presenting favorably, in a new draft, the amendment of Mr. Dibble of Hanover, providing for the restoration of forfeited suffrage rights, by the Supreme Court in certain cases, was accepted and adopted and the amendment referred to the Committee on Time and Mode.

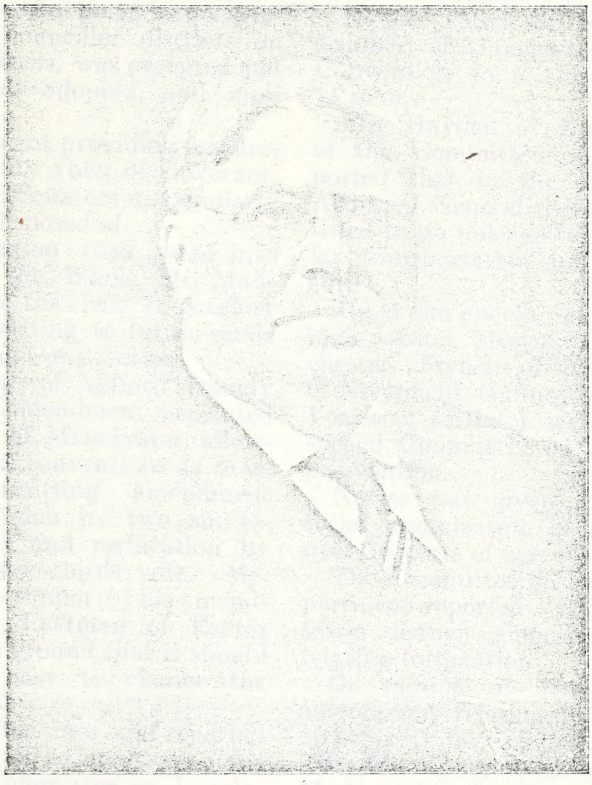
The special order was taken up at 10.10, and the debate opened by Mr. Wheeler, chairman of the special Committee, in support of his motion to substitute the minority report in favor of suffrage. He was followed by Mr. Doerga of Newburg in opposition. Messrs. Dean of Hamburg, Acting of Oneonta, Young of Clarkstown and Stevens of Landaff supported, and Messrs. Mitchell and Hill of Onondaga, Hovey of Chenango and Martin of Oneida opposed the motion, all speaking earnestly and vigorously. Mr. Wason of Seneca, who presented the amendment, closed the debate, which was the most animated of the session, in support of the motion and its amendment. The motion was lost and the report thereon defeated by a yea and nay vote of 143 to 26.

The Committee on Legislative Department, in accordance with instructions, submitted an amendment on taxation, to be inserted in Article 3, Part II, as an addition to the section clause thereto as follows:

"That the said General Court shall have full power and authority to specially assess, rate and tax property, situate without the limits of this State, and money at interest to which persons residing within this State may be entitled, including money in savings banks, and to impose and levy taxes on persons from such foreign corporations and money at interest owing thereto from money deposited in savings banks in this state received by depositors and if more productive such taxes according to the amount of the income and may grant reasonable exemptions; provided that if such taxes be levied on income from stock and money at interest no other taxes shall be levied thereon against the owner or holder thereof."

Mr. Lyford, chairman of the Committee, explained the action, and in the motion the matter was made a special order for the afternoon.

Upon the coming in of the Convention in the afternoon the vote resulting the question creating a special order was rescinded, on Mr. Lyford's mo-



WILLIAM F. WHITCHER
Chairman Special Committee on Woman Suffrage

tion, and the amendment recommitted for further consideration.

A report from the Committee on Bill of Rights, of "inexpedient" on the amendment allowing the granting of civil pensions for a longer time than one year, was rejected, after discussion led by Mr. Folsom of Dover, and the proposed amendment adopted and referred to the Committee on Time and Mode.

A favorable report from the same Committee on the amendment constituting the councillor districts on a population basis, was accepted and the amendment adopted, and similarly referred.

The amendment providing for election, by plurality vote, of Governor, Councillors and Senators was similarly reported and disposed of.

The Convention then went into Committee of the Whole, Mr. Madden of Keene in the chair, to consider amendments relating to future mode of amending the Constitution.

Mr. Wadleigh of Milford strongly advocated the amendment presented by Cavanaugh of Manchester, allowing the calling of conventions as now, but also permitting amendment through submission by two successive legislatures and ratification by the people by two-thirds vote. Mr. Cavanaugh also supported his amendment; by Mr. Eastman of Exeter opposed, on the ground that it should not be made easy to change the organic law.

The Committee rose and reported progress, and, in Convention, the report of the Committee on Legislative Department on the taxation question was presented again, and considered, Chairman Lyford explaining that it was unanimous except on the point of exempting from the income tax the income from stock in domestic corporations.

Mr. Stevens of Landaff submitted an amendment striking out this exemption, which was defeated after discussion, and, after further discussion, the report was accepted and the amendment adopted, on division, 211 to 16.

An amendment, from the same Committee, authorizing the General Court to provide for a tax on the incomes of corporations in lieu of a direct tax on their property was made a special order for Friday morning.

The Committee on Bill of Rights reported "inexpedient" on the amendments abolishing the Executive Council and the report was adopted.

It was voted, on motion of Mr. Lambert of Manchester, to bring the Convention to a close Saturday at 11 a. m.

Mr. Hayden of Hollis, chairman of the Committee on Mileage, reported that in the opinion of the Attorney General delegates were entitled to no mileage beyond the regular transportation provided by the state.

Upon the opening of Friday morning's session, Messrs. Young of Manchester, French of Nashua, Young of Northfield, Gaffney of Nashua and Veazie of Littleton were appointed a special Committee on Journal of the Convention.

Notice was given of a proposed social organization of delegates not over 35 years of age.

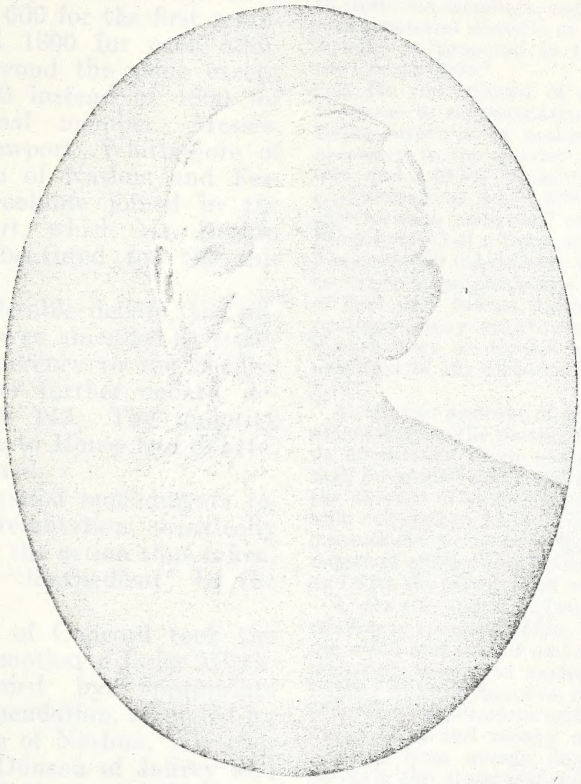
The Committee on Legislative Department reported "inexpedient" on seven distinct amendments, mostly relating to taxation.

On motion of Mr. Lyford, the amendment relating to classification of property for taxation, was recalled from the Committee on Time and Mode, and again referred to the Committee on Legislative Department.

The special order—the amendment authorizing a tax on corporation incomes—was taken up and discussed at length, Messrs. Whitcher of Haverhill, Stevens of Landaff, Fuller of Exeter, Barton of Newport, Martin of Concord, Dean of Danbury, Pillsbury of Londonderry, Sullivan of Berlin, Stone of Andover, Mitchell of Concord, Johnson of Colebrook, Broderick of Manchester and Allen Hollis

of Concord participating. An amendment offered by Stevens of Landaff, including "voluntary associations doing a public service business," intended to embrace express companies, was adopted, and the committee amendment then agreed to, and referred to the Committee on Time and Mode.

In Committee of the Whole, with George W. Fowler of Pembroke in the chair, the matter of future amendment of the Constitution was considered. Messrs. Newell of Surry and Jones of Manchester argued against the adoption of a readier method than now prevails. Mr. Updike of Hanover spoke earnestly and at some length in favor of a more progressive and elastic method, in keeping with the spirit of the times. Mr. Young of Laconia opposed any change. Mr. Whitcher of Haverhill favored the proposition on the ground that it would insure more thorough consideration of proposed amendments and make it more difficult instead of easier to effect amendments. Mr. Lyford of Concord favored the retention of the present system. The committee rose and reported inexpedient to amend the Constitution in this regard, and the report was accepted.



James E. French

Several Committee reports of "inexpedient" were received and adopted, and the Finance Committee reported a pay-roll amounting to $22,302, with $1000 added for incidental expenses.

The Convention then adjourned till 3 o'clock, to give the Committee on Legislative Department time to complete its work.

The Convention, on coming in, in

the afternoon, received from the Committee on Legislative Department, the amendment in regard to taxation, revised as ordered, to cover express companies, and adopted the same.

From the same Committee were received majority and minority reports on the amendments relating to membership in the Senate and House. The first provided for a Senate of 36 members, with a House based on a population of 600 for the first representative and 1800 for each additional; the second the same except requiring 2400 instead of 1800 for each additional member. Messrs. Barton of Newport, Whittemore of Dover, Wason of Nashua and Fessenden of Brookline joined in the minority report, which Mr. Barton moved be substituted for the minority.

After considerable debate, the minority report was amended by striking out all reference to the Senate, and then, after further debate, defeated—120 to 142. The majority report, both as to House and Senate, was then adopted.

Various proposed amendments relating to representation, practically disposed of by the action thus taken, were reported "inexpedient" by the committee.

Mr. Lyford of Concord took the chair, and, on motion of Judge Mitchell, accompanied by appropriate words of commendation, seconded by Messrs. Wason of Nashua, Whitcher of Haverhill, Duncan of Jaffrey and Hadley of Goffstown, the thanks of the Convention were tendered President Jones for his able and impartial service as presiding officer, to which he fittingly responded, taking occasion to refer to the character and importance of the work accomplished.

Adjournment was then taken to Saturday morning for the final session, upon the opening of which Acting Governor Swart and the Executive Council were present.

The Committee on Time and Mode submitted a resolution, which was adopted, providing that the twelve proposed amendments agreed to by the Convention, the substance of which is indicated in the following questions drawn by the Committee, be submitted to the people on the official ballot, at the biennial election in November next:

THE QUESTIONS.

1. Do you approve of increasing the Senate to thirty-six members, and dividing the state into senatorial districts on the basis of population;—as proposed in the amendment to the Constitution?

2. Do you approve of amending the provision as to representatives in the House of Representatives by making 600 inhabitants necessary to the election of one representative, and 2,400 inhabitants necessary for two representatives, and 1,800 inhabitants necessary for each additional representative; with the proviso that a town, ward or place having less than 600 inhabitants may send a representative a proportionate part of the time; or that such towns, wards and places when contiguous may unite to elect a representative if each town so decides by major vote;—as proposed in the amendment to the Constitution?

3. Do you approve of providing that taxes assessed upon the passing of property by will or inheritance or in contemplation of death may be graded and rated in accordance with the amount of property passing, and reasonable exemptions made; —as proposed in the amendment to the Constitution, and with the degree of relationship between the beneficiary and with the person from whom it passes?

4. Do you approve of empowering the Legislature to specially assess, rate and tax growing wood and timber and money at interest, including money in savings banks, and to impose and levy taxes on incomes from stock of foreign corporations and foreign voluntary associations and money at interest, except incomes from money deposited in savings banks in this state received by the depositors and to graduate such taxes according to the amount of the income, and to grant reasonable exemptions, with the provision that if such taxes be levied on incomes from stock and money at interest no other taxes shall be levied thereon against the owner or holder thereof;—as proposed in the amendment to the Constitution?

5. Do you approve of empowering the Legislature to impose a tax upon the incomes of public service corporations and voluntary associations, in lieu of a direct tax upon their property;—as proposed in the amendment to the Constitution?

6. Do you approve of giving the governor authority to approve or disapprove any sepa-

the afternoon, received from the Committee on Legislative Department, the amendment in regard to taxation, revised as ordered, to cover express companies, and adopted the same.

From the same Committee were received majority and minority reports on the amendments relating to membership in the Senate and House. The first provided for a Senate of 30 members, with a House based on a population of 600 for the first representative, and 1800 for each additional; the second the same except requiring 2400 instead of 1800 for each additional member. Messrs. Barton of Newport, Wilkinson of Dover, Wason of Sterling and Fessenden of Brookline joined in the minority report, which the Barton moved be substituted for the majority.

After considerable debate, the majority report was amended by striking out all relating to the Senate, and then, after further debate, defeated—120 to 142. The majority report, both as to House and Senate, was then adopted.

Various proposed amendments relating to representation, generally opposed of by the parties thus taken, were reported "inexpedient" by the committee.

Mr. Lyford of Concord took the floor, and, on motion of Judge Mitchell, accompanied by appropriate words of commendation, seconded by Messrs. Wason of Sterling, Wheeler of Haverhill, Dunton of Derry and Hadley of Colebrook, the thanks of the Convention were tendered President Jones for his able and impartial service as presiding officer, to which Mr. Jones responded, taking occasion to refer to the character and importance of the work accomplished.

Adjournment was then taken to Saturday morning for the final session, upon the meeting of which Acting Governor Swart and the Executive Council were present.

The Committee on Time and Mode

rate appropriation contained in any bill or resolution;—as proposed in the amendment to the Constitution?

7. Do you approve of the requirement that the Legislature, in dividing the state into councilor districts, shall be governed by the population;—as proposed in the amendment to the Constitution?

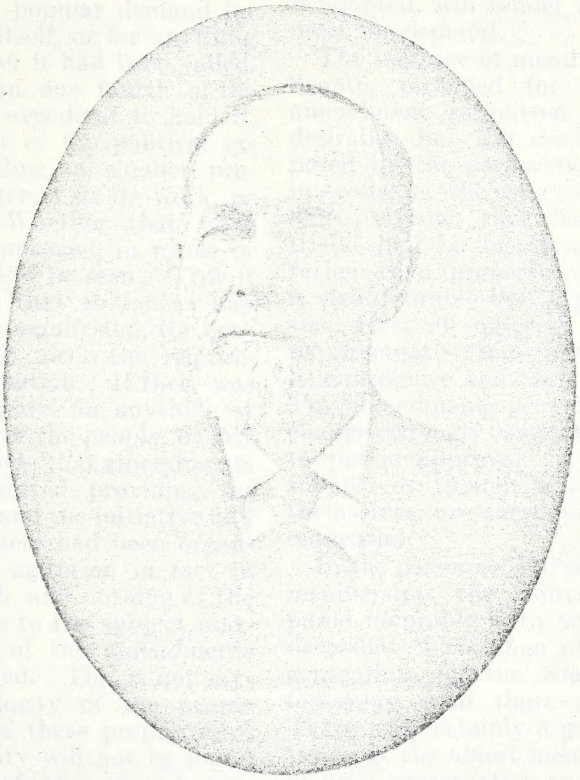
8. Do you approve of amending the bill of rights by striking out the words "rightly grounded on evangelical principles" after the words "as morality and piety," and striking out the word "Protestant" before the words "teachers of piety, religion and morality"; —as proposed in the amendment to the Constitution?

9. Do you approve of providing that no person shall have the right to vote, or be eligible for office, who shall have been convicted of treason, bribery, or wilful violation of election laws, with the right to the supreme court to restore such privileges;—as proposed in the amendment to the Constitution?

10. Do you approve of having the governor, councilors, and senators, elected by plurality instead of majority votes;—as proposed in the amendment to the Constitution?

11. Do you approve of amending the bill of rights by striking out the provision that pensions shall not be granted for more than one year at a time;—as proposed in the amendment to the Constitution?

12. Do you approve of empowering the Legislature to give police courts jurisdiction to try and determine, subject to the right of appeal and trial by jury, criminal causes wherein the punishment is less than imprisonment in the state prison;—as proposed in the amendment to the Constitution?



Ezra M. Smith

On motion of Judge Mitchell, accompanied by an eloquent tribute, the thanks of the Convention were extended to Chaplain Garland. Thanks were also voted to the other officials and the press representatives.

An elegant cut-glass punch bowl was presented to the president, in behalf of the delegates, by Mr. Leighton of Newfield, as a token of regard, and after fitting response, the Con-

vention adjourned, subject to the call of the president, or in the event of his death, at the call of the Governor of the state, as had previously been voted on motion of Mr. Rowe of Kensington.

It is too much to say that the Constitutional Convention of 1912, in the outcome of its work met the popular demand or expectation. There was, indeed, no popular demand for the convention itself, or for anything at its hands after it had been called. Little more than one fourth of the people voted it expedient to hold it, and, on account of the political excitement prevailing, a smaller proportion took interest in its work, as it progressed. Whether that work will be finally approved, in whole or in part, remains to be seen. True it is, nevertheless, that so far as any real interest was manifested, the convention failed to meet the requirements of the situation. If there was any popular demand for anything at all at the hands of the people, or any part of them, it was that amendments should be submitted providing for woman suffrage and the initiative and referendum. There had been organized and active agitation in fact in reference to both, and nothing of the kind in reference to the subject matter of any one of the amendments actually submitted. This is not saying that a majority of the people favored either of these propositions, or that a majority will not be found favoring some of the amendments submitted, several of which have a measure of merit. The truth simply is that public sentiment had little to do with the holding of the convention or its work.

It is true that there has long been a general feeling that the membership of the House of Representatives is too large, but there has never been a time when the various constituencies of the state would actually approve any plan which would materially reduce their own representation. The plan now submitted provides but slight reduction, and there is no large measure of hope that even this will be approved.

Men who have studied the subject have long been convinced that some modification and improvement of the existing taxation system, not possible under the constitution as it stands, is demanded, and the amendments proposed, bearing upon this subject, if adopted, will render it possible to meet the demand.

The increase of membership in the Senate, provided for in the first amendment submitted, is probably desirable, but will doubtless be opposed by the corporate and monied interests, as will the even more desirable provision that the Senate districts shall be based on population rather than property valuation. It is also desirable that a plurality vote shall elect all officers, the majority requirement often working great inconvenience and absolute injustice. The amendments providing for these changes strongly commend themselves to public approval. All the others submitted, though well enough in themselves, are comparatively inconsequential.

In the personnel and character of its membership the convention compared favorably with any of its predecessors, if the men of the present generation, on the whole, compare favorably with those of the past. There was certainly a good representation of the ablest men in the state, of both conservative and progressive tendencies, included in the membership, and it is manifest from both a study of the roll, and consideration of the work accomplished, that the former class predominated, whether to the advantage of the state or not depends entirely upon the individual viewpoint.

A large proportion of the delegates has seen service in the House of Representatives for one or more terms. Twenty had served in the State Senate, and forty-eight had been

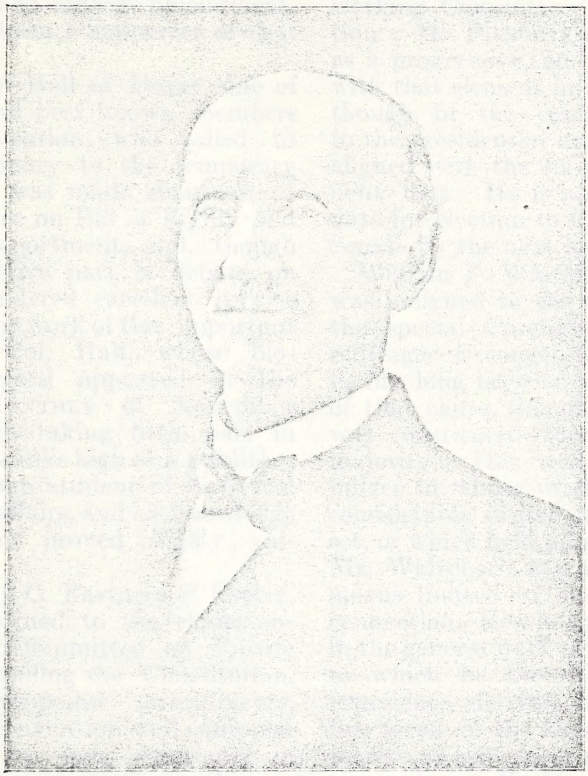
vention adjourned, subject to the call of the president, or in the event of his death, at the call of the Governor of the state, as had previously been voted on motion of Mr. Penn of Stockton.

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members of a previous convention—six of two conventions.

The City of Concord was represented in the Convention by an especially strong delegation, nearly all being men of recognized ability, while five at least held position in the front rank, these being Judge John M. Mitchell, Naval Officer James O. Lyford, and Allen Hollis of Ward 4, Judge Charles R. Corning of Ward 5, and Ex-Mayor Nathaniel E. Martin of Ward 6.



Frank P. Hobbs

Judge Mitchell, a member of the Superior Court bench, where he is rendering most efficient service, a former member of the House and a prominent delegate in the Convention of 1902, who has also served as county solicitor and railroad commissioner, and who is now strongly urged as a Democratic candidate for Governor, an extended biographical sketch of whom appeared in the GRANITE MONTHLY for May, 1907, was, most appropriately made Chairman of the Committee on the Judiciary Department, but by no means confined his attention, to matters coming before his Committee. A genuine conservative, he sought to conserve the welfare of the state in all lines, was particularly interested and active in the consideration of taxation matters, and was heard with effect in many of the debates.

Mr. Lyford was chairman of the Committee on Legislative Department, for which position he was admirably equipped through active service in the House, where he had originated more constructive legislation than any other man of his time, and in two previous conventions—

those of 1876, when he was a delegate from the town of Canterbury, and 1902. Influential alike in committee and in debate, he proved himself, as the Concord *Monitor* remarks, "the most efficient floor leader New Hampshire Legislatures and Conventions ever have seen." He was interested in all questions arising, and was heard with interest in all important debates. Though ordinarily classed as a conservative, he heartily supported the defeated woman suffrage amendment, having long been a supporter of that cause.

Col. Daniel Hall of Dover, one of the oldest and best known members of the Convention, who called to order preliminary to the temporary organization, was made chairman of the Committee on Bill of Rights and Executive Department, and, though taking no active part in debate on the floor, rendered excellent service in directing the work of this important committee. Col. Hall, whose biographical record appeared in the GRANITE MONTHLY of November last, although taking little part in political life, ranks high as a publicist, and a thorough student of historical and political affairs, and his knowledge and judgment proved highly valuable.

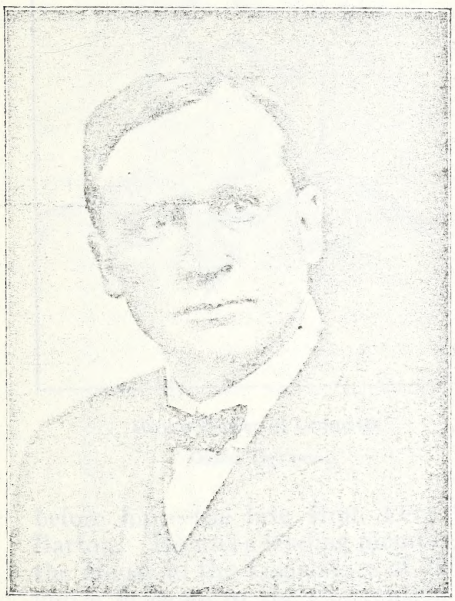
Hon. Edwin G. Eastman of Exeter, who was assigned to the chairmanship of the Committee on Future Mode of Amending the Constitution, and other proposed amendments, came to the convention well equipped for service by long experience in public affairs and professional service, having been a member of the House and Senate, and of the Convention of 1902, in which he held the same position as in this, and having served many years as the chief law officer of the state. A strong and forceful speaker, he was heard in the debates only when, in his judgment, occasion demanded, and never without effect. Conservative in his ideas and tendencies, he opposed all radical changes and it was largely through his influences that so few were submitted.

Roseerans W. Pillsbury of Londonderry, Chairman of the Committee on Time and Mode of Submitting Amendments to the People, had served in four Legislatures as a leader in the House, and in the last two previous Conventions, and brought to his work the training as well as the ability demanded by the position assigned him as the head of one of the hardest working Committees of the Convention. Mr. Pillsbury is usually classed as a progressive, and generally acted with that element in the Convention, though in the contest preliminary to the presidential nomination he was aligned with the supporters of President Taft. He is an avowed candidate for election to the United States Senate by the next legislature.

William F. Whitcher of Haverhill, was assigned to the chairmanship of the special Committee on Woman Suffrage—a congenial position since he has long been an earnest advocate of that cause, though the Committee was constituted with an opposition majority. This was the only Committee in whose work there was any considerable degree of popular interest, or which held public hearings, but Mr. Whitcher's attention was by no means limited to his service in this connection. He was a prominent figure in the general work of the Convention, to which he brought the practical experience derived from service for five terms in the House of Representatives as a member of the Judiciary Committee. He is a native of Benton, sixty-six years of age; was educated at Tilton Seminary and Wesleyan and Boston Universities, and is a member of the Phi Beta Kappa and Alpha Delta Phi Societies. He is a Mason, a member of the Royal Arcanum and the Ancient Order of United Workmen. He is also a member of the N. H. Historical Society, the New England Methodist Historical Society and the N. H. Society Sons of the American Revolution of

which he was president for 1911–12. He is editor and proprietor of the *Woodsville News*, is author of the History of Benton, of the Descendants of Chase Whitcher and of various published monograms; is a trustee and clerk of the Woodsville Guaranty Savings Bank and has been Moderator for the town of Haverhill since 1901. He is a candidate for the Republican nomination for Senator from the Second district.

The most prominent member of the Nashua delegation, which was among



Hon. Jesse M. Barton

the ablest in the Convention, was Edward H. Wason, a leading member of the Hillsborough County bar and former solicitor of that county, who served conspicuously in the legislatures of 1899 and 1909, and the Constitutional Convention of 1902, and was appropriately assigned to the Committee on Legislative Department, in whose work he was active and influential as well as in the general work of the Convention. He introduced the Woman Suffrage Amendment, looked after its interest as a consistent advocate of the cause, and closed the debate in its favor. He is a native of New Boston, fifty-six years of age, was educated at Francestown Academy and the New Hampshire College, of which he is a trustee; is a Congregationalist and a 32d degree Mason. He is prominently mentioned in connection with the Republican nomination for Congress in the Second District.

Among other prominent members and notable figures in the Convention were James E. French of Moultonboro, Ezra M. Smith of Peterboro and Frank P. Hobbs of Wolfeboro.

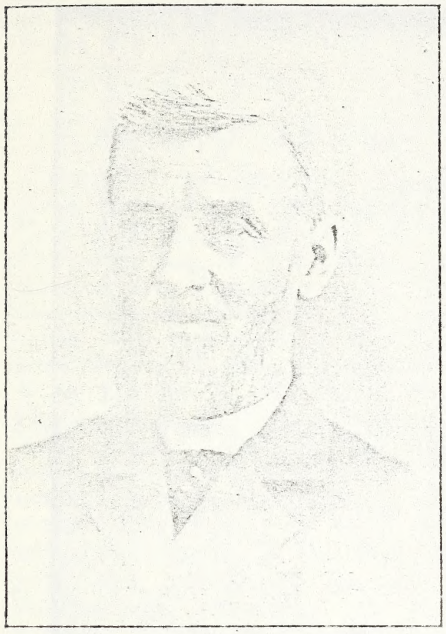
Mr. French is a veteran legislator, with a longer experience in that line than any other man now living in the State, having served eight terms in the House and one in the Senate. He was assigned to the Committee on Legislative Department, and his judgment and experience were found specially valuable here, as well as in other directions.

Mr. Smith, who has served five terms in the legislature, was a delegate in the Convention of 1876, has been a judge of the Peterboro police court nine years and had long experience in the management of town affairs, was a valuable member of the Committee on Judicial Department. His experience, recognized ability as a lawyer, cogency of statement and ability as a debater naturally made him one of the most influential members of the Convention.

Frank P. Hobbs served on the special Committee on Woman Suffrage, and, as a consistent progressive Democrat, joined in presenting the minority report in favor of the proposed amendment. Mr. Hobbs, who has been sheriff of Carroll County and active in its politics for many years, as a leading Democrat, was a prominent member of the last legislature, and there, as in this convention was a frequent and forceful debater in advocacy of all progressive measures.

The most prominent member of the delegation from Sullivan County was

Jesse M. Barton of Newport, Judge of Probate, a graduate of Dartmouth College and the Boston University Law School. He is a leading member of the Sullivan bar, as was his father



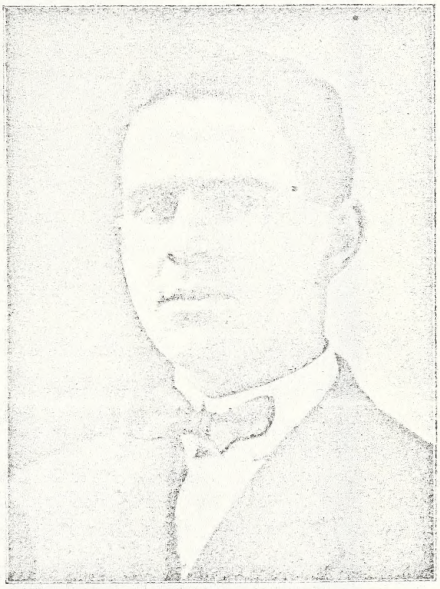
Hiram Parker of Lempster
Oldest Delegate

before him—the late Hon. Levi W. Barton. He was a leading member of the House in the Legislature of 1901, and a delegate in the Convention of 1902. He served as a member of the Committee on the Judiciary Department, but took a live interest in all questions of importance coming before the Convention, and was heard effectively in debate. Mr. Barton is a straight-out Republican, with no modern "frills," and is the present Chairman of the Republican State Committee

Among the leading "progressives" in the Convention, and probably the ablest and most effectively heard of all, were Raymond B. Stevens of Landaff, Democrat, and Allen Hollis of Concord, Republican, each of whom had been prominent in two legislative sessions, and conspicuous in support of various reform measures.

One of the most picturesque figures in the Convention, and a veritable "free-lance" in debate, sometimes spoken of as "on all sides of all questions," was Dr. Charles A. Morse of Newmarket, who seldom failed of a hearing when any subject was under discussion.

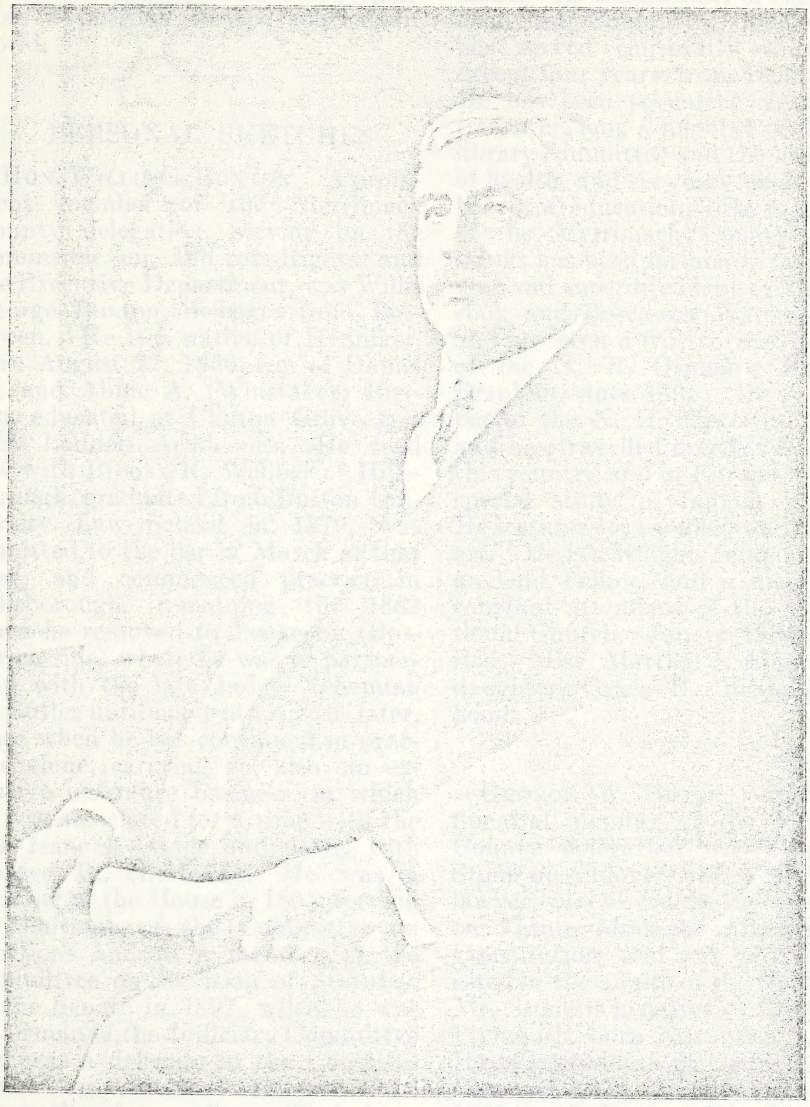
The oldest delegate was Hiram Parker of Lempster, farmer and merchant, long time selectman and town clerk, six years a member of the State Board of Agriculture, and a representative in the Legislature of 1861, of which he and William Nourse of Newport are the only known survivors. He was born in Lempster in 1830, and is the elder brother of Hon. Hosea W. Parker of Claremont. He is an



Edward J. Gallagher of Concord
Youngest Delegate

old-school Democrat of the same type with the latter.

The youngest delegate was Edward J. Gallagher of Ward 9, Concord, a native of the city, twenty-one years



HON. WILLIS G. BUXTON



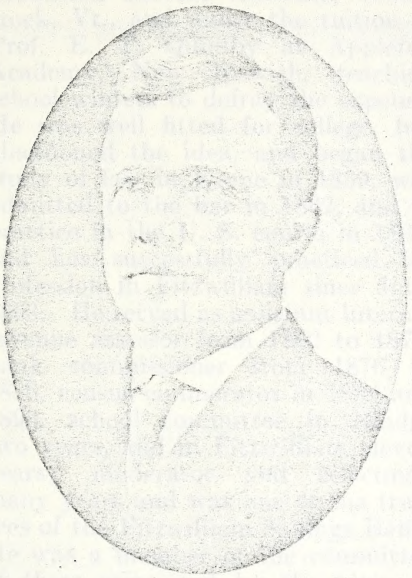
of age, educated in the public schools and by private tutor. He is the bright and brainy editor of the *Concord Daily* and the *New Hampshire Weekly Patriot* and is the youngest man in the country to hold so responsible a position in the journalistic world.

PERSONAL SKETCHES

Hon. Willis G. Buxton. A prominent member of the Merrimack County delegation, serving on the Committee on Bill of Rights and the Executive Department, was Willis George Buxton, delegate from Boscawen. He is a native of Henniker, born August 22, 1856, son of Daniel M. and Abbie A. (Whittaker) Buxton, educated at Clinton Grove and New London Academies. He read law with Brooks K. Webber of Hillsborough, graduated from Boston University Law School in 1879, was admitted to the bar in March of that year, and commenced practice in Hillsborough, remaining till 1882 when he removed to Penacook (Boscawen side) where he was in partnership with the late Judge Nehemiah G. Butler until his death a year later, since when he has continued in practice alone, carrying on, also, an extensive insurance business, in which he was associated for a time with the late Isaac K. Gage and, later, with Horace B. Sherburne. He was a member of the House in 1895, serving as chairman of the Committee on Elections and as a member of the Committee on Revision of Statutes; of the Senate in 1897, when he was Chairman of the Judiciary Committee and was a delegate in the Constitutional Conventions of 1887 and 1902, being, therefore, well qualified from experience for the efficient service which he rendered in this year's Convention. He has long been actively interested in politics as a Republican, and has been thoroughly identified with the progressive element of the party, supporting all its candidates and measures for the last six years, during which time Boscawen has not failed to elect representatives and delegates in sympathy with the movement. He is a member of the Republican State Committee, upon which he has served constantly since 1886, except four years, from 1890 to 1894. He has been seventeen years town treasurer, long a member of the town library committee and the local board of health, and six years member of the board of education. He is a trustee of the Merrimack County Savings Bank; has been for many years treasurer and superintendent of the Penacook and Boscawen Water Precinct, and has been a trustee and Secretary of the N. H. Orphan's Home, at Franklin, since 1895. He is a member of the N. H. Historical Society, and has travelled extensively both in this country and in Europe, making a special study of famous paintings. He lectures occasionally on travel and art. He is a Knight Templar Mason, an Odd Fellow, and a member and constant attendant of the Congregational Church. June 4, 1884, he married, Miss Martha J. Flanders. A daughter, Grace H., died in childhood.

George W. Stone. Another influential member of the Merrimack County delegation was George W. Stone of Andover, also a well known lawyer, who served on the Committee on Future Mode of Amending the Constitution, and was actively interested in the affairs of the Convention. Mr. Stone is a native of the town of Plymouth, born November 11, 1857. He is a graduate of Colby Academy Class of 1874, Dartmouth College, 1878, and Boston University Law School, 1882. He has been in practice in Andover since admission to the bar, and has been active in public and political affairs as a leader in the Democratic party, always dominant in Andover. He was an active member

of the Legislature in 1885–9 and of the Constitutional Covention of 1902. He takes much interest in educational matters, was for a time superintendent of schools, has been nine years a



George W. Stone

member of the Board of Education and is a trustee of Proctor Academy. He has been prominent in the councils of the Democratic party in county and state, and has championed its principles on the stump.

Justin O. Wellman. The town of New London honored itself by choosing as its delegate in the Convention one of the most prominent educators in the state—Justin Owen Wellman, principal of Colby Academy, a progressive Republican who made one of the best speeches in the debate in support of the Initiative and Referendum.

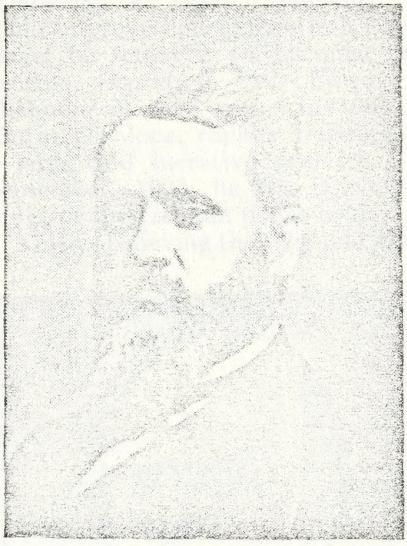
Mr. Wellman was born in Belgrade, Me., September 19, 1875, the son of S. Owen Rogers and Ella (Russell) Wellman. He graduated from Colby College in the Class of 1898, in which year he became principal of Paris Hill (Me.) Academy. From 1899 to 1901 he was instructor in Mathematics in the Bangor High School; principal of Ricker Classical Institute at Houlton, Me., from 1901 to 1905, since when he has been principal of Colby Academy, New London. In college he was prominent in athletics and fraternity life, and was editor of the *Colby Echo*. He has been a delegate to the national convention of the Delta Upsilon Fraternity. While principal of Ricker's Institute the attendance increased, in the five years, from 120 to 254, and since he came to Colby the enrollment has grown from 101 to 165, and the corps of instructors from seven to twelve, while additions to the equipment costing $150,000 have been made, and the endowment increased by $15,000. He is an Odd Fellow, Mason and Patron of Husbandry, has been treasurer of the N. H. Association of Academies since 1907, is town auditor and president



Justin O. Wellman

of the New London Acetylen Gas Company. August 14, 1901 he married Caroline Blanche Walker, at Mechanic Falls, Me.

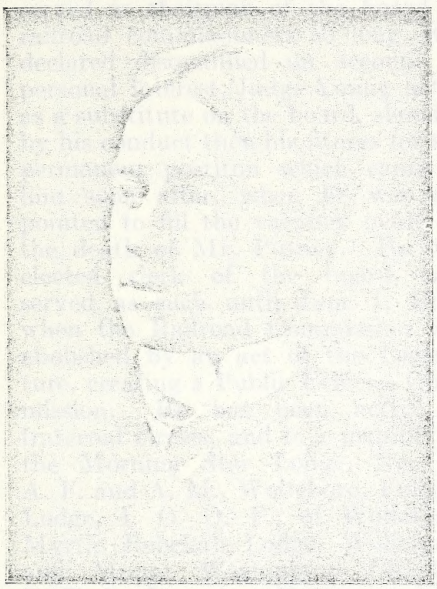
Amos J. Blake, delegate from Fitzwilliam, Republican, Congregationalist, lawyer, was born in Rindge, October 20, 1836; and educated at Mt. Cæsar Seminary, Swanzey, Green Mountain Liberal Institute, Woodstock, Vt., and under the tuition of Prof. E. T. Quimby at Appleton Academy, New Ipswich, teaching school winters to defray the expense. He was well fitted for college, but abandoned the idea, and began the study of law in Keene in 1859, was admitted to the bar in 1862, and to practice in the U. S. courts in 1867, and has successfully practiced his profession in Fitzwilliam since July, 1863. He served as assistant internal revenue assessor from 1862 to 1870, bank commissioner from 1876 to 1880, census enumerator in 1880 and 1890, school committee in Rindge two years, and in Fitzwilliam eleven years; moderator and selectman many years and was one of the trustees of the Fitzwilliam Savings Bank. He was a member of the committee of three appointed by the town of Fitzwilliam in 1867, to fund the war debt of the town; which was very promptly and efficiently accomplished. He has been a prominent member of the Masonic fraternity for fifty years and is a member of the N. H. Historical Society and of the Society of the Sons of the American Revolution. He has served extensively as administrator, executor, and trustee of estates of deceased persons and guardian. He has been supervisor of the Fitzwilliam Town Library for over thirty years. He has been twice married; first to Miss Lizzie A. Howe, of Jaffrey, who died in 1867, their son also dying the same year; and second, to Miss Flora E. Stone, eldest daughter of Nathan and Mary Louisa (Miles) Stone of Fitzwilliam, and has one son, Leroy Stanley Blake, born November 5, 1883. Outside of his profession, he is interested in many special studies, being deeply versed in geology and kindred sciences and having made a large collection of New England minerals. He is a historical student, versed in antiquarian lore, and an authority on local history and genealogy. He was a member of the House in 1872 and 73, serving on the Judiciary Committee at both sessions, and in 1901, serving on the Committee on the Revision of the Statutes, and was a delegate in the Constitutional Conventions of 1889 and 1902. In this Convention he was a member of the Committee on Bill of Rights and Executive Department.



Amos J. Blake

Frederic D. Runnells. Among the young members of the Constitutional Convention of 1902, returned to the Convention of the present year, was Frederic Daniel Runnells of Nashua, only son of Daniel F. and the late Sarah E. (Farley) Runnells of that city, born December 21, 1870. He graduated from Dartmouth College in 1893, was in business from 1893 to 1895, studied law in Chicago and was admitted to the Illinois bar in

1897. Returning east he graduated from Boston University Law School in 1898, and the following year was admitted to the New Hampshire bar, commencing practice in Nashua, where

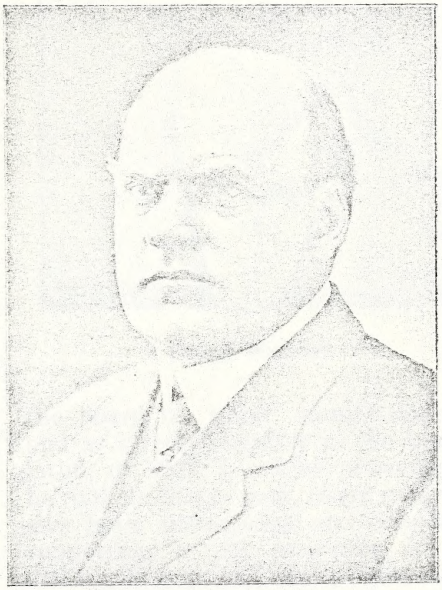


Frederic D. Runnells

he has remained, gaining a recognized position in the professional, political and social life of the "Second City." He served as a member of the Board of Police Commissioners from January 1904 to May, 1907 when he was appointed Associate Justice of the Nashua Police Court. His Committee service this year was upon the Committee on "Future Mode of Amending the Constitution and Other Proposed Amendments."

JUDGE OSCAR L. YOUNG, delegate from Ward 4, Laconia, was born in Ossipee, September 11, 1874, the son of Timothy B. and Sarah I. (Buzzell) Young. He attended the public schools of Ossipee and Effingham, from which he went to Brewster Free Academy, in Wolfeboro, where he was graduated in 1895. At the close of his academical course he entered the law office of Judge Sewall W. Abbott, of Wolfeboro. In October, 1898, he entered the Boston University Law School, where he was graduated in June, 1900, with the degree of LL.B. Before completing his work at the university he was admitted to the New Hampshire bar in March of that year, and opened a law office in Wolfeboro the following July. He continued his practice in Wolfeboro a year. Believing he could improve his chances in a larger place, he removed to Laconia, and became associated with Edwin H. Shannon, of that city. In 1903 he continued alone, rapidly building up a large and lucrative practice. In September, 1903, he was appointed judge of the Laconia police court.

Always believing that a good citizen

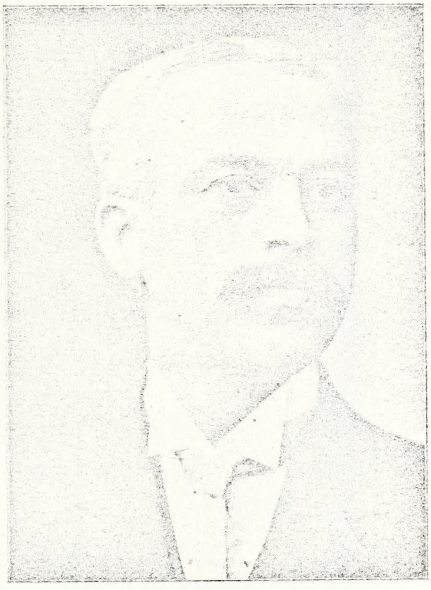


Judge Oscar L. Young

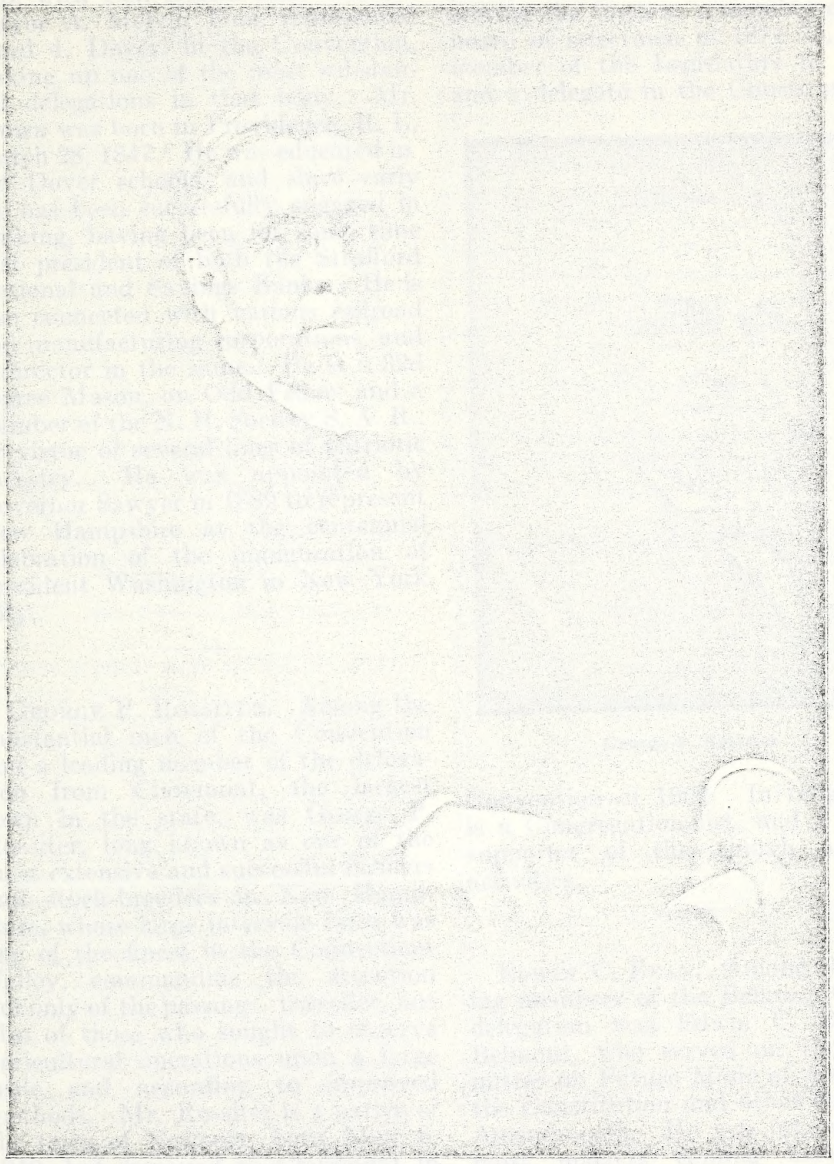
should take an interest in political affairs, he rose rapidly in the confidence and support of his party, and during the campaign of 1908 he was chairman of the Republican State

Committee, proving by his earnest and skillful management that he was worthy of the trust. During the hearing of the charges against the express company in this state, in 1908, when Mr. Putney, who had served as chairman of the board of railroad commissioners so long, was declared disqualified on account of personal interest, Judge Young acted as a substitute on the board, showing by his conduct then his fitness for the permanent postiton which came to him soon after, when he was appointed to fill the vacancy made by the death of Mr. Putney. He was elected clerk of the board, and served as such until June 1, 1911, when the Railroad Commission was abolished by an act of the Legislature, creating a Public Utilities Commission. He has been active in fraternal circles, and is a member of the Morning Star Lodge, No. 17, A. F. and A. M., Wolfeboro, Fidelity Lodge, I. O. O. F., of Wolfeboro, Myrtle Rebekah Lodge, Wolfeboro, and Mount Washington Chapter, O. E. S., Laconia. He was married July 11, 1909, to Miss Anna M. Paris, of Wolfeboro. Judge Young was actively interested in the proceedings of the Convention, and served on the Committee on Future Mode of Amending the Constitution and other proposed amendments.

FRED T. WADLEIGH. What is known as "Progressive Republicanism" has one of its strongholds in this state in the town of Milford, and one of its earliest and most active representatives in New Hampshire was Fred T. Wadleigh, one of the delegates of that town in the Constitutional Convention this year, serving on the special committee on Woman Suffrage, and uniting in the minority report, sustaining the amendment as in line with the progressive spirit of the times. Mr. Wadleigh was born in the town of Sanbornton, November 2, 1870, being a great grandson of James Wadleigh, a Revolutionary soldier and one of the earliest settlers of that town. He graduated from New Hampton Literary Institution in 1891 as valedictorian of his class. Subsequently he taught school for a time, but soon turned to mercantile life and has been for many years engaged in the clothing trade in Milford, where he has served the town as a member of the board of water commissioners, and as a representative in the Legislature of 1907, in whose proceedings he took an active part, along progressive lines, introducing and earnestly supporting a bill providing for a direct primary law, which even then came within a few votes of passing the House. Mr. Wadleigh is a Mason, an Odd Fellow, a member of the First Baptist Church of Milford and a public-spirited citizen, alert in all movements for promoting the welfare of the community.



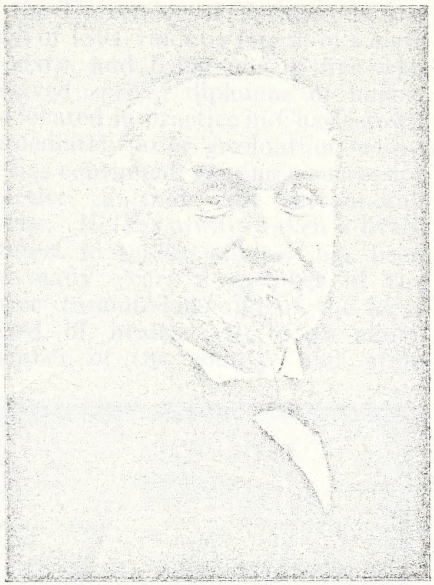
Fred T. Wadleigh



ELISHA RHODES BROWN

ELISHA R. BROWN. One of the most prominent figures in the financial life of the state for many years past has been Elisha Rhodes Brown, who, with Col. Daniel Hall and ex-Mayor A. Melvin Foss, represented Ward 4, Dover, in the Convention, making up one of the most substantial delegations in that body. Mr. Brown was born in Providence, R. I., March 28, 1847. He was educated in the Dover schools, and since early life has been successfully engaged in banking, having been for some time past president of both the Strafford National and Savings Banks. He is also connected with various railroad and manufacturing corporations, and a director in the same. He is a 32d degree Mason, an Odd Fellow and a member of the N. H. Society S. A. R., by virtue of several lines of patriotic ancestry. He was appointed by Governor Sawyer in 1889 to represent New Hampshire at the centennial celebration of the inauguration of President Washington in New York City.

GEORGE P. ROSSITER. Among the substantial men of the Convention and a leading member of the delegation from Claremont, the largest town in the state, was George P. Rossiter, long known as one of the most extensive and successful farmers and stock-breeders in New Hampshire, whose large intervale farm was one of the finest in the Connecticut Valley, commanding the attention not only of the passing traveller, but also of those who sought to observe agricultural operations upon a large scale and according to improved methods. Mr. Rossiter is a native of the town of Newport, born May 6, 1840, but removed to Claremont in early life. He was educated in the Newport and Claremont schools and at Kimball Union Academy. He retired from the farm some years since, relinquishing the same to his sons, and took up his residence in Claremont Village, devoting his attention to real estate interests. He is a Republican in politics and has taken much interest in public affairs, serving the town as a member of the board of selectmen in 1874–75, as a member of the Legislature in 1891, and a delegate in the Constitutional

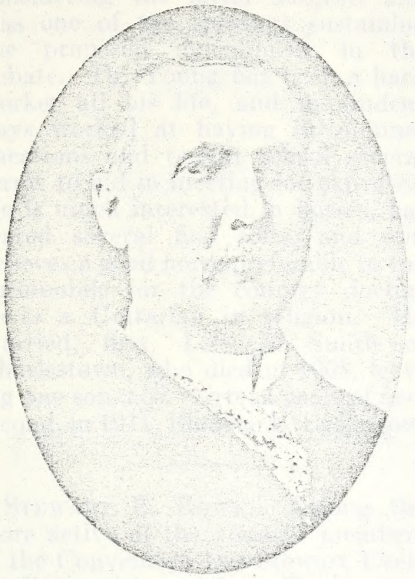


George P. Rossiter

Convention of 1902. In religion he is a Congregationalist, and a liberal supporter of the church and its activities.

EDWIN C. BEAN. Among the leading members of the Belknap County delegation was Edwin C. Bean of Belmont, who served on the Committee on Future Mode of Amending the Constitution and other Proposed Amendments. He was interested in most matters coming before the Convention, and, though not participating extensively in the debate, was one of the most effective speakers in advocacy of the Woman Suffrage Amendment, though generally classed

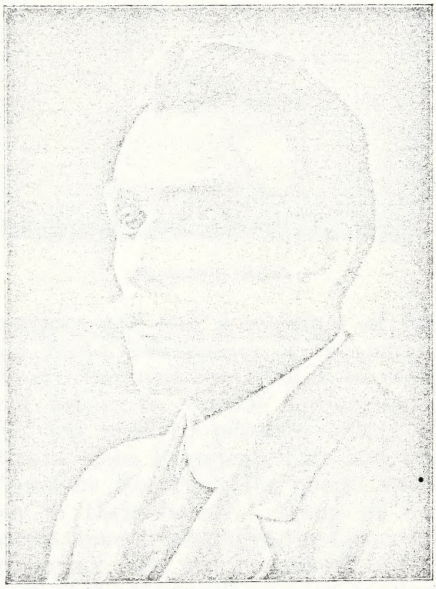
as a conservative. He is a native of the town of Gilmanton, born February 20, 1854, of the tenth generation from John Bean of Exeter (1660). He was educated in the



Hon. Edwin C. Bean

common schools and at Tilton Seminary and has been in business as a general merchant and druggist for the last thirty-five years. He is president of the N. H. Retail Grocers, Association. He has always been an active Republican and has served as town clerk, moderator for ten years, member of the House of Representatives in 1887 and of the State Senate in 1901. He was postmaster of Belmont from 1877 to 1884, being the first in the state to resign after Cleveland's election to the presidency. He was a delegate to the Republican National Convention in 1884, and an aide on the staff of Gov. John McLane, with the rank of colonel. He is a Knight Templar, Knight of Pythias, a charter member of Lawrence Grange P. of H., and attends the Free Baptist Church. He is a trustee of the Iowa Savings Bank at Tilton and of the City Savings Bank at Laconia.

Oscar C. Young, M. D. Charlestown—old "Number Four"—was represented in the Convention by Dr. Oscar C. Young, a native of Acworth, son of George W. and Sally A. (Cummings) Young, educated in the public schools and at the Moody School, Mt. Hermon, Mass. He pursued the study of medicine, graduating from the Medical Department of the University of Vermont in the class of 1894, ranking fourth in a class of sixty, and being one of five who received special diplomas of honor. He located in practice in Charlestown immediately after graduation, where he has continued, gaining a successful practice in that and surrounding towns. He has always taken a lively interest in public affairs; has been for many years a member of the water commission and of the local board of health. He is an active member of the county and state

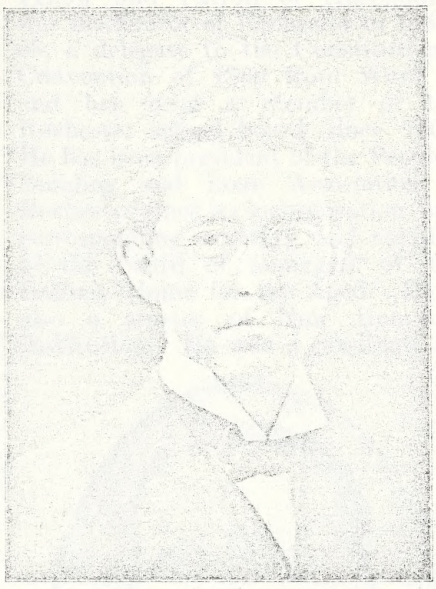


Dr. Oscar C. Young

medical societies, and of Charlestown Grange, P. of H. His popularity is attested by the fact of his election as delegate from a Republican town, although a lifelong Democrat. He was

interested in most questions considered by the Convention, especially the Initiative and Referendum, Taxation and Woman Suffrage. He was a member of the special Committee considering the latter subject, and was one of the speakers sustaining the proposed amendment in the debate. Dr. Young has been a hard worker all his life, and in student days worked at haying in summer vacations and taught school several terms to aid in meeting his expenses. He is much interested in horses, has reared several fine colts, and still believes a good horse preferable to the automobile for the country doctor. He is a Unitarian in religion. He married, first, Lola E. Smith of Charlestown, who died in 1908, leaving one son, now thirteen years of age; second, in 1911, Blanche L. Eggleston.

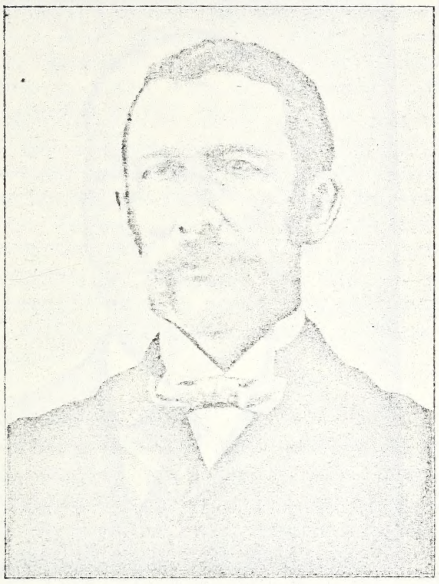
Stewart E. Rowe. Among the more active of the younger members of the Convention was Stewart Everett Rowe, delegate from Kensington, and a member of the Committee on Future Mode of Amending the Constitution. Mr. Rowe is a native of Kensington, son of Benjamin F. and Hattie A. Rowe, born January 22, 1881. His father, a farmer and Civil War Veteran, died two years since, and his mother and younger brother carry on the farm, where he also still makes his home. He was educated in the district school, Exeter High School, Phillips Exeter Academy and Boston University Law School. He was class orator at the high school, class poet at the academy, and recorder at the law school. He was also active in athletics at the academy, being pitcher on the baseball nine. He studied law with ex-Attorney General Eastman of Exeter, was admitted to the bar July 1, 1911, and since then has been in practice with an office in Exeter. He is a Universalist, a member and past officer of the Sons of Veterans, Junior Order U. A. M., Patrons of Husbandry, Gamma Eta Gamma Fraternity, G. L. Soule Society and the Rockingham County Republican Club. He has held various offices, including clerk and moderator of school district, member of school board, library trustee, auditor, tax collector, justice of the peace, notary public, and sealer of weights and measures for Rockingham County. He has been a delegate to several Republican Conventions and was a secretary of the last State Convention of the party. He is a frequent contributor, in verse and prose, to various publications, and has received personal letters of thanks from President Taft and ex-President Roosevelt for poems written in their behalf. Many of his poems have appeared in the Granite Monthly. He was prominent in the work of the Convention, participating freely in debate and occasionally speaking at length.



Stewart E. Rowe

Hiram F. Newell. Hiram Finlay Newell, delegate from Surry, has the distinction of having represented more

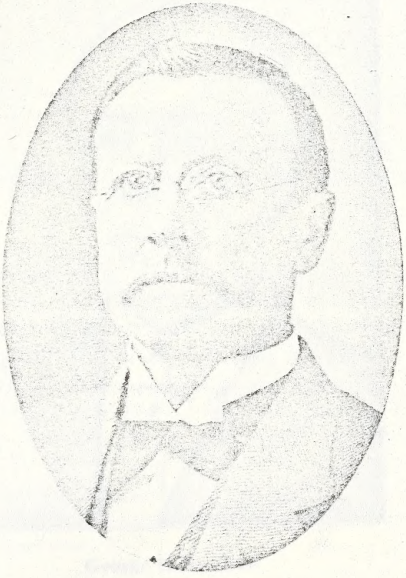
towns in the N. H. Constitutional Convention than any other man, having been a delegate from his native town of Alstead in 1889 and from Ward 3, Keene, in 1902. He



H. F. Newell

was born March 28, 1852, and educated at Marlow and Kimball Union Academies. He followed the occupation of a carpenter and builder in Keene for fifteen years after leaving Alstead. Removing to Surry a few years since, he is now extensively engaged in farming and the breeding of Short Horn cattle. He is a Republican and Congregationalist, and served nine years as trustee of the Congregational Church at East Alstead. He is now serving his fifth term as Master of Surry Grange. He has been selectman four years, town clerk seven years, and is now a member of the board of health, supervisor and tax collector. He took an active part in the work of the Convention, and introduced an amendment in relation to pro-rated towns, which was adopted by the Convention.

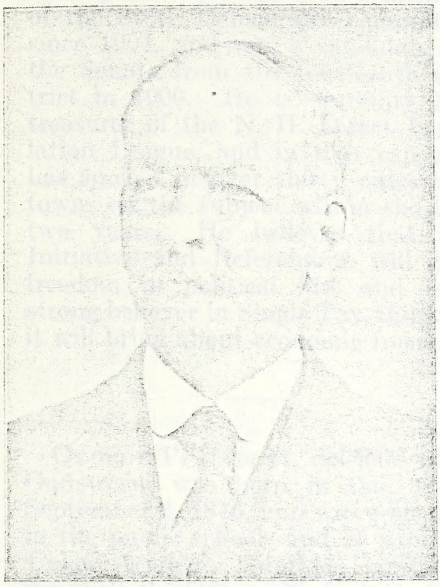
Frank B. Preston, delegate from Ward 2, Rochester, has long been a prominent resident of that city and a leading Democrat of Strafford County. He was born at Bow Lake, Strafford, February 11, 1856, and was educated at Franklin Academy, Dover, West Lebanon (Me.) Academy and New Hampton Institution. He is engaged in the lumber and real estate business. He is a Free Baptist, Odd Fellow and Patron of Husbandry; was moderator of Rochester in 1887–88, a delegate to the Constitutional Convention of 1889 from Ward 6, and has been a member of the Rochester school board since 1907. He has been president of the People's Building and Loan Association of Rochester since its incorporation, and corresponding secretary and member of the board of managers of the Gaffney Home for the Aged. He is also a trustee of New Hampton Institution. He was a candidate for



Frank B. Preston

presidential elector on the Democratic ticket in 1896. His popularity is shown by the fact of his unanimous election as a delegate to the Convention this year.

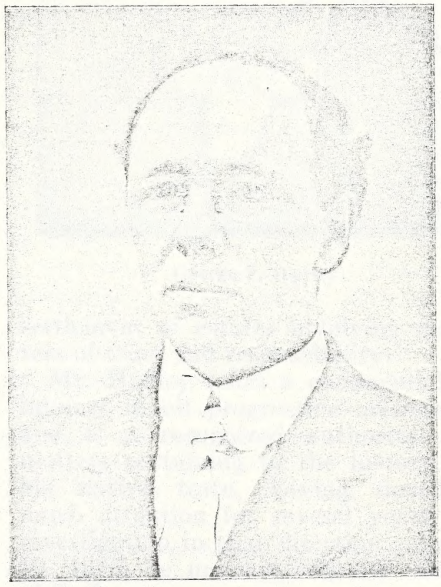
PAUL WENTWORTH. The delegate from the town of Sandwich is a representative of one of the most noted New Hampshire families, being a son of the late Col. Joseph Wentworth



Paul Wentworth

and a descendant of Elder William Wentworth, one of the early settlers of Dover. He was born in Sandwich, October 28, 1846, educated at Phillips Exeter Academy and Harvard College, and is a lawyer and farmer. He is a Mason and a Unitarian, a Democrat in politics, has served several times as a selectman and member of the school board, was a representative in the Legislature in 1876 and a delegate to the Constitutional Convention of 1876. He has also been solicitor for Carroll County. He was assigned to service on the Committee on Future Mode of Amending the Constitution, and other proposed amendments.

GEORGE H. DUNCAN, delegate from Jaffrey, was born in Leominster, Mass., December 23, 1876, his parents removing to Jaffrey when he was three months old, where he has lived ever since. He graduated from the Murdock School, Winchendon, Mass., and attended Amherst College with the class of 1899, being prevented from graduating by the death of his father five months before completion of the course. Returning home, he took his father's business, that of druggist, which he has since carried on. He has been chairman of the board of selectmen, tax collector, member of the school board, constable and prosecuting agent, also justice of the peace, and trial justice under the new law of 1911, which gives him exclusive jurisdiction of trial cases, without the establishment of a police court. For the past five years he has tried all local cases. He is a member of Jaffrey Grange, and for the last three years lecturer; member of

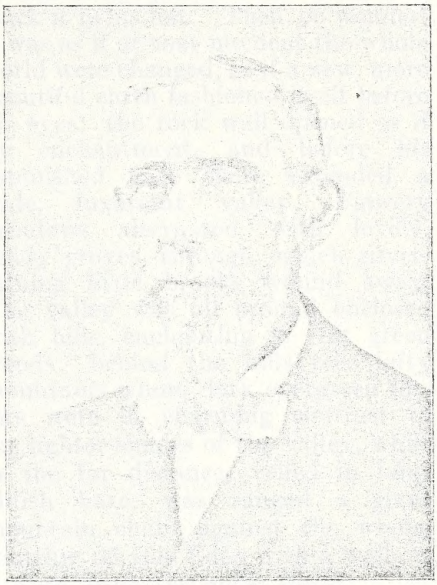


George H. Duncan

Charity Lodge, No. 18, of Masons, past master and present secretary. He married, November 19, 1900, Helen Prescott, of Jaffrey, and has one son, ten years old. He was the

first president of the Jaffrey board of trade, and chief instigator of the "safe and sane" Fourth in Jaffrey and member of the committee having the celebration in charge for the last three years. He has been a member of the State Democratic Committee since 1904, and was a candidate for the Senate from the fourteenth district in 1906. He is secretary and treasurer of the N. H. Direct Legislation League, and in that capacity has spoken in over thirty cities and towns on the subject within the last two years. He believes that the Initiative and Referendum will give freedom in political life, and is a strong believer in Single Tax, thinking it will bring about economic freedom.

George P. Hadley, delegate from Goffstown, was born in that town September 3, 1846, and was educated in the public schools and at Kimball Union Academy, Meriden, graduating from the latter with high rank in the class of 1869. He entered Dartmouth College with the class of 1873, but was compelled to abandon the course by reason of ill-health. He taught school successfully for several years in New Hampshire and Massachusetts, and was afterwards engaged in surveying and civil engineering for a number of years in Goffstown and surrounding towns, having the supervision of the construction of several water-works systems in that section of the state. His services have also been especially in demand in the surveying of lands and the retracing of old lines. He has held the office of selectman, collector, superintending school committee, member of school board, represented his native town in the Legislature of 1885, and in the present Convention was a member of the Committee on Bill of Rights and Executive Department. He is a member of the Congregational Church, the Grange, I. O. O. F., and the N. H. Historical Society. He now devotes most of his time to probate business and the



George P. Hadley

settlement of estates involving matters of trust and responsibility.

Mr. Hadley takes a commendable interest in all progressive measures, and is a recognized authority on matters pertaining to the history of his native town, having devoted much attention for several years to investigation in that direction. June 10, 1875, he married Edna V. Carr of Goffstown.

THE "POOL"

Translated from C. A. Koehler's "Maerchenstrauss aus dem Weissen Gebirge."

By Ellen McRoberts Mason.

Whistling a popular air, the tourist-tramp stepped briskly along his way. Free from the cares and worries of his vocation, he hastened into the world, that great, free world where he hoped to win back his health —which had been much shattered —and find inward peace and rest. When he had left the tall buildings of the busy city, with their din and hurried life and strife, behind him, he drew a deep breath. He seemed to himself like a prisoner who knew himself free from the pressure of the prison air, and rejoices over his recovered, and long-time longed-for liberty. His humor was grown glad and serene—for all that appeared around him seemed to invite to pleasure. Through smiling fields, rich fruit-groves, the woods' shadowy green, by brooks and streams, his way led him along, and everything delighted him: the glorious sunshine that flooded mountain and vale with splendor, the fantastically formed clouds that floated in the deep blue heavens, the little flowers by the wayside, that breathed out their sweet odors to him, the splashing of the brooklets, merrily running over the smooth pebbles, the chirping of the crickets, and the jubilation of the birds—to all, he gave loving attention. Truly it seemed to him as if after having been buried year-long in a musty, business room, he was learning to know and prize all these treasures for the first time.

He had now reached a place where mighty towering mountains pushed so near to each other that their sides almost touched, and seemed to cut off his path from farther wandering, when his glance fell upon a wondrously beautiful, star-shaped flower, the like of which he had never seen before. The tender green leaflets of the calyx enwrapped a heavenly blue, crown-like corolla, which again enclosed—like a sweet secret—a group of slender golden stamens. The tramper stopped involuntarily, plucked the flower and stuck it in his hat. Then, oh wonder! it was as if at that moment the whole world were changed, as if a new, more beautiful earth fashioned itself before his eyes; the rock wall opened as if by enchantment, and before his astonished gaze there extended a wide, luxuriant valley. Flowery meadows alternated with lovely, shady groves through which silver-shining little brooks wound away. The valley was all around enclosed with hills, enchanting in soft green woods; behind the hills rose lofty mountains whose dark evergreen forests were in charming contrast to the lighter shades of the valley, while in the far distance, veiled in faint bluish haze, was ranged a giant mountain chain against the whole, shutting off this Eden with a wall, as it were, from the outer world.

The wayfarer felt as if he himself, even were metamorphosed. He strode along with elastic step, fresh, joyful blood pulsed through his veins; all his thoughts free and untroubled of the past and for the future, he gave himself with utter abandonment to the enjoyment of simply glad existence. Never had the sun seemed more splendid, and the world with such glory over-flooded, never had the heavens shone so deep blue, never before had he felt so unspeakably happy; thrice blessed in his delight, he sang extemporizing from a full heart:

O, thou delightful mountain air!
O, thou blest woodland odors rare!
Let me shout and sing for joy,
Yodel like a very boy!

Little brooks babble down to me,
Dancing down glad to the vale free;
From windy heights, birds trill your part:
World, O World, how charming thou art!

So he wandered on until the god of day went to his coronation; then the vault of heaven was covered with a magnificent glow of color. From the most ravishing crimson, the tints were shaded to pure, transparent, light blue; high above, the floating clouds were enclosed, as it were, with a border of violet-blue, soft-woven velvet.

Peaceful and still the evening sank down upon the plain, and the full moon overflowed the whole valley with her mild, silver light. The wooded mountains framed in the sleeping pastures, whose slumber no sound disturbed. Only now and then the treetops whispered low in the breath of the cooling wind. Friendly bowers embraced the wanderer in sweet repose, until the new morning invited him to wider wanderings.

Light-heartedly he hastened forward into the wonderworld. And as he himself rejoiced in this wonderworld, so also every thing that rose up along his way seemed to rejoice with him: the trees rustled glad greetings to him; the hare-bells rang him welcomes, the brooks chattered, the birds chirped him their greeting, wild berry brambles reached out to him, soliciting him to eat the berries; friendly fairies offered him sweet milk and honey cakes and fruit.

But soon the landscape grew still more wonderful; impenetrable woods enclosed the traveller, and arched like a green tent over the mossy path; right and left, giant mountains that stood gleaming white in the sunlight, rose up perpendicularly, so that the narrow pass seemed wrapped in a dreamy twilight—only here and there a golden sunbeam darted trembling through the thick branches.

Presently a roaring, a rushing, and thunder broke on the ear of the wanderer, who soon perceived that the tumult arose from countless brooks and rivers that plunged with frantic haste down the steep rocks just as if it seemed to them the time would be too long before they could reach the sea. All joined together in a mighty, deep, powerful on-rushing stream that shot with wild tumult over giant tree-trunks and great boulders as high as houses, and foaming with rage and impatience, if an obstacle stood in its way.

The wilderness grew sterner and more awful. Past an unfathomable, dark, gloomy lake enclosed in black-green firs, and reflecting the tops of the surrounding, giant mountain range, along by perpendicular soaring masses of rock, the path led, until of a sudden, it lighted up. What a marvellous picture presented itself to the wanderer's gaze!

On one side, high above him on the rock wall appeared the awe-inspiring profile of the "Old Man of the Mountain"; on the other side, a wild mountain brook dashed foaming along, here in cascades, there forming lovely curved basins adown the steep, granite surface. These gleamed like silver in the sunshine, and were transparent as glass. Behind these, the traveller saw many thousand gnomes busy at their work; great numbers of them caught water from the clouds and guided it to the roots of the trees and plants, so that these grew and throve lustily; others by means of a long chain, guided bucketfuls to a place in the forest-deep in the heart of the woods, where the fir trees and beeches shut themselves in together in mysterious dusk, and out of which, like a presumptuous boy, the glacier-brook darted and leaped down recklessly from rock to rock. Reverence and silent awe held the wanderer at this scene; to him had certainly been vouchsafed a glance into the interior workshop of nature.

Farther and farther the way led him, and grew all the time narrower and steeper. He began almost to be afraid, for to the right and left of the path, huge overhanging masses of

rocks rose up and seemed to threaten every moment to precipitate themselves into the awful depths, at the bottom of which, the glacier-brook rushed raging and roaring.

All about him, in wild confusion lay heaps of boulders of every shape and size, among them, enormous, crushed tree-trunks and their broken boughs—a vivid picture of destruction and desolation.

The mountain-climber felt almost frightened at the wild desolation and had an anxious wish to turn back, and then it seemed as if everything around him called to him—"Forward, forward!" A many-colored snake stretched out its head to him and beckoned him on, sprightly chipmunks ran on before him, coal-black crows flew around his head, encouraging him with their clamor, even the moss-covered stumps of trees, and curiously formed boulders, that seemed to have taken on human features, nodded to him and invited him to wider wandering.

Ever mountain-ward led the rugged path, until the narrow pass suddenly opened, and an entrancing picture spread out before the pedestrian's delighted gaze. Coming out of the forest twilight, he was almost blinded from the splendor of the sunshine that illumined the wonderland. In the midst of it he saw a great pool of water; this was shaped out of rocks that glowed in wondrous colors, and here and there—overhanging—formed cool, homely grottos.

Through the crystal-clear water, one could look down to the emerald-green, gold-veined bottom of the basin; gold-speckled fishes tumbled merrily about in the depths, blue dragon-flies floated in zig-zag, above the surface; here and there—from behind the thick bushes which enclosed the pool as though with a green garland, mirrored from the burnished surface—nixies peeped shyly out. Over the edge of a high cliff, the water streamed in wide, foaming falls into the pool below.

This was surrounded by smiling meadows in brave adornment of wondrous and exquisitely colored flowers. Brilliant butterflies danced in teasing play from blossom to blossom. Everything breathed beauty, delight, happiness.

A music that was unspeakably expressionful, sounded from the groves and resounded in wonderful, almost celestial harmony from the forests and mountains. To the wanderer it seemed that he had never perceived anything like it before; now it sounded like devout children's voices, and now it pealed forth like distant organ tones, then again like thousand-voiced choir-singing, in which he thought he could distinguish the voices of his own loved, lost ones.

Seized and entirely overcome with emotion, he had not noticed that he had arrived at a steep rock wall or barricade. This suddenly opened, as it were of itself, and there was stretched out before his astonished gaze, a wide, seemingly endlessly extending, splendid hall, whose sides, formed of white-gleaming, precious stones, were broken by numberless niches. Mighty columns soared aloft and bore the vaulted, gold-shimmering roof. In the midst stood a magnificently ornamented, lofty throne, from which a venerable old man with long, snow-white beard, advanced to the wanderer.

The Wizard of the mountain—for it was he—spoke: "Welcome stranger! The flower in your hat has led you this way, and opened to you my rock-castle, which yet no human foot hath trod. Hail thee! for to the human being to whom it is given to succeed in penetrating here, I am able to grant the fulfilment of a wish. See here, two flowering twigs—choose the one, and you will obtain what you men call riches, choose the other, and health and a happy mind will be your portion."

The wanderer, still dazed from all his wonderful experiences, hesitated in his choice; but after a little consider-

rocks rose up and seemed to threaten every moment to precipitate themselves into the awful depths at the bottom of which the glacier-brook roared raging and roaring.

All about him, in wild confusion lay heaps of boulders of every shape and size, among them, enormous, crushed tree-trunks and their broken boughs—a vivid picture of destruction and desolation.

The mountain-climber felt almost frightened at the wild desolation and had an impulse with to turn back, and then it seemed as if every thing around him called to him—"Forward, forward!" A many-colored snake stretched out its head to him and beckoned him on, sprightly chamois ran on before him, coal-black ravens flew around his head, cormorants ogled him with their glassy eyes, the mole-covered stumps of trees, and curiously formed boulders, that seemed to have taken on human features, nodded to him and invited him to wider wanderings.

Over mountain-wand led the rugged path, until the course grew suddenly opened, and an entrancing picture spread out before the pedestrian's delighted gaze. Coming out of the forest twilight, he was almost blinded from the splendor of the sunshine that illumined the wonderland. In the midst of it lay a great pool of water; this was draped out of rocks that glowed in wondrous colors, and here and there overhanging—formed coal, bomb grotto.

Through the crystal-clear water, one could look down to the emerald green, gold-veined bottom of the basin; gold-speckled fishes frolicked merrily about in the depths; large dragon-flies floated in ray-ring, above the surface; here and there—down behind the thick bushes which reached the pool as though with a cross gesture, upheld from the burnished surface—mixes peeped shyly out. Over the edge of a high cliff, the water streamed in wild, foaming falls into the pool below.

ation, he said to himself: "Of what use would be all the treasures of the world, without health and a happy mind?" and he quickly reached for the second twig.

Thereat the Wizard smiled and said: "Your choice is a good one, watch the flower well. You will rejoice in the most excellent health *so long as it does not wither.*" With these words he turned and disappeared.

In a trice, the rocks joined together crashing over his head. As he looked around, frightened, and half stunned from the detonation, he found himself in a dark, awful cavern. He hastened to escape from there, and soon the daylight greeted him. Every thing around him had its customary appearance, nothing existed of the splendor he had seen.

Toilsomely he made himself a path over nature's ruins, through stunted undergrowth and dead, fallen trees, to the valley below. His just past experience was to him now like a beautiful dream, out of which he had been suddenly frightened. Only the blossoming branch which he held rigidly in his hand, assured him that those wonderful things had really taken place.

Grown stronger from his tramp, he returned home; new courage animated him, and strengthened him for the work that lay before him, a bright future seemed to him to beckon him on, now that he was recovered in body and mind. The branchlet presented him by the mountain wizard he planted in the best soil, tended and guarded it like the apple of his eye, and, while he worked, enjoyed the refreshment of the spicy odor that streamed out to him.

But whether it was that the plant could thrive only in the mountains, in the free forest air, or whether the stifling, narrow room in which the wanderer was abliged to live, was the cause, the flower began slowly to bow its head, and one petal after another to close.

Anxiously he tried to keep the plant alive; he stood it in the the most generous sunlight his musty apartment afforded—sorrowfully his gaze was fixed on the withering flower—in vain, only a few leaves were left, and soon all had dropped off.

And with the gradual drooping of the plant, the formerly gay spirit of the wanderer became more and more troubled; his cheeks grew paler and paler—but his eyes shone with ever more wondrous lustre, and his gaze, which rarely now rested on the objects of his environment, seemed to lose itself in the infinite distance: it was as if a great longing had seized him, for the blue mountains, the fragrant forests, the babbling brooks—there where freedom, where peace dwelt.

And when the branchlet was wholly withered and the last flower petal had fallen and no more sweet fragrance was given out to him—then they found him sleeping the everlasting sleep, deep peace in his face, his look directed towards that heavenly country where the beautiful, blue mountains lifted up their heads to the clouds.

THE MOOD

By Georgiana Rogers

You must be in the right state of mind
To profit by help of any kind;
Even the breathing of fresh air
Helps more when we lay aside all care.

MY MOTHER[1]

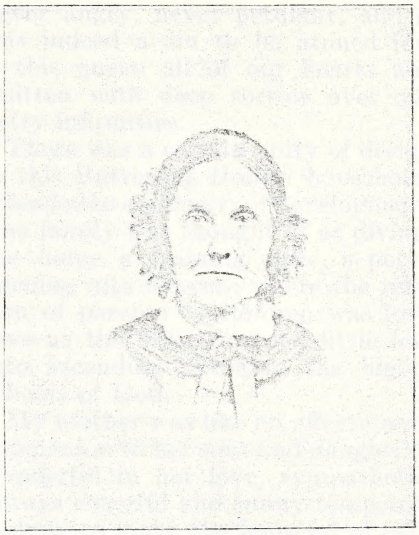
By Rev. E. P. Tenney

My mother's influence on my intellectual life was, first, the unceasing exercise of my judgment upon questions of domestic and social right and wrong, and of my attitude toward God. Quite secondary in importance, but gently and systematically insisted upon, in season and out of season, was the early formation of a habit of reading this or that book which she selected for me as, first of all interesting as well as useful. Addison, Goldsmith and Milton had been her own early tutors, nor would she allow me the use of inferior books. So I learned from my mother really to study when I was a mere child.

From her ancestors she had inherited a vast fund of sterling good sense relating to the conduct of life. This led her, upon such information as she came to be possessed of, to walk by faith as well as by sight; so that my theoretical relation to the All-Father, in my childhood, was not so much by the specific instruction of any hour as through the life of my mother, of which I early saw much more than I did of my father's life, since he commonly locked himself into his study, or was riding swiftly to see a man, or was hustling to get the routine work done about the place.

My religious nature was a growth, like a scion grafted into the living tree. Not through infrequent and spasmodic information, not through week by week iteration, but by hourly insistence on every possible occasion and by the habit of parental life, I knew that the Bible was the first book, the only book of paramount value. I was to read it whether I read other books or not. It was important that I should read it through before I was eight years old. My mother had read it through, and five folio volumes of Scott's commentary upon the whole Bible, before she was eleven years old.

I do not remember the time when my mother did not pray with me alone, at least once a week, at some hour apart from bedtime: and before I was eight years old I had, under her guidance, formed definite habits of secret prayer at the twilight hour. This I kept up six years, often by a mere form, often with much hesitating, if often with the imperfect and ill informed faith of a child, so, too, often conscious of being alienated in my mind from God,—six years before I entered a path that knew no turning. So thoroughly was I taught to pray, that I clung to the twilight habit when I had little else to cling to. My mother's prayers with me and her own habit of private devotion led me to believe that prayer had as much to do with living as food and



Mary Tenney

[1] Mary, the daughter of Asa Tenney, of Newbury, Vermont; the wife of Rev. Asa P. Tenney, pastor at West Concord, New Hampshire, 1833–1867.

clothing had. And my father was daily so earnest and business-like in his devotions, that to me his every-day relation to God seemed as real as his relation to any neighbor. This made a great impression on my child mind. I grew up into believing, as a bud gaining life from the parent stock. Long before I was ten years old, the personality of God was to me as real in my life as the existence of the sun. And there was never anything in my home life that shocked this belief. The life of my father and of my mother accorded with what I learned in the Bible as to the Christian life. Their larger experience had already long since forever decided for them the moral questions that I was now called on to decide for myself,—if not once for all, then many times over till they would stay decided. So the immovable law of the moral universe was one of the living powers within the house, which was none other than one of God's many mansions to those who would make it so. As I think of it now, the very perfume of heaven filled the house, so constant was the sense of the divine influence, so constant the acceptance of the reign of the invisible moral order.

The most dreadful thing I remember in my childhood was the way in which my mother dealt with us if we were in the wrong. It almost broke her heart, and she showed it. It was plain that she was easily grieved, grieved almost beyond expression to have us do wrong. It seemed to her as if God disapproved the acts of her children. There was a great ado about it. In that little northwest bedroom where I gave my heart to God, my mother often prayed with me over acts of disobedience or serious error.

For example: I kept my "stick-horse" in an angle of the house near the kitchen door; and when I went out to gallop about the yard one Sunday morning before breakfast, my mother was grieved that I did not remember what day it was; and she took me into the little bedroom and talked with me about it, and prayed with me, that I might "remember" the Sabbath day to keep it holy.

My mother's face is now before me, filled with inexpressible grief, gazing upon me through the twilight out upon the open plains, as it was when, once only in a lifetime, my brother and I ran away at about dusk to play with other boys. She never lost her dignity. She was a queenly woman. Royalty never so bore sway as did she in her own house. She was never angry, never petulant: and it was indeed a sin to be atoned for, if this queen all of our hearts was smitten with deep sorrow over our petty infirmities.

There was a certain unity of design in this Butternut Hollow household; it tended to symmetry of development. The family was thought of as divine; the home a training place, a porch opening into heaven; where the relation of parents to children was lost, save as the older first led little feet into ascending paths to the higher schools of God.

My mother was like an affectionate companion to her sons and daughters, wonderful in her love, sympathetic, always cheerful and sunny tempered, seeking to make the houseful of children happy, and careful not to over train them and manage them too much, leading and guiding without appearing to do so. How to do this was thought out, planned about, and talked over with the Infinite Widsom, an hour or more every day at brief intervals of being alone with God.

It was a well balanced leading and guiding. Were we taught prayer? We were taught industry. Were we disciplined to reverence? To neatness, also.

Our mother tied or untied the tongues of her children: "I say unto you that every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account of in the day of judgment." This

was often cited by my mother, not as a poetic sentiment, or even pointed to as a worsted motto on card board, but as a sleepless Mede and Persian law of life that could not be changed till the crack of doom.

We were early taught the importance of embedding in our characters the wisdom of the Book of Proverbs and the New Testament apothegms of practical piety in domestic and social relations.

In our Butternut Hollow house, Christmas was never frowned on; but the glory of other days was insisted on. Any day, every day, was thought to be good enough for the sons and daughters of the Almighty to play in and work in.

Like a tranquil figure of justice in bronze upon the cupola of the court house, my mother evenly distributed to her children both praise and blame. We were taught that her approbation meant much. Her love-tokens were prized. I have now a pen picture of a heart, deftly adorned with filigree work, as Colonel Dunham's fashionable school at Windsor had taught her to make it in her early teens. It came to me with a sugar heart folded in, when I was five years old, and it was judiciously said that "Edward must be a good boy."

She had to save up that birthday delicacy by blowing out candles. I can see her now, with a Rembrandt tallow-dip upon a black light-stand in a darkly shadowed room, stitching, stitching, while I was sent through two dark rooms to find father poring over his books in the light of a small wick moistened by whale oil,—a lamp little improved over the one used by Cicero. The errand I went on was to find out whether six children should instantly race and chase through those dark rooms to bid good night to the theologian dimly seeking for light.

Out doors or indoors, I never saw my mother—all told during thirty years—manifest the slightest impatience. I do not remember that she ever took me seriously to task for playing in the dirt—her theory being that it might be cleaner than the village boys,—or getting wet; although she insisted upon it that I should know how to take care of myself if wet. She encouraged our making mud dams in the brook, digging snow houses in deep drifts, or rolling up snow forts.

Colonel Dunham indeed had taught my mother to dance, but her diary when a little girl had expressed dissatisfaction with it, as of doubtful interest in its relation to what was permanent and enduring. For boys at least she thought few dancing floors so good for fun as glare ice, or the frosted snow crust glinting in the sun or gleaming in the moonbeams.

The most important educative influence in my boyhood was what my mother and my father taught me about relative values. Play was good—in its relation to a worthy life work, in its relation to the greatness, the majesty, and irresistible ongoing energy of the Kingdom of God.

They taught their children to trust God in their unceasing work for him, rather than mainly seek to make money for luxurious living; to be devoted, soul and body, to the world's well being rather than to perpetually seek the good of number one.

I do not remember when I was not taught, in deciding test questions, to lean hard toward the side of self-sacrifice. By acts of self-denial, when I was a little child, I was taught to earn money to give to well considered plans for diffusing moral light in a world that needed it. I could not have been five years old, when I was already conscious of definite purposes and large planning—following out the large planning of others—concerning the great Kingdom of God, with its realm so much wider than my native village. I do not remember the time when I did not think of it as the most suitable work in the world

for a child of immortality, to lead a life of self-sacrifice for others, and self-devotement to some carefully thought out plan for the moral improvement of society: and to this scheme of life, I felt predestined. I do not remember the time when I ever thought of life as given to me for anything else.

Do we not read in ancient story, that the spirit of God, in the form of a dove, rested upon the Son of man in the hour of his baptism? So, too, with a keen sense of my own infinite unworthiness, I would fain believe that the Infinite Spirit hovered over my childhood paths, perhaps in the form of my mother; or, if not, it is a great joy to me that the early leadings of God are so associated in my mind with my mother's training and instruction, that, whenever I think of all that is pure, holy, faithful, and all that is noble in this life, I at once embody these virtues in my mother, to whom, next to my Saviour, I owe the most.

CENTER LEBANON, MAINE.

THE GREAT UNKNOWN

By Stewart Everett Rowe.

Some one to be a friend—a lifelong friend—
On whom to lean for comfort and for rest,
When in the Valley or upon the Crest;
Some one to come and stay until the end
That joy, success and love may meet and blend,
So firm, immutable, steadfast and true
That Life may be just like a sky of blue;—
Some one —The Great Unknown—to be a friend.

The Great Unknown, who still is yet to be,
So perfect and so grand in ev'ry way:
The Great Unknown, to calm Life's troubled sea,
To speed the thought that Life is more than clay:
The Great Unknown, to liberate and free
And make of Life one long and happy day!

A LITTLE WHILE

By Frances M. Pray.

When from the things we hold most dear
  We feel quite far away,
And all around the rain falls fast
  From skies all dull and gray,
If we'd but go out in the air
  And make our lips to smile,
We'd see a flower blooming bright
  In just a little while.

When everything keeps going wrong
  And constant troubles bring,
And we are feeling "down and out"
  With every living thing,
If we'd but work with all our heart
  And not forget to smile,
We'd surely hear a bird's glad song,
  In just a little while.

for a child of immortality, to lead a life of self-sacrifice for others, and self-development to some carefully thought out plan for the moral improvement of society; and to this solemn of life? I felt predestined. I do not remember the time when I ever thought of life as given to me for anything else.

Do we not read in ancient story, that the spirit of God, in the form of a dove, rested upon the Son of man, in the hour of his baptism? So too, with a less sense of my own infinite

TRUST AND ASPIRATION

By Margaret Quimby

He who marks the sparrow's fall,
And heeds the raven's cry,
Will He not have care o'er us
And all our needs supply?

Then why give place to doubting,
When faith is much the best;
The heart in trust found wanting,
Knows naught of peace and rest.

Our days of life are numbered;
And in the stress and strain,
To build up earthly treasure—
Beware lest we fail to gain,

The beautiful gifts of the spirit—
Our passport to heaven above;
Thro the gates ajar they only pass—
Who are rich in the wealth of God's love.

We may hold rare gems of the ocean,
Vast wealth of the mines amass;
Yet these can avail us nothing
When on to heaven we'd pass.

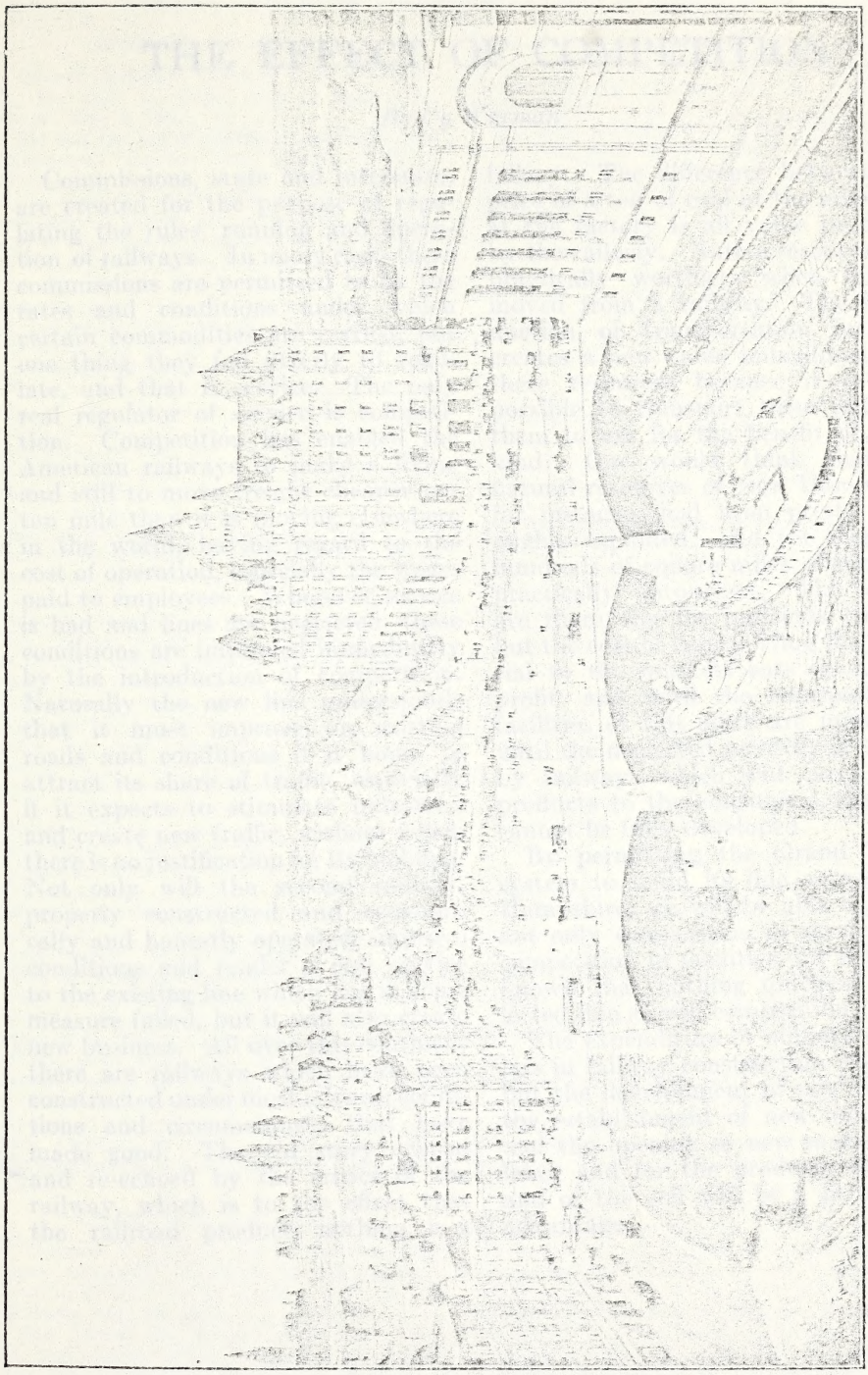
But knowledge is an attribute,
Of God's eternal self;
And they who seek this treasure,
Secure immortal wealth.

True knowledge makes us fitter
Companions of the blest;
And gives us strength to bravely meet,
Temptation's crucial test.

Knowledge gives the impetus
To keep life's upward trend;
To make the most of every gift,
The Father doth us send.

Knowledge gives us sight to see,
God's ways are always best;
When through life's thorny maze He leads
His love is our compass—our rest.

Then let us prove wise students here,
In the world's great school of life;
God's Paradise awaits us—
Reward for every strife.



Grand Trunk $2,000,000. Hotel and Station, Chateau Laurier, Ottawa, Canada



THE EFFECT OF COMPETITION

By Cy Warman

Commissions, state and interstate, are created for the purpose of regulating the rules, running and operation of railways. In many cases these commissions are permitted to fix the rates and conditions under which certain commodities are carried, but one thing they fail utterly to regulate, and that is service. The only real regulator of service is competition. Competition has enabled the American railways to make a living and still to move freight cheaper per ton mile than it is moving elsewhere in the world, having regard to the cost of operation, especially the wages paid to employees. Wherever service is bad and lines are neglected, these conditions are improved immediately by the introduction of competition. Naturally the new line understands that it must improve on existing roads and conditions if it hopes to attract its share of traffic, especially if it expects to stimulate industries and create new traffic, without which there is no justification for its building. Not only will the second railway, properly constructed and economically and honestly operated, improve conditions and render a real service to the existing line which has in some measure failed, but it will also create new business. All over this continent there are railways which have been constructed under most adverse conditions and circumstances that have made good. The old story echoed and re-echoed by the critics of the railway, which is to the effect that the railroad produces nothing, is a fallacy. The difference between the price of a ton of coal at the mine and at the factory is all value produced by the railway. Native resources are practically worthless when far removed from a railway. The introduction of transportation facilities creates a new value immediately for these resources because it is then possible to transport them and put them to use for the benefit of mankind. One would think that the natural resources of New Hampshire, for instance, had been pretty thoroughly exploited; and yet there are hundreds of square miles of territory practically untouched. The forests are there, ripe for judicious cutting, but the cost of transporting the material to the markets eats up all the profit, and until the transportation facilities of this state are improved, until the neglected territory is tapped by railways which will carry these products to the consumers, the state cannot be fully developed.

By permitting the Grand Trunk system to build its line across New Hampshire, we will be able to enjoy not only competition in service, but competition in facilities, for it is well known that nothing quickens a neglected line as will competition.

The expenditure of millions of dollars in railway construction will help, but the development of new regions, the establishment of new industries, and the opening of new markets for labor and for the products of labor and of the soil will be a permanent advantage.

NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY

GEORGE A. GORDON

George Augustus Gordon, born in Dover, N. H., July 17, 1827, died in Somerville, Mass., May 3, 1912.

He was the son of Ebenezer and Sophronia (Anderson) Gordon and graduated from Dartmouth College in the class of 1846, when scarcely nineteen years of age. He commenced active life as a civil engineer, and in that capacity assisted in the erection of the Atlantic Cotton Mills at Lawrence and the Manchester Print Works. Later he superintended the construction of the mills of Lewiston, Me. He continued this work till 1854, and in the following year entered journalism, purchasing the Lawrence *Sentinel*, which he conducted as a Democratic paper during the Buchanan campaign in 1856, when he sold out and went to Detroit as draughtsman for the Detroit Locomotive Works. The panic of 1857 soon wiped out this enterprise, and Mr. Gordon went south, where he became assistant editor of the *Charleston Mercury*, continuing till just before the outbreak of the Civil War, when he became supervising engineer of some gold mines near Dahlonega in northern Georgia. Later he became assistant quartermaster in the "Home Guard," First Regiment, state of Georgia troops, with the rank of Captain, and served through the war.

Returning north, in 1866, he located in Lawrence, Mass., where he engaged in literary work, but soon removed to Lowell to take charge of the advertising department in the J. C. Ayer's Co. establishment.

For the last twenty-eight years of his life Captain Gordon had been a resident of Somerville, where he was for some time connected with the business department of the *Somerville Journal*. His later years, however, were entirely devoted to genealogical work, in which he had always taken deep interest. For seventeen years, up to 1910, he served as recording secretary of the New England Historical and Genealogical Society, of which he had been a member since 1876. He was a corresponding member of the New Hampshire Historical Society, and of various similar organizations. He was a Mason and was Senior Warden of Emanuel Episcopal Church of Somerville. He married, October 16, 1857, at Lawrence, Ann Farley Gordon, who survives him, with three sons.

CLARENCE F. CARROLL

Clarence F. Carroll, one of the ablest and most successful educators in the country, born in Enfield, N. H., April 1, 1852, died at Warner, June 14, 1912.

Mr. Carroll was the son of the late Alonzo C. and Mercy (Hale) Carroll. His father was long a prominent citizen of Warner, as is his brother Edward H., at whose residence he died from an apoplectic shock immediately after having delivered the address at the graduating exercises of the Simonds High School.

He was a graduate of Yale College and soon after graduation became principal of the New Britain, Conn., Normal School, which he made one of the leading institutions of the kind in the country. In 1895 he was called to the superintendency of schools in Worcester, Mass., one of the most progressive cities in the country in educational lines, where he continued eight years, with a measure of success which commanded the attention of educators throughout the country. In 1903 he was called to a similar position in the progressive city of Rochester, N. Y., where he enhanced his already nation-wide reputation as a thoroughly practical educator, continuing until 1911, when he resigned and returned to New Hampshire, locating on the old homestead in Boscawen, where his wife, who was Julia, daughter of the late Nathaniel Webster, was reared.

For the past year he had devoted a portion of the time to the direction of the schools at Marblehead, Mass., as incidental pastime, and had pursued special studies at Harvard University and, up to the time of his death, had been in excellent health. He had written much for educational publications, and delivered many addresses along various lines. He was the principal speaker at the "Old Home Sunday" service in Concord last year.

He is survived by his wife, two sons, Henry C., of Indianapolis, and Carl H., of Boston, and two daughters, Mrs. Lawrence P. Tolman, of Seattle and Margaret E., of Boscawen.

JOSEPH REED WHIPPLE

Joseph R. Whipple, familiarly known as J. Reed Whipple, one of the most prominent and successful hotel men in the country, died at a private hospital in Boston, June 15, 1912.

Mr. Whipple was born in New Boston, N. H., September 8, 1842, the son of John and Philantha (Reed) Whipple. Early in life he went to Boston and commenced work as a grocery clerk, soon engaging in business himself, but without success. Turning his attention in another direction, he became an assistant steward in the Parker House, where he rapidly developed capacity for the hotel business, and was advanced accordingly. In 1876 he became proprietor of the famous Young's Hotel, and in 1891 of the Parker House. Some years ago he took on the Touraine, and at the time of his decease was the proprietor of all these great Boston hostelries, and prominent in other interests. He had always retained a deep interest in his native town of New Boston, where he had an extensive farm and frequently visited, and contributed liberally to promote the town's welfare.

NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY

OL. XLIV, No. 8 AUGUST, 1912 New Series, Vol. VII, No. 8

THE GRANITE MONTHLY

A New Hampshire Magazine

Devoted to History, Biography, Literature and State Progress

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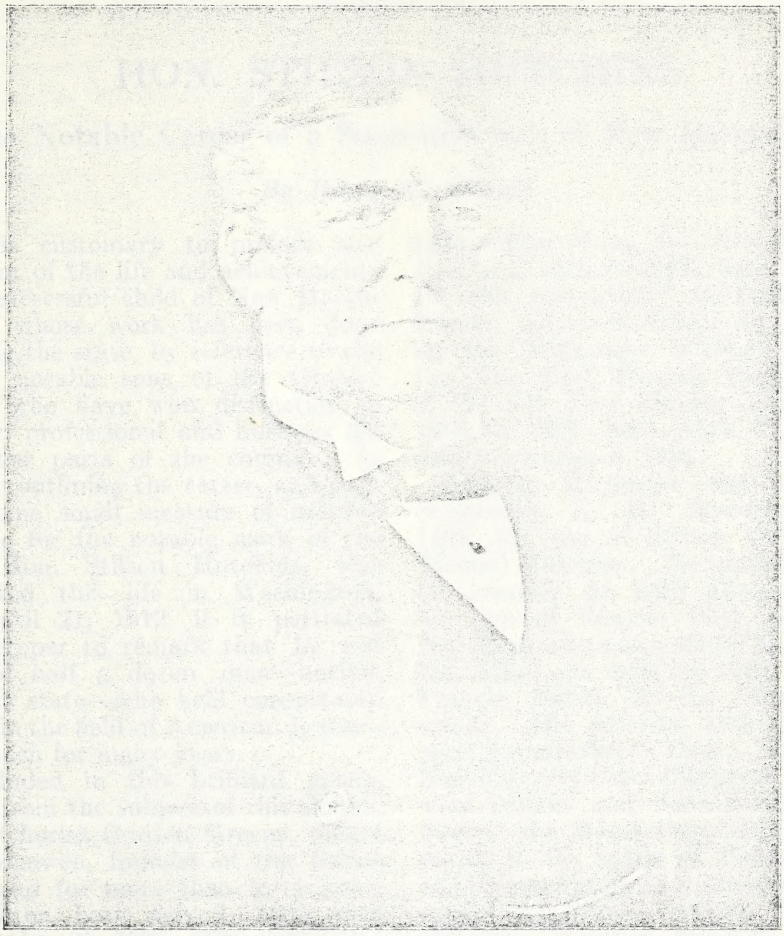
HENRY H. METCALF, Editor and Manager

ERMS: $1.00 per annum, in advance; $1.50 if not paid in advance. Single copies, 15 cents

CONCORD, N. H., 1912

Entered at the post office at Concord as second-class mail matter.

THE GRANITE MONTHLY



Stilson Hutchins.

THE GRANITE MONTHLY

VOL. XLIV, NO. 8 AUGUST, 1912 NEW SERIES, VOL. 7, NO. 8

HON. STILSON HUTCHINS

The Notable Career of a Successful Son of New Hampshire

By Henry H. Metcalf

It is customary to preface any account of the life and achievements of a successful child of New Hampshire, whose work has been done outside the state, by reference to the many notable sons of the Granite State who have won distinction in public, professional and business life in other parts of the country. In briefly outlining the career, and paying some small measure of merited tribute for the notable work of the late Hon. Stilson Hutchins, who departed this life in Washington, on April 21, 1912, it is pertinent and proper to remark that he was one of half a dozen men—natives of this state—who held conspicuous place in the field of American journalism, each for many years.

Included in this brilliant group, aside from the subject of this sketch, were Charles Gordon Greene, native of Boscawen, founder of the *Boston Post* and for more than forty years its editor, born July 1, 1804, died September 27, 1886; Horace Greeley, native of Amherst, founder of the *New York Tribune*, and editor thereof from 1841 till 1872; born February 3, 1811, died November 29, 1872; Charles A. Dana, native of Hinsdale, managing editor of the *New York Tribune*, under Greeley, from 1849 to 1862, editor of the *New York Sun* from 1868 to 1896; born August 8, 1819; died October 17, 1896; Horace White, native of Colebrook, editor of the *Chicago Tribune* from 1864 to 1874; editor of the *New York Evening Post* from 1883 to 1903; born August 10, 1834; now retired; and Jonas Mills Bundy, native of Colebrook, served on the Milwaukee *Wisconsin*, and the *New York Evening Post;* editor of the *New York Evening Mail* from 1868 to 1891; born April 17, 1835; died September 8, 1891.

STILSON HUTCHINS was born in Whitefield, N. H., November 14, 1838, the son of Stilson and Clara (Eaton) Hutchins. He came of notable ancestry on both sides, tracing his line of descent back to John Hutchins, who was a settler in Haverhill, Mass., as early as 1646, and to Francis Eaton of the Mayflower colony. His paternal and maternal great-grandfathers, Capt. Nathaniel Hutchins and Capt. Nathaniel Eaton, were gallant and distinguished soldiers of the Revolution, both participating in the battle of Bunker Hill, and serving throughout the war. The son of the former—Stilson Eastman Hutchins, married Rebecca Eaton, daughter of the latter, and intermarriage between the families continued in subsequent generations, Clara Eaton of Hopkinton, mother of the subject of this sketch, being a grand-daughter of Captain Eaton, and a cousin of her husband.

Stilson Hutchins was a posthumous child, his father having suddenly died several months before his birth, leaving his mother in very moderate circumstances. Animated by the

heroic spirit of her ancestry, she bravely faced the difficulties in her way and inspired in the heart of her son that earnest purpose and ambition, which, with such educational advantages as he was able to secure, set him at an early age on the highway to success. She removed to Hopkinton, her native town, where her son attended the public school and the famous Hopkinton Academy, then under the direction of that celebrated New Hampshire educator, Prof. Dyer H. Sanborn. After some years she married Hiram Somerby of Cambridgeport, Mass., and removed to that place. Following a year at Harvard young Stilson engaged as a reporter on the Boston *Herald*. He had served but a few months in that capacity when the family, in 1855, removed to Osage, Iowa; but the newspaper instinct had already become so strongly developed, that, although but seventeen years of age, he became editor of the *Osage Democrat*, and later on, was editor of the *North Iowan* in the same place.

Seeking a wider field and larger opportunity, he removed, in 1858, to Des Moines, where he was editor of the *Telegraph* for three years, going then to Dubuque, where he became editor and joint proprietor of the *Dubuque Herald*, which, under his vigorous editorial direction, became the leading Democratic newspaper of the state, and so continued until 1866, when he sold it and removed to St. Louis, Mo. The years of his editorial control of the *Herald* covered the exciting period of the civil war, and the *Herald* was an uncompromising Democratic paper throughout. It opposed the war, as unnecessary, in the outset, and unsparingly criticised the policy of its conduct, which, as Democratic leaders then contended, and never ceased to believe, under the machinations of Stanton and Zachariah Chandler, was directed more toward the promotion of Republican party success than prompt victory for the Union arms. The treatment of General McClellan, by the administration, and the manifest determination that Union victory should not be achieved under his command, was condemned by the Democratic press of the country wherever the courage of conviction was freely exercised, and the columns of the *Dubuque Herald* furnished constant and convincing evidence that its fearless young editor had no sympathy with the administration policy. Undeterred by popular clamor, or by threats of personal violence, such as silenced many a Democratic newspaper or editor in those days, he proclaimed his opinions without hesitation. He was an earnest defender of General McClellan and gave him vigorous support as the Democratic candidate for President in 1864, the nomination having been accorded him by his party, as a mark of confidence in his patriotism, as well as a testimonial to his fitness and ability, notwithstanding the humiliation to which he had been subjected through the wiles of his political adversaries.

Immediately upon his removal to St. Louis, Mr. Hutchins established the *Times*, which he made a live, progressive Democratic paper, and a formidable rival of the *Missouri Republican*, then in spite of its name occupying the Democratic field in that great city. He now had a field of operation commensurate with his ambition and ability, and he made the most of the opportunity presented. He not only made his paper the champion of progressive principles and policies, commanding a wide influence and liberal patronage, but entered, personally, into active politics, in opposition to the then existing Democratic "machine" dominating the party in both city and state affairs, to such purpose that, in a triangular contest, in the fall of 1872, he was chosen a representative in the Missouri legislature from the sixth St. Louis district.

He had already come to be recognized as a leading figure in the younger element of the party in the state,

and was strongly supported for the speakership. In fact, his election to that position was generally conceded, but was finally prevented by a sharp trick played upon his friends in the nominating caucus, and which aroused such indignation that his election to the United States Senate to succeed Gen. Francis P. Blair was proposed and would have been effected but for his own refusal to be a candidate, on the ground that an older and more experienced man should be selected for the position. Resentment of the underhanded methods by which his defeat for the speakership was accomplished, prevailed to such extent, however, that General Blair, himself, some of whose friends were responsible for that outcome, was defeated for reelection, and that political anomaly, Lewis V. Bogy, finally chosen.

Mr. Hutchins was the recognized leader of his party in the house; prominent in all legislative work. He was reelected in the fall of 1874, and in the next session served as chairman of the Ways and Means committee—the leading committee of the house. During this session he introduced and carried through to final passage, a measure thoroughly revolutionizing the taxation system of the state, and put Missouri abreast of other progressive states in this important direction.

In the campaign of 1872, Mr. Hutchins, in his newspaper and on the stump, gave hearty support to Horace Greeley, with whom he had always disagreed politically, until his espousal of the Liberal Republican cause and nomination for the presidency, subsequently endorsed by the Democratic Convention. He respected Greeley for his honesty and his wonderful ability and felt that the direction of national affairs might safely be intrusted to his hands. In 1876 he was an early advocate of Samuel J. Tilden's nomination for the presidency, and, as chairman of the Missouri delegation in the St. Louis Convention, was able to contribute powerfully to that end, as he did subsequently to the election of Tilden and Hendricks at the polls, and the choice of a Democratic majority in the electoral college which would have insured their election but for the fraudulent reversal of the result in three Southern states, then under "carpet-bag" control, through the most desperate and diabolical political conspiracy ever engineered in this or any other country. Had the will of the people been fully carried out, and Mr. Tilden inaugurated as President, there is no doubt that Mr. Hutchins would have received distinguished recognition at his hands, as he was one of the notable coterie of young Democrats in the country, who, rallying to his support with singular zeal and earnestness, commanded in full measure his confidence as well as gratitude.

During his political and newspaper career in St. Louis, which continued till 1877, in the last three years of which he also owned the *Dispatch*—now the *Post-Dispatch* of that city,—Mr. Hutchins became more or less intimately associated with many of the most prominent journalists of the country, with not a few of whom he ever continued on terms of close friendship. It was during this time that Joseph Pulitzer, then a wandering Hungarian Jew, seeking entry into American journalism went to that city, and, after much struggle, at last fairly commenced the career, whose ultimate success so far as financial results are concerned, is without parallel in American newspaper history. To Stilson Hutchins, as much as to any other man, at least, was Joseph Pulitzer indebted for the friendly assistance which sped him on the way to final triumph; and for Mr. Hutchins he ever cherished as much of friendly regard as it was possible for one of his peculiar nature and characteristics to retain for any man.

In 1877 Mr. Hutchins disposed of the *Times*, and all his other newspaper interests in St. Louis, for a very

handsome sum, as then regarded at least, and soon after came east proposing the purchase of the *New York World* if satisfactory terms could be made. He was unable, however, to effect what he considered reasonable terms, and it was his lot six years later to see that paper pass into the hands of Joseph Pulitzer. Turning his back upon the commercial metropolis, Mr. Hutchins went to Washington where he was soon led to the conclusion that a Democratic morning paper at the national capital was not only needed but might ultimately become a profitable investment, and, on December 6, 1877, he commenced the publication of the *Washington Post* which he conducted with constantly increasing success till 1889, his elder son—Walter Stilson Hutchins—with whom his relations were always of the closest and most confidential nature, being managing editor throughout. The year after the establishment of the *Post*, Mr. Hutchins bought the *National Union*, a Republican paper, which he merged in the *Post*. In 1887 he acquired control of *The Critic*, an evening paper, whose publication he separately continued, and in 1888 he bought the *National Republican*, which he merged with the *Post*, thus clearing the field of Republican papers. In January, 1889, then controlling the entire morning newspaper field at the capital, and, with *The Critic*, dividing the evening field with the *Star*, classed as independent, at that time, Mr. Hutchins disposed of his entire newspaper property, selling the *Post*, at a large price to Frank Hatton, Ex-Postmaster General, and Congressman Beriah Wilkins of Ohio and *The Critic* to a syndicate headed by Hallet Kilbourn.

This sale was made in order that he might devote all his resources and energy to the development of the Mergenthaler linotype enterprise, which has since as thoroughly revolutionized the work of composition as has the power press, with its multiple improvements, that of printing. One Ottmar Mergenthaler, an ingenious, but impecunious German, had conceived the idea, and so far carried it into operation as to be able to convince the intelligent observer of the feasibility of his device; but had failed utterly to command the financial aid essential to the successful development of the project for the perfection and popularization of the intricate labor-saving machine which has since been installed in most of the great newspaper establishments and publishing houses of the world, though bitterly antagonized, as most great labor-saving devices have always ignorantly been, by the labor unions. Mr. Hutchins' attention had been called to Mergenthaler's invention, and his interest was strongly aroused. He became fully satisfied of its merit and practicability, seeing therein not only advantage to the world but fortune for those who should succeed in fully developing the enterprise. He acquired a large interest in the patents, and set himself to the work of organization and development. It was a long and severe struggle upon which he had entered, but, with his characteristic vigor and determination, he pushed forward to ultimate success. He soon found necessary a greater amount of capital than he had at his command, and enlisted in the enterprise such men as Whitelaw Reid, D. O. Mills, Oliver Payne, and others of their class, the first perfected machines being installed in the *Tribune* establishment by Mr. Reid, which fact gave the enterprise its first substantial advance, other great newspapers soon following the *Tribune* in their adoption. Mr. Hutchins organized the company and was a director from the start. He also placed all the foreign patents, making several trips abroad in pursuit of the work. In this enterprise he made much money—the bulk, indeed, of the very handsome fortune, conservatively estimated at more than $3,000,000, which he left at his decease—but his profits were small compared with those of the great

capitalists whose co-operation he had enlisted.

Meanwhile he had turned his attention in other directions to no inconsiderable extent, becoming a large operator in Washington real estate, aiding materially in developing many sections of the city, wherein had been his home, mainly, for the last thirty-four years—more than one-half of his active lifetime—in which he took no little pride, and in the promotion of whose welfare he was as earnest as any man can be who is without any direct voice in control of the government of the city in which he lives, which is, unhappily or otherwise, as it may be, the condition of every resident of the national capital. He projected many improvements, and himself planned and built the Great Falls Electric railroad, up the Potomac, eight miles, to "Cabin John Bridge," one of the noted points of interest about the capital, which road he subsequently disposed of, it being now a part of the Washington Railway and Electric Company's extensive system. He was also actively interested in and president of a company formed for the improvement and protection of the Palisades of the Potomac, a natural attraction second only in interest and importance to the famous Palisades of the Hudson. He held an interest in a coal mine in Virginia, and built there for the development of the same a railway thirteen miles in length, which is now a part of the Seaboard Air Line. Incidental to a real estate deal, in 1896, he acquired the Washington *Times* newspaper, which was conducted for a time under his son's management, and published in the Hutchins Building, which he erected at the corner of Pennsylvania Avenue and Tenth street; but was sold in 1901 to Frank A. Munsey, and is now one of the chain of papers controlled by that enterprising publisher. Mr. Hutchins gradually acquired extensive properties in both the business and residential sections of Washington, and was regarded as one of the city's most successful realty operators, being particularly active in opening up new localities for residential occupation.

Although his life work was mainly done elsewhere, Mr. Hutchins ever cherished a deep and loyal affection for his native state, and at one time made it his legal residence, his purpose then being to make it ultimately his permanent abiding place. He leased a house in Laconia in the summer of 1879, and occupied it, with his family, and, shortly after, purchased Governor's Island, in Lake Winnipesaukee, where he subsequently built a substantial and costly summer residence, and made many extensive improvements, including the erection of numerous farm buildings and the laying out of a highway around the island, which contains some 600 acres of land. He engaged a farm manager, bought a lot of blooded stock, and carried on agricultural operations to a greater or less extent for several years, spending, here, considerable time in the summer season, and entertaining many friends and notable guests. A few years since, as many will recall, he leased the place for the season for the occupancy of the German Ambassador, Baron von Sternberg, and his suite.

In the fall of 1879, Mr. Hutchins organized a company for the purchase and publication of the *Manchester Union*. The *Daily Union*, then a small evening paper, and the *Union Democrat*, a more pretentious weekly which had been a strong Democratic paper in the days of James M. Campbell and Alpheus A. Hanscom, were then published by Campbell & Hanscom, a son and brother of the former publishers. Upon consummating the purchase, Mr. Hutchins, having secured an Associated Press franchise for the paper, immediately transformed the daily into a live morning paper, and perfected arrangements for its prompt transmission to all parts of the state. In carrying out his plans in this direction he purchased and arranged for running a

small car up the Concord and Montreal main line, to carry the paper to the principal places along the route. This plan was not long in operation, however, for it soon resulted in the putting on of a regular early morning train by the railroad, which eventually started out from Boston, thus accommodating the morning papers of that city, as well as the *Union*. This train, to the present day, is known as the "paper train," and has proven a great convenience and accommodation to people in the lower part of the state desiring to do business in the north country and return the same day. For this great convenience, as well as for a morning daily within the limits of the state (the *Union* still continuing as such, and no other paper, out of several that have been attempted, surviving in the field) the people of New Hampshire are indebted primarily, and it is safe to say entirely, to the enterprise of Stilson Hutchins, who, if he had done nothing else for the benefit of his native state, would have accomplished more than many of those who have been hailed as benefactors by its people.

In 1884 he disposed of his interest in the *Union*, the direct management of which had necessarily been entrusted to business associates and subordinates though he had outlined and directed its general policy. Meanwhile, however, he had taken an active interest in political affairs in the state and had frequently spoken to good effect, upon the stump in advocacy of the Democratic cause. In November, 1884, he was chosen a representative to the legislature from Laconia and served with distinction during the session opening the following January. The speaker of the house for this session was Hon. Edgar Aldrich of Littleton, now and for many years past, Judge of the U. S. District Court for New Hampshire, and the clerk, Edwin F. Jones of Manchester, president of the recent Constitutional Convention. Mr. Hutchins was assigned to service upon the Committee on the Judiciary, the most important in the House, of which Gen. Gilman Marston of Exeter was chairman, his only Democratic associates being Messrs. O'Connor of Manchester and Stone of Andover; also to the Committee on National Affairs, of which Capt. Henry B. Atherton of Nashua was chairman. He also served on a special joint committee to confer with the general government in reference to accommodations for the state library.

He was frequently heard in debate, on questions of moment, on the floor of the House during the session, but at no time more effectively than in support of the bill reinforcing the purity of elections law by incorporating the important sections which had been cut out by the Republican majority when the measure, introduced by Hon. Harry Bingham, was originally enacted in 1876. This bill he introduced and carried through the legislature, in collaboration with Mr. Bingham, who was then a member of the Senate. It was introduced July 2, and reported "inexpedient" from the Judiciary Committee August 5, Mr. Gilmore of Manchester presenting the report, which was laid on the table, on motion of Mr. O'Connor of Manchester, who called it up August 26. Mr. Hutchins spoke earnestly against the report and in favor of the measure, being supported by Mr. Stone of Andover and by Mr. Hackett of Belmont, a Republican not in sympathy with the dominant party machine. Captain Atherton of Nashua was also heard in favor of the bill, which was bitterly opposed by Mr. Gilmore of Manchester and Mr. Bell (John J.) of Exeter. A roll call being demanded on the question of the adoption of the report, comparatively few dared go on record as opponents of such a measure, and the report was rejected by a vote of 40 in the affirmative to 195 in the negative. The bill was then promptly put upon its passage, which was carried without division,

and then sent to the Senate, which body concurred in its enactment, making ours one of the most stringent laws for the protection of the purity of the ballot to be found in any state in the Union, though, sad to say, it is far less thoroughly enforced than the friends of good government might wish.

On the same day on which this important measure passed the House, through his active agency, Mr. Hutchins presented the state with a most interesting and important paper or document, embracing the signatures of the Federal Government officials in service July 4, 1876, the gift being accompanied by the following note which is fully explanatory:

CONCORD, N. H., August 26, 1885.
To the Honorable Speaker of the House of Representatives:

I desire to present to the State, through the honorable body over which you preside, a framed exhibit of the signatures of the administrators of the Federal government, at the beginning of the second century, July 4, 1876, there being, as I believe, but one other copy in existence, which is preserved, along with the Declaration of Independence adopted just one hundred years previously, in the state department of the United States.

As this instrument contains the signature of the recently deceased General Grant, then president of the United States, together with the autographs of his cabinet, the justices of the supreme court, and members of the Senate and house of representatives at the beginning of our second century of independence, I have thought it would be a peculiarly appropriate addition to the historical treasures of the legislative chamber, where it has been placed by the sergeant-at-arms, and where I trust it will remain.

Respectfully,
STILSON HUTCHINS.

A joint resolution of thanks to Mr. Hutchins, for this interesting and valuable gift, introduced by Mr. Bell of Exeter by unanimous consent, was read three times and adopted under suspension of the rules, and sent to the Senate for concurrence, which was promptly voted by that body. The exhibit still remained, a conspicuous ornament on the wall of the house between the main entrances, until the erection of the new building, when it was removed, for greater safety from fire to the corridor of the same, where it is studied with interest by both members and visitors, and its historic value will be more and more fully recognized as the years go by.

His service in 1885 was his only legislative service in New Hampshire. His name was several times brought forward for the Democratic Congressional nomination in the First District, and he received a handsome support; but the hostility of the existing "machine" to any "new comer" of whose control there was ground for for doubt, was sufficient to preclude the possibility of success for the movement. Then, as in no small degree at present, with all the "progress" supposed to have been made, corporation influence was dominant in the affairs of both parties, and no man could hope for preference for any important place, not properly endorsed by the controlling powers.

During the more recent years of his life, the magnitude of his business affairs in Washington and elsewhere, and, latterly, the condition of his health, precluded the long and frequent visits to New Hampshire, in which he had formerly indulged, though scarcely a season passed when his presence, for a time at least, in his native state was not noted.

Endowed with a remarkable constitution, the gift of his sturdy New England ancestry, Mr. Hutchins, in spite of his manifold activities, had never known a day's sickness until February, 1904, when overwork and exposure during severe weather

brought on a serious illness during which his life was despaired of. His recovery enabled him once more to give personal attention to his business affairs and during the next six years he made many important additions to his realty holdings in Washington. A portion of the summer of 1905 he spent on Governor's Island which he again visited in 1908 and, for the last time, in September, 1910. In 1909 he went to Europe spending some months in Germany, England and France, returning to Washington in December.

In March, 1911, he suffered an attack of cerebral hemorrhage, resulting in partial paralysis, from which he never recovered; yet he lingered, though several times seemingly at the point of death, until just before midnight on the 21st of April, last, when, after many hours of complete unconsciousness, the end came and the tired spirit, which in the zenith of its powers knew neither rest not fatigue, was at final peace.

Stilson Hutchins was a vigorous and forceful speaker, as well as writer. His style was lucid, compact and comprehensive, carrying both point and weight. He might have achieved the highest distinction, either as an editorial writer or a popular orator, had he been content to bend his energies in such direction; but he was too full of restless energy and the fire of action thus to confine himself. It was for him to plan, to project and organize, to select the men to carry out the work contemplated, and leave to them the mere mental drudgery or sustained effort requisite to the full accomplishment of his purposes, though he never failed to maintain effective oversight of their work.

He was a man of great physical power and endurance, as well as intense mental activity, determined purpose and unbending will, as indicated by his solid, well-set physique, large head, strong features, bright expressive eye, square jaw and firm mouth. Preeminently he was a man who "did things," and almost invariably did them well. With all his firmness and determination, his vaulting ambition and restless energy, he was a man of kindly heart and generous impulses. His friendships were many and strong, his benefactions notable, his charities unlimited, but unadvertised. His manner was most genial, his habits democratic. He lived generously and entertained with a liberal hand. He was chiefly instrumental in the establishment of the Home for the Blind in Washington, contributing the larger part of the cost of the building, gave the city the marble statue of Benjamin Franklin which stands at the corner of Tenth Street and Pennsylvania Avenue, and also the splendid bronze statue of Daniel Webster at the intersection of Sixteenth Street and Massachusetts Avenue, in the center of one of the finest residential sections. He was impelled to make the latter gift through his conviction that the Webster statue in the State House park at Concord, and its replica in the rotunda of the Capitol at Washington, do scant justice to the real figure of the great expounder of the Constitution —New Hampshire's most illustrious son—for whom, having seen him in his boyhood days, upon some notable occasion, he entertained a measure of admiration and respect, bordering almost upon veneration.

Mention of these gifts of statues brings to mind the fact that the artistic temperament was developed in Mr. Hutchins in a remarkable degree, manifesting itself particularly in his rare judgment as to the real merit and value of both statuary and paintings. Of the worth of the latter he seemed to have instant intuitive knowledge. In his extended travel through the old world he visited all the famous art galleries, and his familiarity with the great masterpieces was noted among connoisseurs and experts. He bought extensively, both for his own delectation and the benefit of friends, always

relying upon his own judgment and rarely, if ever, being deceived.

Some sons of New Hampshire have acquired more wealth; some have gained greater distinction in public or professional life; but, considering his life work "by and large," it can safely be said that few, if any, have accomplished more that has made for the material progress of the people and the advantage of the world at large than the earnest, active, determined man, who was born in comparative poverty in an obscure town of the "north country," and departed this life at the nation's capital seventy-three years later.

Mr. Hutchins was married on October 7, 1858 to Teresa E. Martin, of Osage, Iowa, by whom he had three children—Walter Stilson, born at Des Moines, Iowa, August 10, 1860; Lee, born in Dubuque, October 2, 1862, and Clara, also born in Dubuque, February 13, 1866. The latter married Robert F. Rogers of New York and died July 13, 1892 leaving a daughter, Mildred, a graduate of Radcliffe College, class of 1912.

Mrs. Teresa E. Hutchins secured a divorce in 1882, and has since lived in her home in the town of Hopkinton, N. H. Mr. Hutchins subsequently married twice.

Walter Stilson Hutchins, the elder son, the personal confidant, and close business associate of his father for over thirty years, a resident of Washington, is the leading executor of his will.

THE CHANGED PRAYER

By Amy J. Dolloff

A woman, lonely, longing for a friend,
Loved one who seemed the loveliest of earth;
Loved her intensely, wholly, lavishing
The rich affection,—pent up, unexpressed
Thro' many years—upon this chosen one,
And every day she prayed with heart on lips:
"Almighty Father, keep my one friend true
To me who dost on her dear self rely
For help and comfort, yes and courage too,
Thro' life that without her would cheerless be.
Oh do not, do not let her ever fail!
Or else sweet life would lose its hold on earth;
The last strong cord that binds me here would snap;
Thy mercy, too, a dear delusion seem.
O, spare me God, I plead, so sore a rack!
And keep her faithful to our friendship's vow
And Thy Great Name forever, evermore,
I'll love and laud and praise and magnify."

The years went by till, like a crushing weight,
The knowledge came and could not be denied
That this supremely honored, precious one,
This gem of treasured love without a peer,
Had proved unto her friend unkind, untrue.
And when the cherished idol crumbling fell
The woman had no help, no refuge left.
And then despair o'erwhelmed—deep, blank despair.

O'er reason's power a thick, dark veil was drawn.
But God the Merciful left her not long
Alone in suffering, and soon her prayer became:
"Dear Lord and Master! falls the idol now
I raised in sin between Thyself and me.
Repenting, grieving, I return to Thee.
Wilt Thou not in great love forgive, receive,
And by Thine own sustaining power divine
Keep me, leaning on Thee, unto the end?
But O, my Father! in Thy gracious love
Look also on my dear but erring friend
And bring her back unto her better self,
For she is noble, altho' now she falls."

While she prayed thus the months and years rolled by;
Yet still, unmindful of the soul's protest,
The friend drew farther from the paths of peace,
Until the woman by her anguish torn
Cried: "Pitying Saviour, Thou canst do all things!
In Thee, in Thee alone, are rest and hope!
I pray not now for my unworthy self.
I even ask that Thou wilt cast me out
To utter darkness, everlasting, vast,
If thus her precious soul may rescued be.
O, by remembrance of Thy life on earth
When for the woes of men Thy tears did fall;
By memory of Thy wrestlings fierce and long
When in Gethsemane Thou strove alone;
By all the agony Thy tender heart
Hast ever known and felt for such as she
To my sad, tempted friend, O come, come Lord!
And to Thyself, O make her grandly true!
Not true to me nor to her failing self
But true and faithful, Holy Christ, to Thee!"
And the unselfish prayer by love inspired
Was heard and answered by the God of prayer.
Pure, whole and spotless then became the friend
Whose wanderings, forgiven, were blotted out.
And strong in strength that comes alone from God—
True by the power that flows from Fount of Truth—
She could no more to her own self be false
Nor false again to any other one.

New Hampton, N. H.

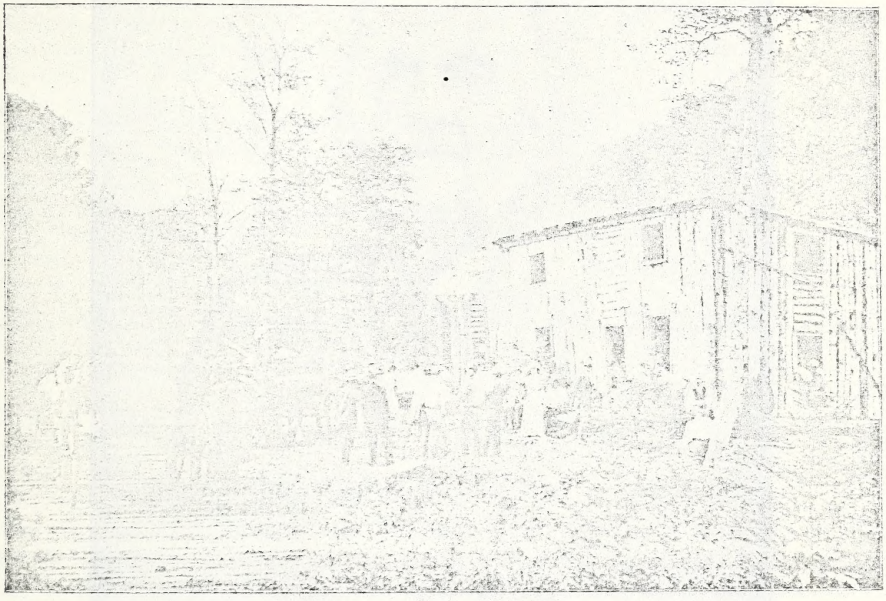
LOST RIVER

By Justus Conrad

Lost River is a name applied to a series of caverns of comparatively recent discovery in the northwestern part of the town of Woodstock in the beautiful and picturesque Kinsman Notch. For more than half a century the Kinsman Notch gorge has been recognized as a deep ravine into which at some remote age hundreds of gigantic boulders of a fine quality of granite had through some interior disturbance of the earth been promiscuously hurled into a deep gulch, the result being that the little stream known as the West Branch of the Pemigewasset was buried for a quarter of a mile near its source.

While it was known that this gorge was more than an ordinary freak of nature, the importance of this great upheaval as a natural wonder was not appreciated by the nature-loving public until within recent years, when it was carefully explored by Royal C. Jackman of one of Woodstock's oldest families, and his brother, Capt. Lyman Jackman, now of Concord, N. H., to whom belongs the honor of calling the world's attention to what they applied the name "The Lost River," surely the most appropriate name that could be given it.

A careful examination of this hidden wonder of nature's mysterious and pre-historic convulsion reveals wonders second to none in our state of its nature, and to no other natural wonder unless it is the "Old Man of the Mountain." It is located six miles northwest of North Woodstock village, and twenty miles southeast from Woodsville, and can be reached by automobile to within three miles on either side, and then by a more or less rough carriage road. This carriage road connects the northern end of the Pemigewasset Valley at North Woodstock with the Ammonoosuc Valley at Wildwood, the construction of which was begun a few years

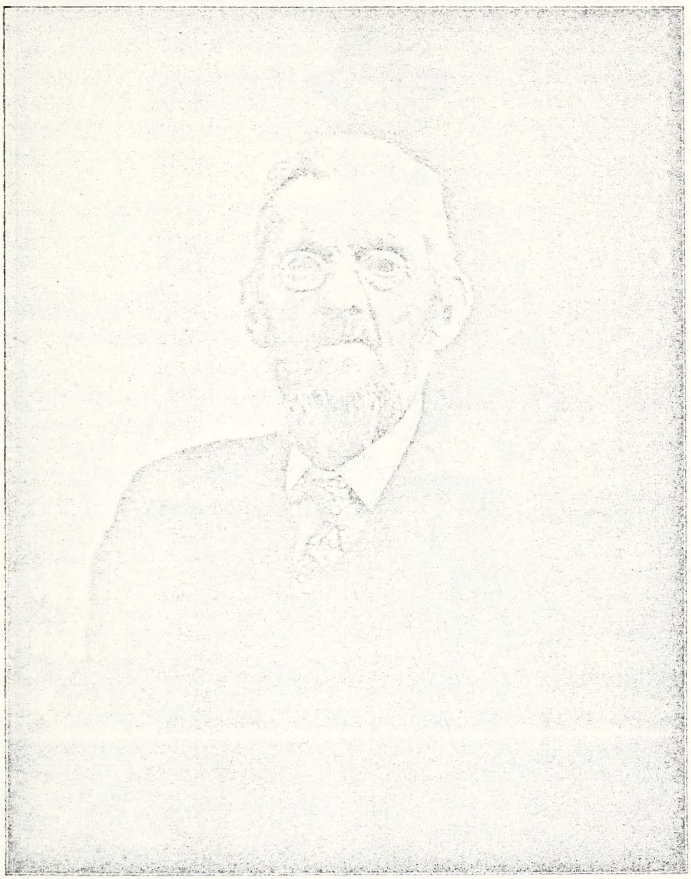


About to Enter Lost River Gorge

ago, through the joint efforts of the town of Woodstock and the State, but afterward abandoned on account of the State refusing further aid.

No pen picture, artist's brush or photographer's camera can do justice to Lost River. No written article or anything on canvas or pasteboard can, or ever will, show up the natural beauties or wonders that lie hidden beneath the shadows of Kinsman Notch, except in a very vague manner. In order to appreciate in a full sense the caverns, waterfalls, huge blocks of granite, the numerous and enormous pot holes probably formed during the glacier period thousands of years ago, and the deep recesses through which the stream flows in darkness, the gorge must be visited, explored and carefully studied. From the standpoint of geological, mineralogical and historical science The Lost River gorge affords more food for study than anything of like nature in New Hampshire at least, and possibly in New England.

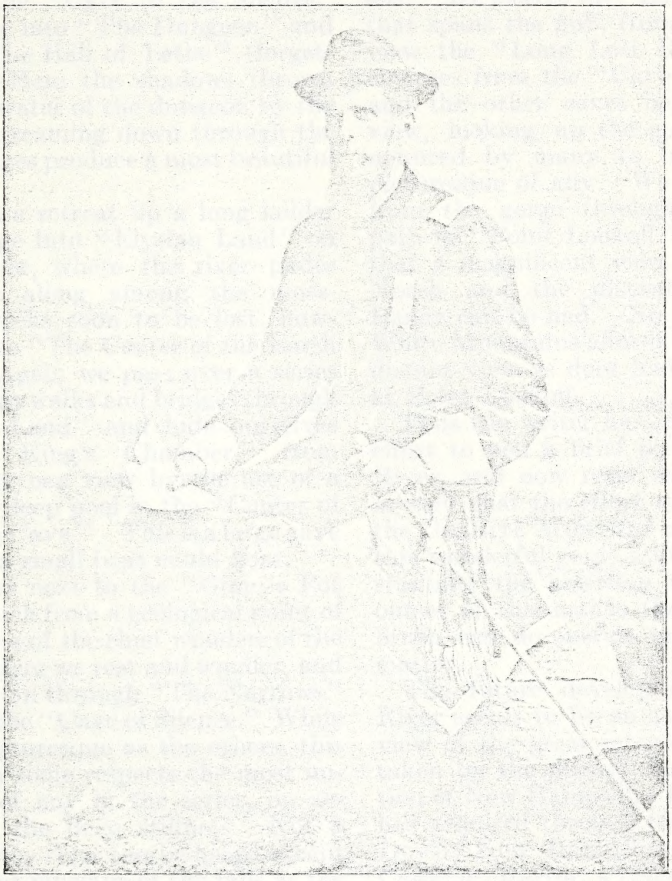
It is not the purpose of the writer to attempt a pen picture of Lost River for, as before stated, no such picture can do the subject matter justice, but I will, however, briefly call attention to the different points of interest, trusting that those readers who have not already visited the gorge will endeavor to do so in the near future.



Royal C. Jackman

Among the thousand, and possibly more, that have explored Lost River

I have yet to learn of one that did not feel highly repaid for the journey. The gorge is entered at the northern end where the stream plunges beneath huge boulders and is lost from view and is not seen again except in caverns until it appears on the exterior at "Elysian Land." Passing over a series of bridges and ladders the visitor descends to "The Hall of Ships," thirty feet below point of entrance. This is a deep, narrow gorge resembling somewhat "The Flume" of Franconia Notch, and gets its name from a large boulder that resembles the stern of a ship leaving port. The next is a "presto change" act through a small tunnel into "Shadow Cave." This is a large room in which fifty people can gather and by use of a torch view the little river as it glides along beneath large boulders on the northern side. At certain times of day the light that comes in through the crevices enables one to see his shadow in the water, hence the name. From this point we ascend a ladder and come to the exterior where with a shudder we view "The Guillotine" and pass swiftly on down, down over another series of ladders into "The Judgment Hall of Pluto," which is fifty feet lower than the point of entrance to the gorge. This is a room in which the river again appears in the shape of a large pool. The architecture of this room is simply grand, boulders of every conceivable size and



Capt. Lyman Jackman

shape hanging from overhead. But hark! What is that we hear? We listen, look, a torch is lighted, we rush forward. There at the northern end of the hall, back behind a gigantic boulder, the "Falls of Proserpine" are tumbling for twenty feet, while we are showered with a cooling mist. We retreat up, up the ladders and on through the "Cave of the Shades" and thence into "The Dungeon" and rest in "The Hall of Lethe" (forgetfulness). Here the shadows thrown upon the water of the dungeon by the sunlight streaming down through the deep crevices produce a most beautiful picture.

Again we retreat up a long ladder and emerge into "Elysian Land" on the exterior, where the river glides gracefully along among the moss-covered rocks soon to be lost, however, in the "The Center of the Earth Cave." Again we pass over a series of well-kept walks and bridges through "Elysian Land" and hide ourselves in the "King's Chamber," from whence we can view by the use of a torch the deep pool in the "Center of the Earth Cave." This is a large cave in which a small boat could float.

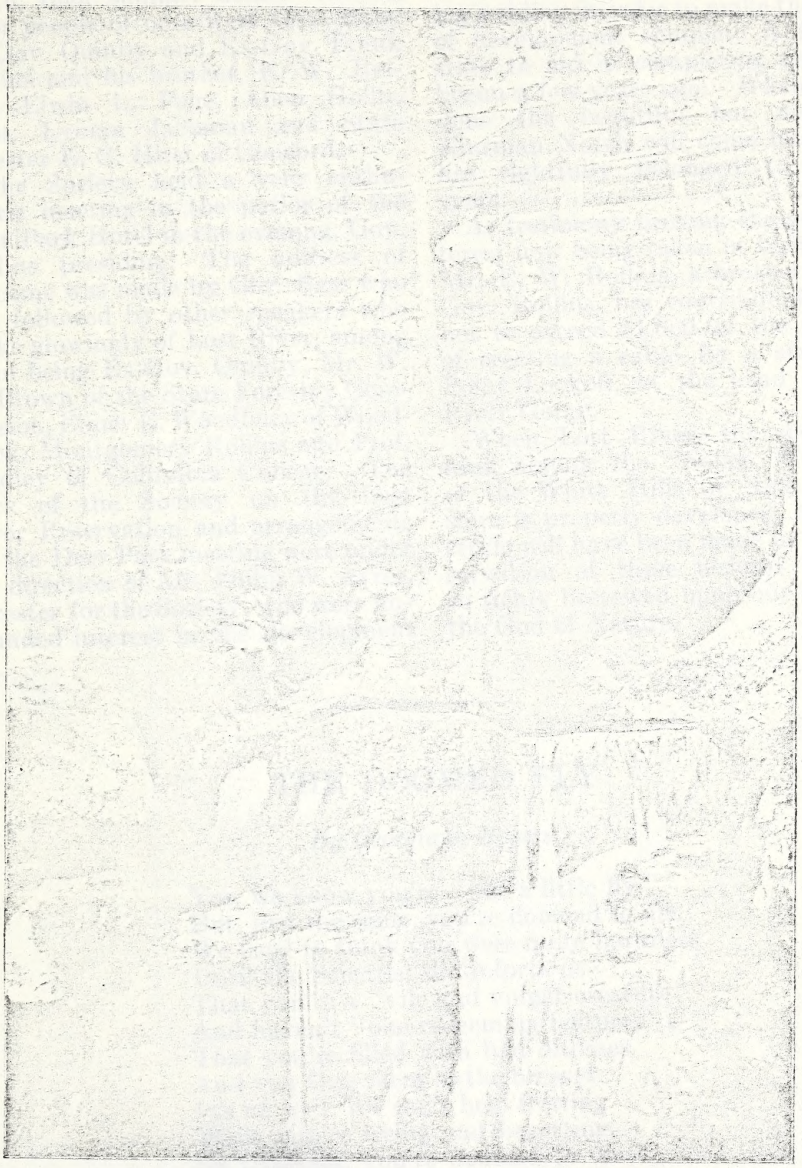
We pass next to the "Giant's Pot Hole" which from a geological point of view is one of the chief wonders of the gorge. Here we rest and wonder, and then pass on through "The Narrows" and into the "Cave of Silence." While not so picturesque as the others, this cave is in some respects the most impressive of any in the series, on account of the deep stillness. Not a sound of the river can be heard except the distant murmur of the falls as the water escapes from its long imprisonment farther down the gorge. It is at this point that the river is so much lost that no one as yet has been able to absolutely determine its exact course.

We now enter the "Cave of Lost Souls" and, while the name might make us shudder, we continue on and find that this is a continuous series of rooms accessible to any that do not mind a hard stunt. All things considered, this is the most wonderful cave in the gorge. Retreating from this cave with our souls still with us, we climb to the "Upper Bridge" that spans the gorge twenty feet above the bottom. From this point we look into "The Gulf" forty feet below into which the waters of "Paradise Falls" tumble perpendicularly for twenty feet. We pass to the "Lower Bridge" that spans the gulf, from whence we view the "Long Lost River" as it emerges from the "Cave of Silence" and the other caves beyond. This view, looking up the gorge, is pronounced by many to be the most picturesque of any. We now ascend from the gorge through a winding path to "Point Lookoff." It is here that a magnificent view of Kinsman Notch and the distant Waterville Range can be had. No notch in the White Mountains affords such a grand distant view as does Kinsman Notch at Point Lookoff.

Thus the writer has made a feeble effort to pen a brief picture of Lost River, and now rests with the hope in view that the effort will encourage the GRANITE MONTHLY reader to pay this wonderful gorge a visit and substantiate the assertion made at the outset of this article that no pen or brush can do justice to the subject matter.

The future development of Lost River seems to be an assured fact in view of the great interest now being taken by the Society for the Protection of New Hampshire Forests which has acquired through the legacy of a Dover, New Hampshire, lady, Mrs. Caroline Martin, a tract of 148 acres of land surrounding the gorge which includes about 1,000,000 feet of primeval timber on the northern slope of the Notch. The Society has just expended over $700 in clearing up the debris, constructing walks, bridges, paths and ladders; also in repairs on the road, which work was supplemented by aid given by the town of Woodstock.

July 17 last the Society visited the gorge in large force. Many people



Governor Bass and Party at "Paradise Falls," Lost River, July 17, 1912
Governor on bridge at right, Ex-Governor Quinby at left

of national repute were present including Mrs. Grover Cleveland and daughter Ruth who motored over from Tamworth, their summer home. Among other people of note were Gov. Bass, Ex-Gov. Quinby and Ex-Gov. Frank Rollins and his brother, E. W. Rollins, Elwin L. Page, Allen Hollis, Capt. Lyman Jackman and State Forester E. C. Hirst of Concord.

The Society held a very enthusiastic meeting in the parlor of the Deer Park Hotel in the evening, Gov. Rollins presiding. The address of welcome was made by Gov. Bass who was followed by other speakers who spoke glowingly of Lost River, among them being Ex-Gov. Quinby, Mr. W. R. Brown of the State Forestry Commission, Elmer E. Woodbury of Woodstock, Montgomery Rollins and Prof. Findley of Columbia College. The work of the Society on the Lost River Reservation and arrangements for the Deer Park meeting were under the direction of Mr. Philip W. Ayres, Forester for the Society, who were unbounded interest in the development of Lost River. In this work he has been aided in no small measure by the town of Woodstock.

The one important link now needing welding in order to make the chain of development complete is for the state to aid in completing the road begun a few years ago. When this is done the beautiful but neglected Kinsman Notch will come into what has rightfully belonged to it for years.

As testimony proving the great interest now being taken in Lost River, Mr. E. W. Rollins, a brother of Ex-Gov. Rollins, has contributed a sum not to exceed $1,000 for the purpose of erecting a cabin for a shelter at Point Lookoff, at the head of Lost River Gorge.

When Lost River, the second in rank among the "Seven Wonders" of the White Hills of New Hampshire is properly developed, one long stride will have been made in the conservation of these natural beauties so richly bestowed upon our state by the God of Nature.

THE DOOMED FLY

By Georgiana Rogers

Yes, we know you're "but a little fly,"
But, just the same, you're doomed to die.
We used to think you were quite harmless
Until the Scientist did inform us
That you're a "vile and vulgar creature"
And haven't "one redeeming feature;"
That you're filled with bad diseases
And you fling them to the breezes.
It's no use! We can't help fretting
While you're living and begetting,
So, little fly, you're doomed to die,
That's all.
And for you there's no "recall—"
That's all.

MEMORIES OF ANCIENT AND MODERN GREECE

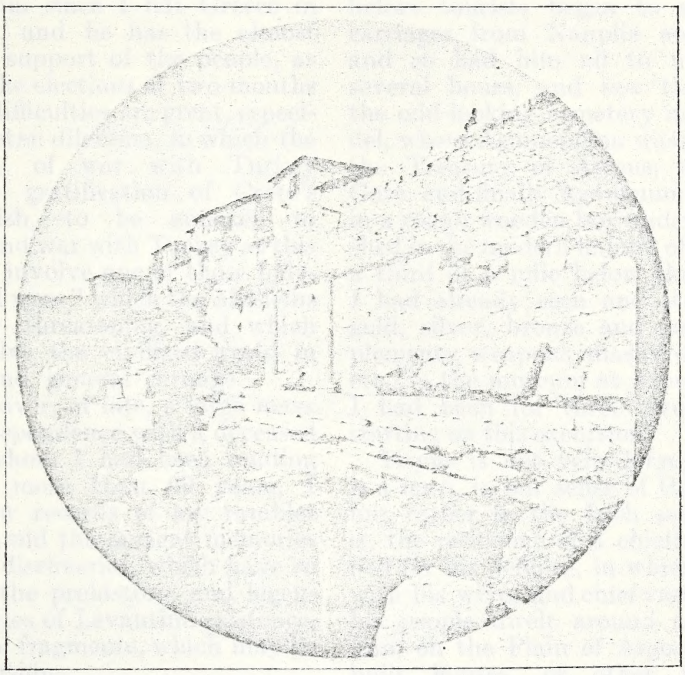
By F. B. Sanborn of Concord, Mass.

In the years 1890 and 1893 I visited Greece,—in the first year spending some five weeks there, and in 1893 nearly five months (Dec. 13, 1892—May 3, 1893) there and in the regions eastward. In both tours I saw much of Greece and the Greeks,—of the modern race (a very mixed one) among thousands of the inhabitants whom I met, at Athens, Corinth, Patras, Argos, Nauplia, Tripolis, Sparta, Olympia, Volo, Constantinople, Larissa, Pelion and Ossa, Chaeronea, Thebes, Tanagra, Chalcis, Delphi, Lebadeia, Cithaeron, Eleusis, and Attica in general; over much of which I rambled along with my friend Manatt, the American Consul at Athens, but for 20 years past, Greek Professor at Brown University. Of the more unmixed ancient Greek race I saw the immortal works of art, very impressive even in their fragmentary state; and the little changed scenery of their poesy and history,—their brilliant skies, clear atmosphere, wide and magically colored waters, picturesque mountains and indescribably splendid sunrises and sunsets. I had read from boyhood in the literature of Greece; beginning with Homer and Plutarch, and going through, in college



An Athenian Lady

and afterward, with many of the historians, philosophers, orators, dramatists and lyric and ethical poets. I was therefore not ill-prepared for a study of Greece on the spot; and had been prepossessed in favor of the modern Greeks by an early reading of Byron, and a long acquaintance with Dr. S. G. Howe, the American of all others most familiar with Greece between 1824, when he first landed there, and 1867, when he organized aid for the Cretan revolutionists of that year, and resided there again for the fifth and last time. The Greeks of the present day have suffered all the misfortunes, except annihilation, that a people can endure. After ages of subjugation and of degrading slavery, they were recalled to a nationality restricted, misappreciated, poverty-stricken, and from time to time insulted and imperiled. Over their despised heads were fought the conflicts, often petty and humiliating, of that civilization of which their ancestors had been the first historic promoters. Their country was recovered piecemeal and in tattered shreds, from the despots and monsters that had torn it limb from limb; even now the process of winning back the islands and some portions of the main lands is going on with a result for the present uncertain and tantalizing. Every now and then, in the flight of centuries a new claimant comes forward for some share in the spoil of these fair lands. It was Persia, then Egypt, Rome, France, Venice, Turkey, Russia, England and now united Italy, who has been capturing island after island in the Archipelago; with Austria in the background, waiting to see what she can pick up in the next division of the plunder. One begins, under this condition of things, to appreciate the sympathies of the small boy who, looking at a savage picture of Daniel in the Lion's Den, burst out crying, "That poor little lion in the corner isn't going to get one little bit."



Stoa of the Athenians, West View, Delphi

The upshot of this long agony is distinctly favorable to the kingdom of Greece. She gains a little more territory every twenty years, and her honorable poverty is lightened a little every ten years. Her agriculture and forestry are better than they were: her currency nearer par, her industries improved in methods, though now suffering from too much emigration; and her statesmanship more forecasting and reasonable. Her present premier, Venezelos, a Cretan, is the superior of those who have preceded him since I left Greece in May, 1893, and he has the almost unanimous support of the people, as shown by the elections of two months ago. His difficulties are great, especially the Cretan dilemma, in which the contingency of war with Turkey awaits the gratification of Crete's dearest wish,—to be annexed to Greece. And war with Turkey at this time might involve one of those hideous "sacred wars" which the Moslems are forever threatening, and which might involve the civilized world in massacre and general carnage.

Looking over, of late, a large mass of my correspondence with a deceased sister, to whom I had been sending letters for more than 60 years, I found a few records of my rambles in Greece amid the ancient memories and recent discoveries, which have so illustrated the prehistoric and legendary centuries of Levantine existence, I copy these fragments, which may be worth publishing:

Tiryns and the Plain of Argos.
(March, 1890).

"Railway from Nauplia to Corinth,
March 31, 1890.

DEAR HELEN:

I have visited Tiryns this morning before breakfast, as it lies on a low hill in front of a considerable mountain, about two miles north of Nauplia, the port of the Plain of Argos, on the Argolic Gulf. I had come down by steamer from the Piraeus two days ago, and spent yesterday at Mycenae and Argos, going out early by rail to Phyctia, the station nearest to the citadel of Mycenae, where Dr. Schliemann thinks he has discovered the fossilized remains of no less a chieftain than Agamemnon, who led the Greeks at the ten years' siege of Troy. The learned do not share his belief; but he has certainly found much in his excavations there that throw light on the period in which it has been customary to place that fabulous siege. I roused the *phylax* or guardian of the discoveries at Mycenae about 8 a.m., three hours before tourists began to arrive by carriages from Nauplia and Argos; and so had him all to myself for several hours, and saw the graves, the odd-looking cemetery in the citadel, where Agamemnon was unburied, the Treasury of Atreus, the Lion-Gate, and finally Agamemnon himself in a rough wooden box under a simple shed in the modern hamlet of Charvati a third of a mile below the Citadel. I had already seen and studied the gold, silver, bronze and pottery implements, weapons, masks, ornaments etc., in the museum at Athens, where I had been for three weeks before starting on this excursion.

Tiryns is not very large, nor was it a *town*, in our sense of the word,—but rather in the Irish sense,—that is, the residence of a chieftain, fortified for his defence, in which he lived with his wives and chief vassals, while his people dwelt around and below him, on the Plain of Argos, in mud-built houses, or other perishable homes. The fortress of Tiryns was built for permanence, and its walls remain untouched by fire, earthquake, and the other destroyers of human structures. Its history, except as revealed by these ruins, is almost blank; no inscriptions are found, and unless in some picture or symbolic alphabet, it is thought that its people could not write Greek. The walls are immense unhewn rocks, 26 feet thick and from 30 to 50 feet high with towers and a moat. The palace on this foundation had water brought into it from the neighboring moun-

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Tiryns and the Plain of Argos.

(Nerva, 1890)

"Railway from Naples to Corinth, March 31, 1890.

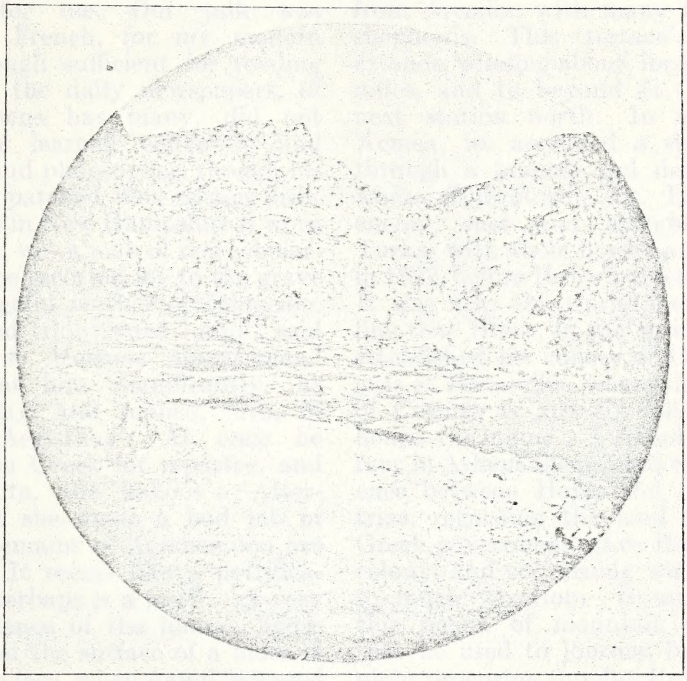
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tain, and there was a bath-room about twice as large as mine at Concord, of which the blue marble floor is still unbroken, with a spout at one corner to carry off the waste water. Of this palace nothing remains but the floors and thresholds; the upper walls have long since fallen and crumbled into rubbish, and the lower galleries have been used to lodge sheep, brigands, tramps and wolves for centuries.

The whole castle covers about as much space as what the Atlantic in Troy. We have called on Madame Schliemann at her home, which includes a museum of antiquities.

The town and Acropolis (Larissa) of Argos, the latter 950 feet high, are about five miles from Tiryns, due west across the Plain, which at Argos soon rises from a hillside slope, to higher mountains. East of Tiryns, watered by a stream, is perhaps two miles more of this plain, which is therefore at least seven miles wide in that place. Farther north, around Mycenae, it



The Approach to Delphi from Itea

has not washed away of our "Boar's Head" at Hampton Beach; and Nauplia is just about as far away as Hampton Village, and the old Toppan and Moulton houses from Boar's Head. The Citadel of Mycenae is a much larger and higher "burg," backed by a mountain; and it is believed that Troy was a burg much like Mycenae, but more solidly built and rebuilt. Schliemann has excavated both, and is now absent from his great marble palace at Athens, extending his work is wider in spots,—perhaps ten miles—and its length north and south, from the seashore by Nauplia, is perhaps 15 miles, much of it green with wheat and barley, and dotted with stone windmills, not unlike the Old Mill at Newport; which, in this breezy day are busy grinding last year's grain. This grain-growing, horse-breeding plain is thus a respectable county in itself,—containing 120 square miles; and with mountain slopes and narrow valleys beyond and around,

aggregating possibly 100 miles more. It is probable that the prehistoric Pelasgian chief of Tiryns once ruled all this territory; as Agamemnon may have done a thousand years later; but we know nothing about that, nor much that can be reckoned historical about that king himself or his Clytemnestra.

I will report a conversation between me and the *phylax* yesterday forenoon, as he was showing me the alleged grave of that queen, outside the citadel, in the bottom of which an anemone was blooming which he gathered for me. Our talk was mainly in French, for my modern Greek, though sufficient for reading books and the daily newspapers, of which Athens has many, did not answer for learned converse,—and my guide and philosopher, though his suit was a patched blue cotton drilling, such as in New Hampshire is worn for overalls, was a man of real scholarship. As he escorted me to the grave of the vengeful mother of Iphigenia, he pointed downward and said '*Tombeau de Madame Agamemnon.*' I looked at him 'significantly,' as novelists say, and replied, 'No, of Madame Aegisthus'. At once he fell back on Greek for repartee, and said, 'Épeita, allá kakôos'; 'Afterward,—but she made a bad job of it.' The remains of Agamemnon are a puzzle. It seems like a petrification, and perhaps is a fossil. A very thin semblance of the human figure and face, on the surface of a mass of stone,—the face, when found, covered with a thin gold mask, having rather majestic features,—but of which on the stone itself, the most striking feature is a conspicuous row of teeth, seemingly perfect as in life,—but probably, in truth, a petrification by the substitution of some mineral for the real teeth.*

Nemea, Hexamilia and Dr. Howe

Later, (11.30 a.m.,). We have advanced some 20 miles from Nauplia, and are now among the mountains beyond the Plain of Argos, in which Hercules slew the Nemean lion, three miles east of our railway track. We have left the Plain five miles behind us, and are entering on a smaller and more uneven terrace, some 500 feet higher up; not so fertile, but still cultivated, and, as we are not far from Arcadia, with many flocks and shepherds. This terrace or plain extends, winding about, for some eight miles, and to beyond St. Basil, the next station north. In coming to Nemea, we ascended a steep grade through a famous and deadly pass, where Colocotroni, Dr. Howe's old enemy, met and slaughtered the Turks, with their horses and camels, in 1822, before Howe arrived in Greece It was near the Corinth end of this line that Howe, in the spring of 1829 established his colony of Greek refugees at Hexamilia, where the Isthmus of Corinth is just six miles wide,—hence the name. I found at a library in Athens the printed correspondence between Howe and Capo d'Istrias, regarding the land which the Greek government gave Howe for his colony, and concerning which he had so much vexation. It was through this region of mountain and plain that he used to journey by day and night procuring supplies from Nauplia and Argos for his poor colonists. In one of these journeys he exposed himself to malaria, and had a dangerous fever; on recovering from which he left Greece, was quarantined in Malta, and proceeded through Italy

*Professor Manatt sends me this footnote: "You should give a footnote on that petrified Agamemnon. The full account found in Schliemann's Mycenae reads thus (pp. 296–298): 'To my great joy, it held out (*i. e.*, did not crumble to pieces) for two days, when a druggist from Argos, Spiridon Nicolaou by name, rendered it hard and solid by pouring on it alcohol in which he had dissolved gum-sandarac.' He then tells of the difficulty of cutting it out, boxing, and transporting it to the village of Charvati, whence it was to be forwarded to the Athens Museum. Query: Is it in the Mycenae room there? I cannot recall it. It was still at Charvati, April, 1893. F. B. S."

aggregating possibly 100 miles more. It is probable that the predatory Pelasgian chief of Tegea once ruled all this territory; as Agamemnon may have done a thousand years later; but we know nothing about that, too much that can be reckoned historical about that king himself or his Cyprian crew.

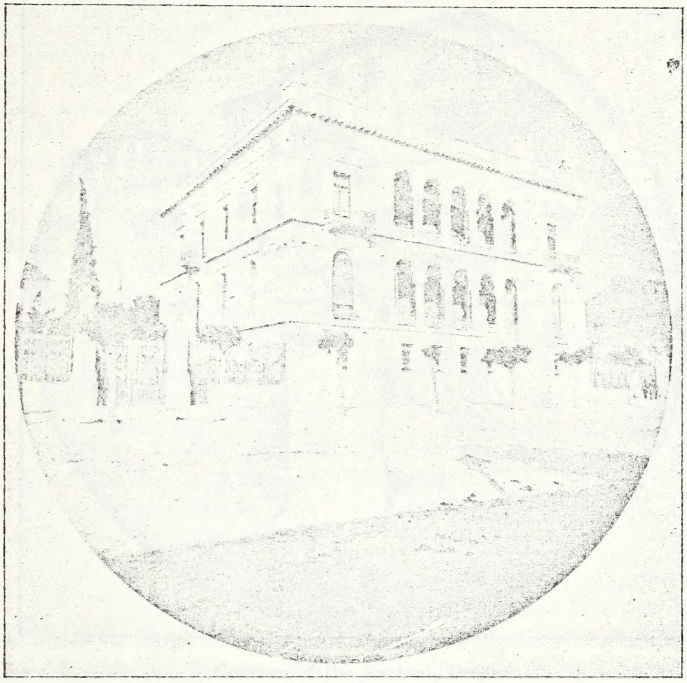
I will report a conversation between me and the pilgrim yesterday forenoon, as he was showing me the alleged grave of that queen outside the citadel, in the bottom of which an enormous vase blooming within be gathered for me. Our talk was mainly in French, for my modern Greek, though sufficient for reading books and the daily newspapers, of which Athens has many, did not answer for learned discourse,—and my guide and philosopher, though his outfit was a patched blue cotton drilling such as in New Hampshire is worn for overalls, was a man of real scholarship. As he reverted me to the grave of the vengeful mother of Orpheus, he pointed elsewhere, and said: "Tombeau de Jocaste, dépourvue." I looked at him "apoplectic," as Herodotus says, and replied: "Oui et Madame dégoûtée." As soon he fell back on Greek for expletive, and said: "Epeita, alla kakous." Whereupon—but also made a bad job of it! The remains of Agamemnon are a puzzle. It seems like a petrifaction, and perhaps is a fossil. A very thin scaliness of the bronze figure and face, on the surface of a mass of stone,—the face, when found, covered with a thin gold mask, having regular majestic features—but of which on the stone itself, the most striking feature is a conglomerate mix of metal, seemingly perfect as in life—but probably, in truth, a petrifaction by

*Professor Merrill reads me this lecture "You should see a lecture on that good Agamemnon. The full account [read in Schliemann's Mycenæ reads the] 300-300[0]: 'La my pere joy, a kept you in a, did not remain to press be you [here were a draught from Argos, Spartan Sicilian by mean, replaced a hard [of] 1 morning or it above to which be but directed presence.' In then called the Director of putting it out, loosing, and transporting it to the station of Cleonæ, where it was to be forwarded to the Athens Museum. Comes it is in the Museum now? I cannot recall it. It was still at Cleonæ, April, 1885. P. H. M."

and Switzerland to Paris, where, the next year, he took part with Lafayette in the July Revolution, which made the Marquis for a few days the dictator of France. By the 8th of March, 61 years ago, Dr. Howe and his Scotch friend David Urquhart were at Hexamilia with 100 poor Greeks at work there, clearing up the ruins of war; and seven families had arrived, and were putting up their little cabins. By May 21, he had nearly 300 persons there, and 15 comfortable houses built, with much land planted, and everything but Howe's own health doing well. The Colony was four miles from old Corinth, and near the port of Cenchreae, but I have not yet been able to find and visit it. In Corinth I am to meet Profs. Orris of Princeton and Perrin of Yale, and go with them up the Gulf to Itea in a Greek steamer, for a visit to Delphi, on the side of Parnassus, tomorrow, and then a return to Athens by Lebadea, Chaeronea and Thebes.

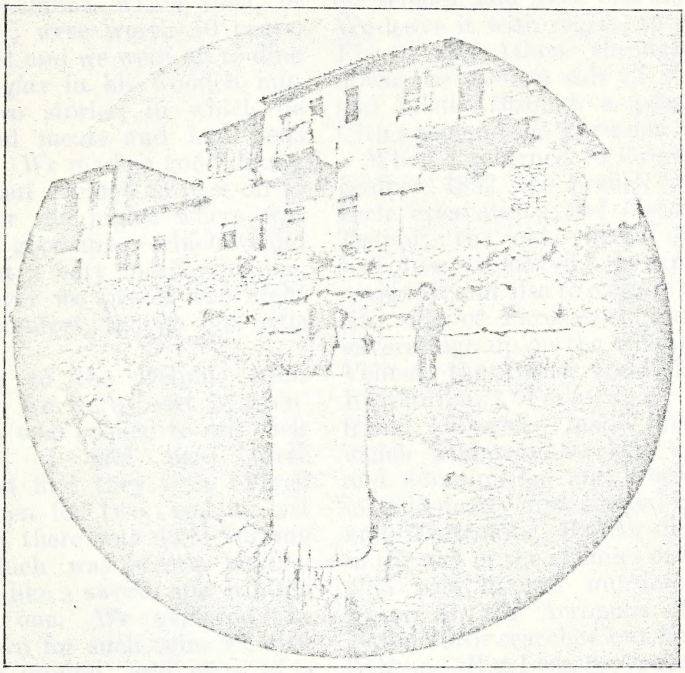
3. *Itea, Delphi and Arachova*

Itea, 9.30 p.m. Here we are at the foot of Parnassus, on our way to Delphi, but compelled to pass the night in this noisy and filthy village, for want of horses to go on up through the Sacred Grove of olives to the village above, by moonlight, which is lovely tonight. My sail with the two American Greek professors from Corinth, (50 miles) was calm and beautiful,—but Itea is a dirty little fishing port, and we are obliged to sleep three in a room, and to hear the carousal of gamblers and topers half the night. In the morning early we start for Delphi in a carriage brought over from Salona, an ascent on a good road for ten or 12 miles. *Delphi, Noon, April 1.* The road up which we were driven hither is an excellent one, winding up around the



Dr. Schliemann's Palace at Athens

foot-hills and steeper slopes of Parnassus, for 12 miles, three of which were old, and the other nine just built by the State. As we alighted at the Castalian Fountain, the peasant women were raking off the last pebble stones. We asked who built this fine highway, and were answered, 'E kyvernesis, (the Government)'; then, lest we should mistake the king for the administration, it was hastily added, 'Tricoupes'; for varying view as we ascended. Here we are 2,000 feet above the Gulf of Corinth, and above us the shining crags of Parnassus rise in view 1,000 feet more, while the summit, invisible here, is 8,000 feet above sea-level, and still has patches of snow. Below us on the opposite side from where the Castalian waters come down a cleft in the rocks, a valley sinks sheer down 1,000 feet, green with wheat and olive trees, and on the slopes of



Column of the Naxians, Delphi
F. B. Sanborn and Prof. Orris in the Middle Ground

that real statesman and his active and political sister Sophia, were then governing, and we had seen them at their house and in the Parliament in Athens. I had indeed gathered some early anemones and presented them with a sonnet, to Miss Sophia. Had we walked up from Itea our foot way would have been steeper, but shorter, hardly more than seven miles. We paid for our drive of not quite three hours, 96 cents each, or $2.88 for the party, and greatly enjoyed the the mountain on that side, towards the village of Arachova, shining ledges and boulders of many colors lie basking in the April sun, like huge animals.

The modern village of Kastri, perched above the old temples and theater, is wretchedly small, with some 300 villagers, among whom are several pretty children, and at least one beautiful girl, whom we found spinning on her grandmother's long distaff, near the Fountain Delphyssa, where a dozen women were washing

on a Tuesday. *Iouletta*,—Juliet,—such was her pleasing name,—being asked if she would part with her ancient distaff, said she had a better one in her home; and tripped away to her cabin to fetch it. When brought, it proved to be a new, short, lemon-wood thing, painted,—not like her old one, carved and heart-shaped at the upper end; evidently a wedding distaff, made from a fir tree cut on Parnassus; and this she agreed to sell for three drachmas, which then, in paper money, were worth 50 cents. So I bought it and we went off to dine with the *phylax* in his wooden museum, of two stories, in which he lived, cooked meals and had beds for tourists. We made a good dinner of chicken, but decided to pass on to Arachova for the night, where was said to be a good inn,—which we did not find, but a very indifferent one, where however we passed the night with some comfort, though but little food.

Returning to the Delphic ruins after dinner, we were beset by spinning women who wished to sell their distaffs. As I had paid three drachmas, at first they were offered for that, then for two, and at last for one; but there was none but my treasure which was worth buying. I carried it like a sword, and it often passed for one. We explored the terraced town for such ruins as were then above ground, and even in a cellar we found some of the seats of the small theater, which Prof. Perrin photographed, along with two of the fountains, two views of the Stoa of the Athenians, one of the Naxian Column, and a general view of the city, as we approached by the new road from Itea. Delphi is a succession of terraces, like the seats of a Greek theatre, and lies in the open sunlight in one of the most picturesque, wild spots in the world, and for 1,000 years was the sanctuary of a race's brightest religion and most oracular shrine. We leave it with regret, to return to Eleusis and Athens through Beotia, down the eastern side of Parnassus, and finally through a pass of Mt. Cithaeron and the Thriasian Plain."

When I returned to Greece in December, 1892, the French had begun their excavations and discoveries at Delphi; the old village of Kastri had been removed. I expected to revisit it; and also to explore the opposite side of Parnassus, where, in a cavern high up on the mountain, near Velitsa, the Greek chieftain of the Revolution, Trelawny's intimate friend Odysseus, made his fortress, which Trelawny stocked with arms and ammunition, and where he was in 1825 nearly assassinated by Fenton and Whitcombe, British desperadoes in the pay of the enemies of Odysseus, who was himself murdered in his prison on the Acropolis of Athens. I afterwards searched out his grave in Athens. But I was prevented by accident from visiting Parnassus again.

THE "OLD HOME" CALL

By Earl Anderson

Come back! Come back to the hills of home;
  Come back to the fields of green;
Come back to the dancing brooklet's side
  And the fair lake's rippling sheen!
Come back to the "Old New Hampshire Home,"
  Where warm hearts fondly wait;
Come back for a breath of the olden cheer
  And strength for any fate!

A LEGEND OF OLD DURHAM

By Theodora Chase

Long years ago, in Durham,
Hard by the Little Bay,
And facing Old Piscataqua,
A peaceful valley lay.
And there a fort was standing
For use in Indian raid,
Where all could flee for safety,
And battle unafraid.

One night when all was darkness,
And stars shone bright and clear,
The people of the hamlet
Awoke in deadly fear.
The women shrieked in terror
As they heard the frightful yell
Of painted warriors, savage,
While brave men 'round them fell.

And one man heard the tumult
At the fort beside the stream,
He heard the Indian war cry
And children's frightened scream!
Thought he, "To my poor neighbors
No succor can I give
But I may save the garrison
For those who yet shall live."

So he gathered wife and children
And his mother to his side,
"Now get you to the boat," he said,
"But I will here abide.
Dear Bridget, flee to Newington,
Across the river row
While I here hold the garrison
'Gainst this inhuman foe."

Quoth Bridget then, with flashing eyes,
"I'll never leave your side!
Till all the enemy have fled,
With you I will abide!
I too can fire a musket,
I am no coward, sir!
Think you I'll flee my life to save?
No, not one step I'll stir!"

"The children tender," pleaded he,
"No mercy has the foe,
Most cruel tortures, if I fall,
These babes must undergo.

A LEGEND OF OLD DURHAM

By Theodore Chase

And the mother on whose bosom
My infant head was laid
I fear not my own tortures,
But for these I am afraid!

"Now Bridget show your courage
By doing as I say,
You'll do me better service
By this, than if you stay;
So kiss me, dear brave helpmate
And row the boat across
While I deceive the Red men
Lest they should know our loss."

With tears and lamentations
The valiant wife obeyed
While Thomas in the fortress
The savage foemen stayed.

From place to place, he sped along
And firing as he ran,
By constant change of coat and hat,
He seemed another man.
So many voices did he feign
So many aspects show,
"The garrison is fully manned!"
Cried out the baffled foe.

Quite breathlessly they ran away
Not once they looked behind
And Thomas Bickford held the fort
Alone, by force of mind.

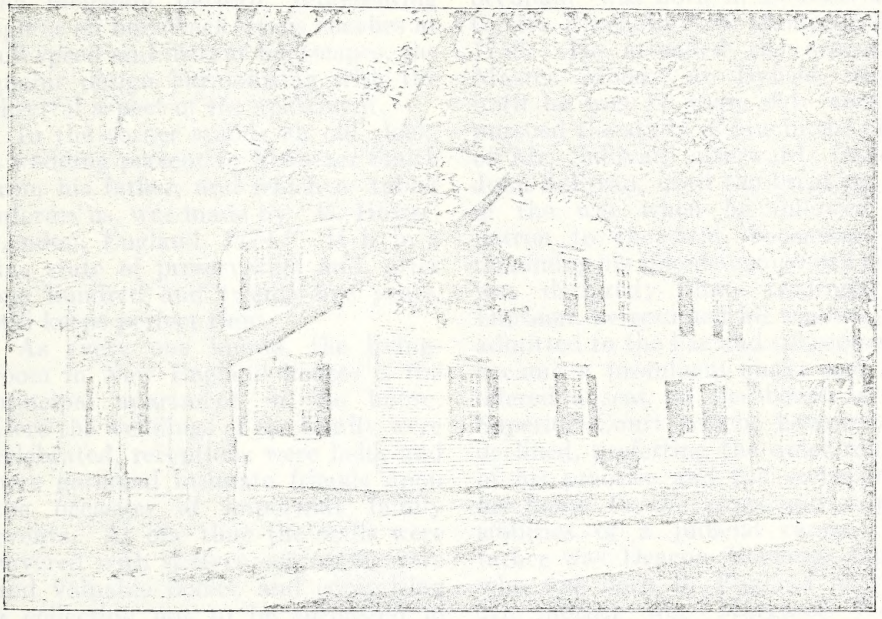
Beside the tranquil stream they lie,
The white men and the red,
Their ashes mingle in the dust,
Their loves and hatreds dead.

But valiant deeds can never die,
And while the river flows,
While sunlight floods the distant hills,
And light breeze o'er them blows,
The little child at mother's knee
Shall hear in simple phrase
How Thomas Bickford saved the fort
In early Indian days.

RECOLLECTIONS OF AN OLD HOUSE

By George Wilson Jennings

It was during a journey northward some years ago that an opportunity was afforded me of visiting for the first time an old Colonial house of which I had often heard in my childhood and had longed in vain to realize. It was then called, as I remember, the Ebenezer Smith Homestead. It stands on the main street of Durham, Hampshire, and is of simple architecture, with no adornment save its entrance, a portico which has been pronounced by eminent Boston architects to be one of the most beautiful and perfect of its type in all New England.



Ebenezer Smith Homestead, Durham

As the ponderous front door swung open in answer to my knock I found myself in the presence of a venerable lady who smilingly recognized the credentials I had brought and extended to me not only the most cordial of greetings, but also the freedom of the house and grounds, and I gladly availed myself of this privilege of surveying the spacious gardens, which still preserved their Eighteenth century primness, and the broad terraces that swept down from the high road which formed the boundary of the estate.

The interior of this ancient dwelling is not less notable for its simplicity of arrangement and detail. In the entrance hall a fine stairway winds round a massive chimney to the upper chambers. Under one of the landings I noticed two leathern fire buckets lettered in green with the name, "E. Smith, 1775."

To the left is the parlor, a low-studded room, the walls paneled on one side to the ceiling. On the other hand hangs the portrait of Ebenezer Smith by Copley. The furniture is of rich old mahogany, odorous with age and mostly of haircloth covering; the effect being severe,

almost chilling, with the suggestion of Puritan influence, relieved by evidences of worldly taste. Between the two front windows hangs a rare and beautiful mirror and a Chippendale card table, exquisitely inlaid.

An ante-room, containing another staircase of the early New England style, divides the parlor from the living-room, a large square apartment which faces the east and is lighted by many windows which, for greater security, are provided with inside folding blinds. The wall paper is of the medalion pattern, representing figures on horseback, stage coaches at full speed and distant landscapes, the quaint design harmonizing with the cheerful aspect of the apartment.

In the corner stands an old clock, a wedding present to Ebenezer Smith from his father, and which a tablet informs us, was made by "C. Howse, London, England, 1774." It is in a fine state of preservation and, after one hundred and twenty-five years, still keeps perfect time.

As every one knows, the living-room in New England houses is the principal apartment in the house. Here the weddings of the family were celebrated, receptions were held, and here gathered intimate friends upon the occasion of important family events. At one time the walls were covered with shelves containing rare and valuable books, and comprising a collection not to be surpassed in point of selection by many of the choicest private libraries in New England.

The old prints on the wall represented "A View of Wilton in Wiltshire, the Seat of the Rt. Hon. Earl of Pembroke, Published according to Act of Parliament March the 1st, 1759," and "View of the Canal and of the Gothic Tower in the Garden of His Grace, The Duke of Argyl at Whitten, printed for Robert Sayer in Fleet Street, John Boydell in Cheapside, Henry Parker in Cornhill, Carrington Bowles, in St. Paul's Churchyard."

Ascending the ancient stairway to the sleeping rooms, I was delighted not only to find them well lighted and of ample dimensions, but that the guestchamber was furnished with a highpost bedstead of English birch, mahogany highboy and the ancient hood chair, the scene before me being a veritable reflex of the Colonial period. All of the upper rooms were similarly furnished.

By the courtesy of my hostess I was shown an old family record which informed me that Ebenezer Smith, (the grandfather of the present occupant was born in Loubberland, Oyster River, in New Hampshire, in 1758. He attended the school of Master Moody at Byfield, Mass., until he was 17 years old; that he pursued the study of law in the office of Mr. Sullivan, afterwards General John Sullivan, until the breaking out of the war when he followed his patron to the field, becoming and remaining his aide-de-camp until peace was declared; that, returning to Durham, he resumed his studies, was admitted to the bar and subsequently became a prominent jurist and was offered a seat on the bench of the Superior Court which, however, he declined, preferring the quiet routine of his practice and the seclusion of his home to the cares and responsibilities of a judicial career. His father was Deacon Ebenezer Smith, who was born in England in 1712. His mother was Margaret Weeks of Stratham, New Hampshire. Tradition has it that the earliest ancestor of the family in Durham, New Hampshire, was George Smith of Willoughby, Lancashire, England. That the family had dwelt for some 200 years at Old Haugh, in the County of Chester, being related to the Hattons of the same county, but who afterwards removed to the county of Lincolnshire.

Among the heirlooms of the Smith-Hatton family, handed down through successive generations and until lately in the possession of a direct descendant, is the Hatton Coat of Arms, a

Coat of Mail, a silver tankard and a set of silver buttons, an old silver watch marked "Thomas Jones, London," and an old cutlass, which were brought from England at the time of the emigration of Ebenezer Smith 1st.

In June, 1825, the windows of the old house looked upon an unusual pageant in the quiet streets of the old New England town, for the local military had been called upon to welcome General Lafayette who, in a tour of the states, was passing through Durham, with an escort. In the record of the event the full name of the soldier statesman was mentioned as the Marquis Maril-Paul Roch Xves-Guilbert Mottiers de Lafayette. The stars and stripes and the French tri-colors floated together, and an address was read by one of the Selectmen from the steps of the Town Hall, to which Lafayette responded with much feeling in the following address:

Amidst the continued emotions of my happy journey to the United States I cannot but be particularly affected by the circumstances that recall to my mind dear and solemn recollections—such as on this day, my visit to the town of Durham, N. H. Here as you observe was the residence of the excellent patriot and soldier Scammell, my personal friend; here now slumber the remains of my illustrious friend and brother, Major General Sullivan. So, sir, among the kind references to past times, for which I am much obliged to you, I have marked the name of Brandywine —a battle where I fought under Sullivan's immediate command.

I am highly flattered and gratified, sir, by the affectionate welcome I received from the Selectmen and people of Durham and while I most cordially enjoy these so very friendly testimonies of their esteem and friendship, I beg them and you, sir, to accept my respectful acknowledgments and goodwishes. (Durham, New Hampshire, June 23, 1825.)

LAFAYETTE.

Paul Jones visited this house and town on his way to take command of the *America*, but upon his return to Portsmouth, N. H., the ship was turned over to the French government. Upon this visit he presented Mrs. Smith with a gold and blue enameled locket which is still in possession of the family.

Gen. John Sullivan was here a frequent guest, and the close friendship continued between Mr. Smith and Mr. Sullivan until the latter's death in 1795.

Mr. Ezekiel Webster, a brother of Daniel Webster, was many times in Durham and a guest at the home of Mr. Smith. In Mr. Smith's diary having the date of 1785 he writes, "My old friend, Ezekiel Webster, has been our guest for a fortnight. His visits are at all times full of interest. He has related to us about his trip through northern New Hampshire and a visit to his birthplace at Salisbury, N. H."

Durham was ever patriotic, not only in the struggles with the forces of King Philip, of the Wampanoags, when led by a Frenchman, they entered the town and massacred many of the inhabitants before they were finally repulsed; in the Revolutionary War, as related above, in the case of General Sullivan and his aide-de-camp Ebenezer Smith; but also in the Civil War, when a number of her prominent citizens responded to the first call for volunteers. No less than fifty of Durham's sons went into active service in the War of the Revolution, twenty of whom lost their lives. Among the officers of high rank were Adams, Sullivan and Scammell, all of whom were from Durham. In 1860 Durham did not fail her country, but sent her men to help save the Union from dismemberment. Of Durham's soldiers some returned to their homes maimed for life. Two noble and brave men should be especially mentioned—Henry B. Mellen and David O. Davis. Others gave their lives, one of whom was George Pendergast of the 2nd N. H. Co. D, who was killed at Williamsburg, Va., and was the first soldier to be buried in Durham.

As I turned to leave the old house

I could not forbear musing on the sad story of one of its former inmates, a daughter of the household over whose bright and untroubled life fell a shadow, almost at the threshold of womanhood. A happy engagement, the approach of her wedding, the sudden recall to the West of her lover, a rising young lawyer, on important family business and of whom thereafter no tidings were ever received, it being supposed that he met his death at the hands of the Indians on his return journey. Renouncing the pleasures of the world and being seldom seen afterwards except in the seclusion of her home, this brilliant and accomplished lady passed the remainder of her life in doing kindnesses to the unfortunate and dispensing all of her available means in ministering to the needs of others until her death.

As I bade farewell to the old Colonial town I recalled to mind the words of one of its life-long residents, the Rev. Henry S. Talbot, in a reminiscence of Durham dated 1873 and hitherto unpublished, as follows:

"Here have resided families of wealth and distinction whose representatives have been identified with the stirring events of the Eighteenth and Nineteenth centuries. Possessed of a wide experience of travel and study, both at home and abroad—artists, writers and teachers, well-to-do farmers, under whose roof-trees were to be found the ideals of home comfort and refined hospitality. For generations a community of honorable men and noble women, held together by a bond of sympathy—clannish, if you will, yet requiring only occasion to break through the bars of conventionality. But alas—the social fabric which appeared to be permanent as the granite of our native hills, has vanished and the ancient landmarks are removed, leaving scarcely a trace behind. What seemed to be founded on a rock was built upon a stream—the stream of time, under the power of whose onward flow it has fallen apart, piecemeal, like a ship beaten by repellant waves. Houses which seemed to lack not in stability have disappeared. Homes which seemed to be dwelling-places for all generations, have passed into the hands of strangers. You knock at the door and they who once welcomed you are no longer there. As you turn sadly away you meet strangers only. Familiar faces are nowhere to be seen and the old families are for the most part gone—their memories and examples alone remain, memories to cherish, examples to follow."

AN IDLE HOUR

By Bela Chapin

Upon the slope, the green hillside,
I rest beneath my quercus tree;
I view the prospect stretching wide,
The vernal hills so fair to see.
Serene southwest! Far, far away,
What pleasant thoughts are mine today!

What scenes are there among those hills,
What rural habitations neat;
What flowing streams, what laughing rills,
What flowery meadows, green and sweet;

What maple groves, and groves of pine,
And tillage fields and orchards fine!

And so, beneath my quercus tree,
I pass an idle hour away;
In thought I wander far and free,
Upon this gladsome summer day,
While gentle breezes, soft and bland,
Are wafted from that lovely land.

NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY

JESSE B. HYLAND, M. D.

Dr. Jesse B. Hyland, a leading physician and surgeon of Cheshire County, died at his home in Keene, July 11, 1912.

Dr. Hyland was a son of Reuben and Clarissa (Andrews) Hyland, born in Arlington, Vt., June 18, 1862. His father was for many years roadmaster of the Cheshire railroad, and after its consolidation with the Fitchburg system continued in charge of the division in a similar capacity. Dr. Hyland spent most of his boyhood in Keene, where he attended the public schools, graduating from the high school in the class of 1880. He then took a special course at Harvard college, in chemistry, afterwards entering the Harvard medical school, from which he graduated in the class of 1884. He first located at Palmer, Mass., but soon after returned to Keene, where in a few years he had established a large and successful practice, which he held through life. He took an active interest in politics and in city affairs, being identified for a long time with the Republican party. He was twice elected a member of the board of education of Union school district and was chosen a member of common council in 1904 and of the board of aldermen in 1905. He was a past master of the Lodge of the Temple and a member of all the Masonic bodies in Keene and of the New Hampshire consistory of Scottish Rite Masons, in which he had received the 32d degree. He was also a member of the Cheshire county, the New Hampshire and the American medical associations.

From its inception nearly twenty years ago Dr. Hyland was deeply interested in the Elliot City Hospital and served with much ability on its staff and also as instructor in the training school for nurses which is a part of the institution.

While practicing in Palmer, Mass., Dr. Hyland was married to Anna Alberta Whitcomb, daughter of Albert S. Whitcomb of Keene, who survives him, together with one son, Carl A. of Medford, Mass., and two daughters, Winona and Christine, the former a student at Simmons college.

HON. JOHN B. MORRILL

Hon. John B. Morrill, of Gilford, Judge of Probate for the County of Belknap, died at his home, July 4, 1911.

Mr. Morrill was a son of the late Hon. John J. and Nancy Sanborn Morrill, born in Gilford, November 11, 1854, and was educated at the Gilford High School and Dartmouth College, graduating from the latter in 1879. He resided at the old home, and had served his town as representative in 1895 and 1899 as well as in the Constitutional Convention of 1889. He was serving his sixth term as Commissioner of Belknap County, and was a member of the special tax commission of 1908. He was appointed Judge of Probate in May, 1899. He was active in Masonry and in Republican politics.

His wife, formerly Miss Mary S. Rowe, of Gilford, died five years ago.

CHARLES H. DICKINSON

Charles H. Dickinson, a prominent citizen of Bristol, died at his home in that town, June 22, 1912.

He was born in the town of Hill, April 7, 1844, and there resided till 1871, when he removed to Bristol and engaged in trade as a dealer in boots and shoes and gents' furnishing goods, in which business he was successful, but of late had given attention to lumbering and real estate. He was prominent in Masonry, had been town treasurer eighteen years and represented the town in the Legislature of 1895.

EDITOR AND PUBLISHER'S NOTES

"The White Hills in Poetry—An Anthology. Edited by Eugene R. Musgrove, with an introduction by Samuel M. Crothers, and with illustrations from photographs. Boston and New York. Houghton Mifflin Co. The Riverside Press, Cambridge, 1912."

Such is the title page inscription of one of the most beautiful volumes of choice poetry that ever came from the press. As its title indicates, it is a compilation of the best things ever said in verse of our grand mountains of the north, their sentinel foothills, the sparkling rivers, born in their embrace, and the silvery lakes in whose waters their beauties are mirrored. Their compiler is a son of New Hampshire, himself richly endowed with the poetic instinct, and the various authors of the one hundred and thirty-seven different selections presented either lived within the State or were familiar with its unsurpassed natural attractions. If there be some regretable omissions, like the splendid tribute of William Cant Sturoc, "the bard of Sunapee," to the charming lake whose glassy waters his home overlooked—"Sweet Granite 'Katrine' of this Mountain Land"—the wonder is that so much of real merit and so little dross have been included in this elegant little volume of 395 16mo. pages, daintily set in flexible seal cover, and richly worth the price of $1.75 to any one who loves the beauties of "Our Mountain Land," especially when set forth in terms of genuine poetry.

"Old Home Week" in New Hampshire opens Saturday, August 17, continuing till Friday night of the week following. During this time there will be "Old Home Day" gatherings, with appropriate exercises in many of the towns throughout the state, and in a large proportion of these the church services on Sunday will be in recognition of this great reunion festival season. At Rollins Park, in Concord, there will be a special union service at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, under the auspices of the Board of Trade and the local Y. M. C. Associations, at which the speakers will be the Rev. Dr. A. H. Morrill of Franklin, the Prohibition candidate for Governor, and Rev. A. H. Wheelock, of Marlboro, Mass., chaplain of the Massachusetts State Grange.

The second general primary in this state, for the nomination of party candidates for Governor, Representatives in Congress, Councilors, Senators, Representatives in the General Court, County Officers, Moderators and Supervisors of Check Lists, will be held on the first Tuesday in September. For the gubernatorial nomination only one candidate in each party has filed—Franklin Worcester, of Hollis, Republican, and Samuel D. Felker, of Rochester, Democrat. The same is true as to the Congressional nomination in each district, Cyrus A. Sulloway, Republican, and Eugene E. Reed, Democrat, in the First District, and Frank D. Currier, Republican, and Raymond B. Stevens, Democrat, in the Second, being the only recorded aspirants, and as a matter of course, being practically sure of nomination. The situation is to be enlivened, and rendered decidedly interesting if not exciting, as the public is authoratively informed, by the nomination by petition, after the primary, of candidates for Governor and Members of Congress by the "Roosevelt ians," or third party progressives, and such other candidates as may then be deemed advisable by the managers of that organization. It is evidently the purpose of these latter to throw the election of Governor into the legislature to be disposed of along with the Senatorship and State offices, and to hold, themselves, the balance of power in that body.

"S. J. H.," in a recent issue of the *Boston Transcript*, reproduces the lines of the old rhyme, familiar to the school boys of two and three generations past, running as follows:

You'd scarce expect one of my age
To speak in public on the stage;
And if I chance to fall below
Demosthenes or Cicero,
Don't view me with a critic's eye,
But pass my imperfections by.
Large straws from little fountains flow;
Tall oaks from little acorns grow;
And though I now am small and young,
Of judgment weak and feeble tongue,
Yet all great learned men like me
Once learned to read their A. B. C.
But why may not Columbia's soil
Rear men as great as Britain's Isle—
Exceed what Greece and Rome have done,
Or any land beneath the sun?
Mayn't New Hampshire boast as great
As any other Federal State?
Or where's the town, go far and near,
That does not find a rival here?
Or where's the boy, but three feet high
Who's made improvement more than I?
These thoughts inspire my youthful mind
To be the greatest of mankind;
Great, not like Cæsar, stained with blood,
But only great as I am good.

What makes the lines of special New Hampshire interest is the fact that they were written in the State, to be recited by a seven year old grammar school boy, the author being David Everett, a native of Princeton, Mass., then teaching in the town of New Ipswich, where the boy in question was attending school.

EDITOR AND PUBLISHER'S NOTES

L. XLIV, No. 9 SEPTEMBER, 1912 New Series, Vol. VII, No. 9

THE GRANITE MONTHLY

A New Hampshire Magazine

evoted to History, Biography, Literature and State Progress

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ssued by The Granite Monthly Company

HENRY H. METCALF, Editor and Manager

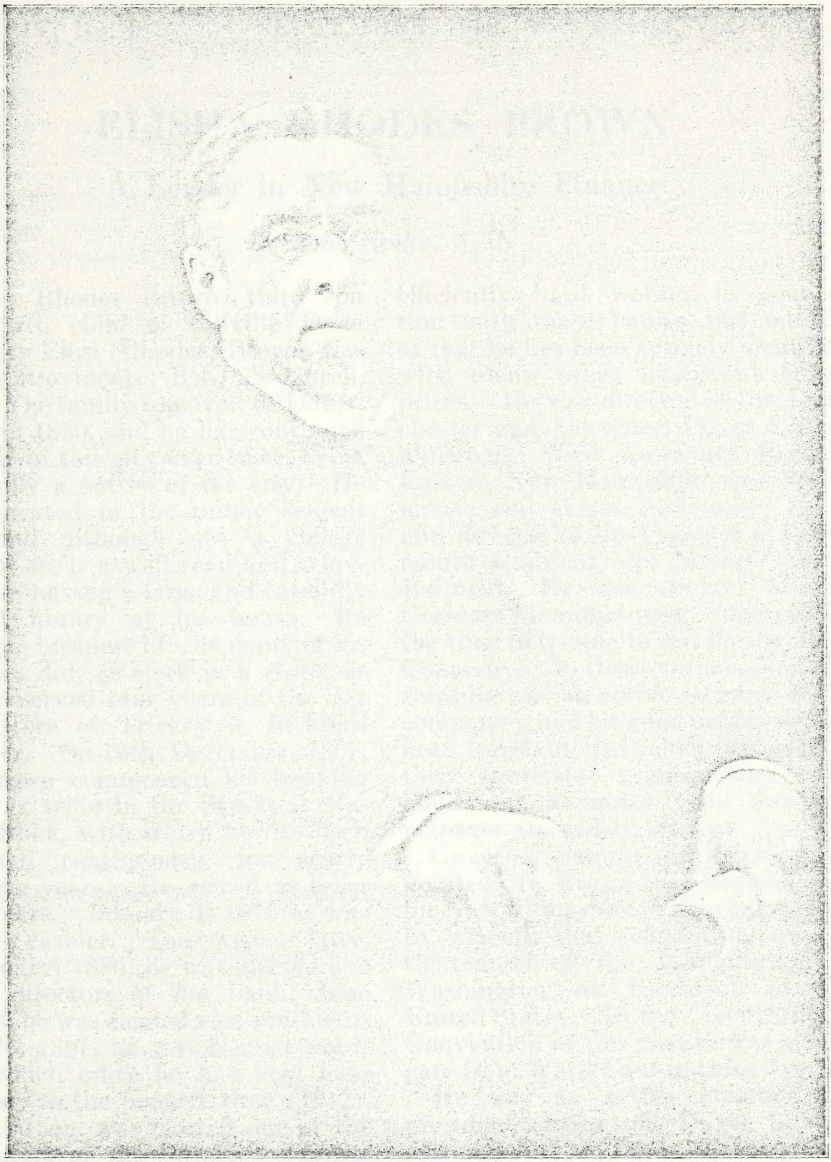
RMS: $1.00 per annum, in advance; $1.50 if not paid in advance. Single copies, 15 cents

CONCORD, N. H., 1912

Entered at the post office at Concord as second-class mail matter.

THE GRANITE MONTHLY

A New Hampshire Magazine



ELISHA RHODES BROWN

THE GRANITE MONTHLY

VOL. XLIV, No. 9 SEPTEMBER, 1912 NEW SERIES, VOL. 7, No. 9

ELISHA RHODES BROWN

A Leader in New Hampshire Finance

By John Scales, A.M.

Elisha Rhodes Brown, third son and fourth child of Colville Dana and Mary Eliza (Rhodes) Brown, was born in Providence, R.I., 28 March, 1847. The family removed to Dover, N. H., in 1850, and he has continued to reside in this city ever since, being practically a native of the city. He was educated in the public schools here, and although not a college graduate he is a well read and scholarly man having a large and carefully selected library at his house. He began his business life, as many of his ancestors did, as clerk in a store; as such he served four years in the dry goods store of Trickey & Bickford in Dover. On 10th December, 1867, Mr. Brown commenced his banking career as teller in the Strafford National Bank, with which he has been connected continuously for nearly forty-five years. He served as teller eight years. January 1, 1876 he was elected cashier. Ten years later, 12 January, 1886, he was elected one of the directors of the bank; June 30, 1890 he was elected vice-president; April 26, 1897, he was elected president, which office he has held continuously to the present time (1912).

Mr. Brown was elected one of the corporators of the Strafford Savings Bank, 25 March, 1876; trustee 31, March, 1883; vice-president 24 March, 1890; president 21 October, 1891, which office he has held continuously to the present time.

Mr. Brown has been a busy and efficiently hard worker in connection with these banks, but outside of that he has been actively identified with many other important enterprises. He was director in the Manchester and Lawrence, Dover & Winnipiseogee, West Amesbury Branch, Eastern New Hampshire and Portsmouth and Dover Railroads. He is now director of the Concord & Portsmouth Railroad, and Maine Central Railroad. He was director of the Cocheco Manufacturing Company at the time of its sale to the Pacific Mills Company. In these various directorships he was an active member of the companies, and his good judgment and keen foresight had much influence in their successful management. His ability as a banker and business manager are widely known.

Governor Sawyer and Council appointed Mr. Brown the Commissioner for New Hampshire, 5 February, 1889, to attend the celebration of the Centennial of the Inauguration of Washington as President of the United States. In the Constitutional Convention of this year he was a delegate from Ward Four in this city.

He was an active member and president of the old Dover Library and when the Dover Library was merged in the Dover Public Library he was made one of the trustees, which position he has held continuously to the present time. Franklin Academy was established here in 1818 and for three quarters of a century was a

flourishing institution and did good work in the higher education of the boys and girls of Dover. In its later years Mr. Brown was president of the trustees. About 1900, the school was closed, the building and grounds were sold and the proceeds properly invested. Later when the subject of having a Public Library building and a High School building erected, was under consideration, it was largely through his influence and good judgment that the funds of the institution were invested in the purchase of the Hon. William Hale estate on Locust street, and donated to the city for the perpetual use of the library and the school. So the funds of the Academy continue to be used for purposes of education.

Mr. Brown is and has been for several years, vice-president of the New Hampshire Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, in which official position he has done much good work in Dover and vicinity, in the protection of dumb animals that were being cruelly treated by their owners, and by his vigorous enforcement of the law against them.

Mr. Brown stands very high in the Masonic orders, being a member of Moses Paul Lodge, Free and Accepted Masons; Belknap Chapter of Royal Arch Masons; Orphan Council, Royal and Select Masters; St. Paul Commandery, Knights Templar, all of Dover. In Scottish Rite Masonry he has taken all the degrees up to and including the Thirty-second degree, and is a member of the New Hampshire Consistory, of Nashua. His various other duties have not given him time to hold official positions in these organizations, but he has for many years been a loyal supporter of them all. He has also for many years been a member of Wecohamet Lodge of Independent Order of Odd Fellows.



Mr. Brown's Residence

In politics Mr. Brown is, and always has been, a Republican, having

cast his first vote for General Grant for president in November, 1868. He is still firm in the faith of the well established principles of that party. In religion he is a Congregationalist, having joined the First Church in Dover July 5, 1873; in 1885 he was elected one of the deacons of the Church; he still retains that office but retired from active service in 1911. In his official relations Mr. Brown has rendered invaluable assistance in the management of financial affairs of this very ancient Church, and when he retired from active service as deacon the Church gave him a highly complimentary and perfectly just vote of thanks, at a large meeting of the members.

When the Wentworth Home for the Aged was established by the munificence of Hon. Arioch Wentworth of Boston, in 1898, Mr. Brown was elected one of the trustees and has held that office continuously to the present time. The first President of the incorporators was Mr. Joseph Brown Sawyer. On the death of Mr. Sawyer in 1908, Mr. Brown was elected to fill the vacancy, and now holds the office. The Wentworth Home has a fund of over $200,000 and is one of the most prosperous and best managed institutions of the kind in New England. There are at present thirty members cared for at the Home.

Mr. Brown was one of the founders and has always been a liberal supporter and member of the official board of the Dover Childrens' Home, located in a large brick building on Locust street. In this from thirty to forty children are cared for, educated, and, at the proper age, placed in good families to be brought up to manhood and womanhood and become good citizens.

Formerly the Pine Hill Cemetery was managed by a committee of the City Council; a change was made in the City Charter, and several years ago the management was placed in the control of a board of trustees and Mr. Brown was elected one of the members of the board, which office he has held continuously to the present. In this connection his duties have not by any means been sinecure. Under the direction of the trustees the cemetery has been greatly improved and much enlarged. It is now one of the beautiful spots of the city, and Mr. Brown as trustee has done his full share of the work in the planning and financing the improvements.

Mr. Brown's Ancestors and Kinsmen

Mr. Brown inherits his character and business ability from worthy ancestors. His father, Colville Dana Brown, was born in Providence, R. I., 4 July, 1814. He came to Dover in 1850 and for a number of years was an expert calico printer in the Cocheco Print Works, whose products commanded the best prices in the country. Shortly after the Civil War began he entered the government service and was an official in the Commissary Department to the end of the war, serving faithfully and efficiently. Soon after the close of the war he was appointed Superintendent of the Government Grounds in Washington, D. C., which important position he held until his death 2 January, 1898.

Mr. Brown's grandfather, John Brown, was a successful merchant in Providence, and was son of Elisha Brown also a successful merchant in that city. He was son of Deputy-Governor Elisha Brown who was born in Providence in 1717 and died in that city in 1802. His wife was Mary Harris. He was one of the leading business men of Providence, a member of the Rhode Island General Assembly a number of years and Deputy Governor 1765, 1766 and 1767.

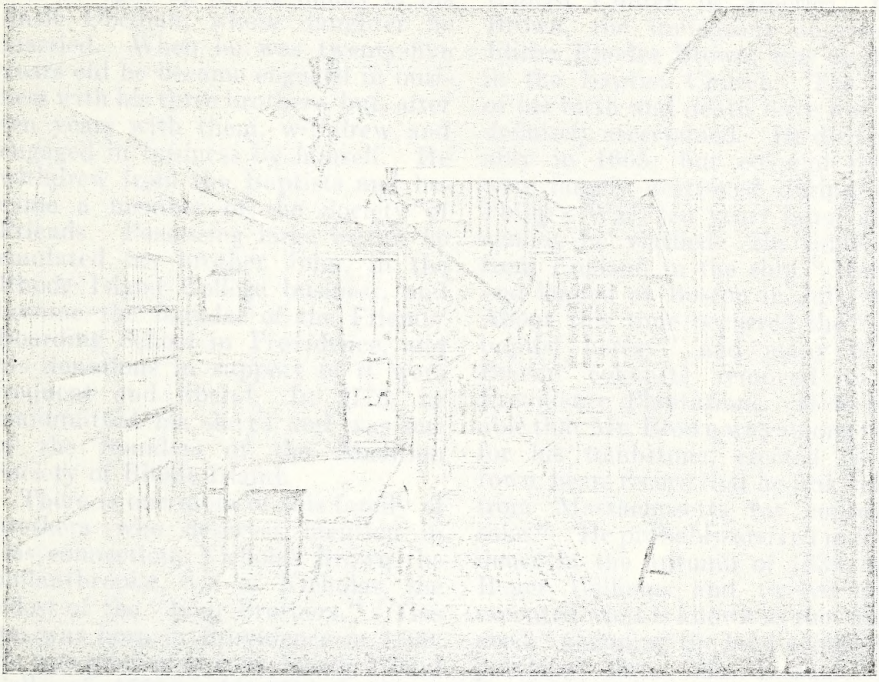
James Brown, an elder brother of Deputy Governor Elisha Brown, is best remembered by his four sons, Nicholas, Joseph, John and Moses, who in the Providence annals are known as the "Four Brothers." A

brief notice of each may be of interest, so is here given.

Nicholas was left an orphan at the age of ten years, and the youngest, Moses, was but seven months old when his father died, 27 April, 1739; but they had a remarkable mother, who brought the boys up to be staunch Baptists and keen business men. Nicholas followed mercantile pursuits and thereby acquired a very ample fortune. He was liberal with his wealth and a generous benefactor of Rhode Island College.

Joseph Brown, second of the four brothers, was likewise engaged in business and in manufacturing and acquired sufficient wealth to permit him to follow his natural taste for science. He became an expert in the knowledge of electricity. He was also proficient in astronomy. He was a warm friend of Rhode Island College, of which he was one of the trustees for several years, and during the last two years of his life he was Professor of Natural Philosophy, serving without pay.

John Brown, the third brother, was the most energetic of the four and became the wealthiest of them all, and it is said that he was the first merchant in Rhode Island to carry trade to China and the East Indies. He was a leader in the party that destroyed the British sloop-of-war "Gaspee" in Narragansett Bay, on 17 June, 1772, and was sent in irons to Boston on suspicion of having been concerned in that affair, but he was released through the efforts of his brother, the Quaker member of the family. Anticipating the war of the Revolution, he instructed the captains of his ships to freight their vessels on their return voyages with powder, so when the war began at Lexington and Concord, and the battle of Bunker Hill had been fought, and Washington assembled his army at



A Side View of Mr. Brown's Hall

Cambridge with only four rounds of powder for each soldier, Mr. Brown sent up a generous supply of powder from Rhode Island, which enabled Washington to proceed to business in besieging Boston. After the war he served as member of Congress several years. But greatest of all, Mr. Brown laid the corner stone of the first building of Rhode Island College, now Brown University. He was one of the largest contributors and was for twenty years its treasurer.

Moses Brown, the youngest brother, was brought up in the family of his uncle Obediah, whose daughter he married. When he was twenty-five years old he became engaged in business with his three brothers, but, after ten years with them, withdrew and engaged in business by himself. He withdrew from the Baptists and became a member of the Society of Friends. Possessing large wealth he emulated his brother John, in the Rhode Island College business, and became the founder of the Friends' Boarding School in Providence, and his donations in support of it were frequent and liberal. In 1773, he manumitted his slaves and was one of the founders of the Abolition Society of Rhode Island.

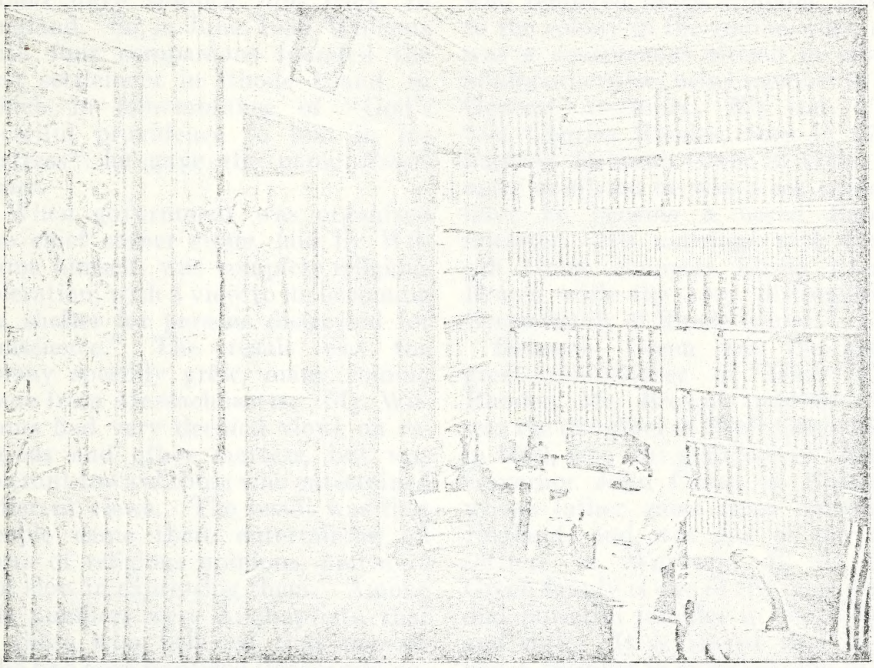
There is one more of this family of brothers who deserves mention in this connection, Nicholas Brown the philanthropist, son of Nicholas, the eldest of the "Four Brothers." This son was born in Providence in 1769. He was graduated from Rhode Island College in 1786, and in 1791 the death of his father left him with a handsome fortune. Forming a partnership with his brother-in-law, Thomas P. Ives, he became a merchant, and, by his wisdom and honorable dealing, made the firm of Brown & Ives one of the most successful in the country. For many years he was a member of the Rhode Island Legislature. He was one of the most munificent patrons of Rhode Island College, which, in 1804, changed its name to Brown University in his honor. His donations to the college amounted in all to more than $100,000. In addition to this he gave about $50,000 to other institutions.

Deputy Governor Elisha Brown, uncle to the "Four Brothers," was son of Reverend James and Mary (Harris) Brown, who was a noted Baptist minister of Providence. The Reverend James was son of Elder John and Mary (Holmes) Brown. Elder Brown was a noted minister and succeeded his father the Reverend Chad Brown as pastor of the First Baptist Church at Providence, the oldest Baptist Church in America. Chad Brown, the immigrant ancestor of Elisha Rhodes Brown, was an Elder in the Baptist Church. The dates of his birth and death have not been definitely ascertained. He died probably in 1665; but colonial records were largely destroyed during King Philip's War, ten years later, and it cannot be verified. He came over from England in the ship "Martin" and landed at Boston in July, 1638. About this time occurred the "Anabaptist heresy" and many of the Boston colonists removed to the Providence Plantations. It is probable that Mr. Brown was among these, for his tombstone, erected by the town, bears record that he was "exiled from Massachusetts for conscience sake." He probably arrived in Providence in the autumn of 1638, when Roger Williams and twelve others executed what is known as the "initial deed," assigning the land acquired by purchase from the Indians. Mr. Brown at once became a leader in the affairs of the colony, and when, after three months, the restless Williams finding that the Church would not implicitly accept his teaching, again seceded, Mr. Brown was chosen as his successor. He was formally ordained Elder in England in 1642, and assumed the pastoral office on his return, and was in reality the first Elder of the First Baptist Church in America. Prior to his ordination serious dissensions had arisen in the colony involving a quarrel with Massachusetts, and Mr. Brown was one of the

committee appointed to make peace. He was a peace maker in various other ways and his influence in shaping the early tendencies of the colony was marked, and it is probable that, but for his resolute character and judicious management, the daring and refractory spirits that composed the colony would have come to blows on a dozen different questions of civil and religious import. So successful was he in adjusting the quarrels of his flock that the honorable title of "Peacemaker" was popularly accorded him.

the troublesome Indian wars. It seems worthy to note that in the July (1912) number of the *Journal of American History* mention is made of the fact that Abraham Lincoln, was a lineal descendant of Obediah Holmes, through the Lincoln family of Massachusetts.

Elisha Rhodes Brown is a descendant from very distinguished ancestors on his mother's side. First of these may be mentioned Roger Williams, one of the great historical characters of New England, being the founder



A Corner of Mr. Brown's Library

Mary Holmes, wife of Elder John Brown, was daughter of the Reverend Obediah Holmes who was the first pastor of the First Baptist Church at Newport, R. I., and a man of great influence in the business affairs of that part of the colony. He was one of the Commissioners for the General Court in 1655-58 to settle official disputes and difficulties; and again in 1676 he was Councillor for the General Assembly of the Colony in

of the colony of Rhode Island and the pioneer of religious liberty in America. He was born in London, 1604; son of a merchant tailor; graduate of Pembroke College, Cambridge; studied law, then studied theology, and held ecclesiastical positions in England. Emigrated to New England with his wife Mary, arrived in Boston in February, 1631, and in April following became an assistant teacher, or minister, at Salem; later

he was assistant to the minister at Plymouth. In August, 1634, he became teacher, or minister, at Salem, where he had been assistant. His preaching and teaching were so liberal that he incurred the hostility of the authorities of the Massachusetts Bay Colony. After receiving various admonitions, which he did not heed, he was formally tried by the General Court, which decreed he should be banished from the domain of the Massachusetts Bay Colony. When they were about to arrest him he made his escape into what is now Rhode Island. If the authorities had caught him they would have shipped him back to England. So, in June, 1636, Williams with four companions founded the first settlement in Rhode Island, to which, in remembrance of "God's merciful providence to him in his distress" he gave the name *Providence*.

When government was organized the chief corner stone, laid by Williams himself, was complete religious toleration, with a view to its becoming "a shelter for persons distressed for conscience." The result was the colony speedily grew, many coming there from Massachusetts. Mr. Williams had very decided views on religious and other matters, but was tolerant toward those who entertained different views. The result was that people came there entertaining all sorts of religious opinions, and were not slow in expressing them. Among the numbers were Anabaptists, that is those who believed that persons who had been baptized (by sprinkling) in infancy must be rebaptized by immersion. So in 1639, Williams was rebaptized by one of those Anabaptists, and he in turn baptized others, and these formed the First Baptist Church in America. Nevertheless, he retained his connection with it only three or four months, and Chad Brown, who had been working with him, became the sole leader and pastor.

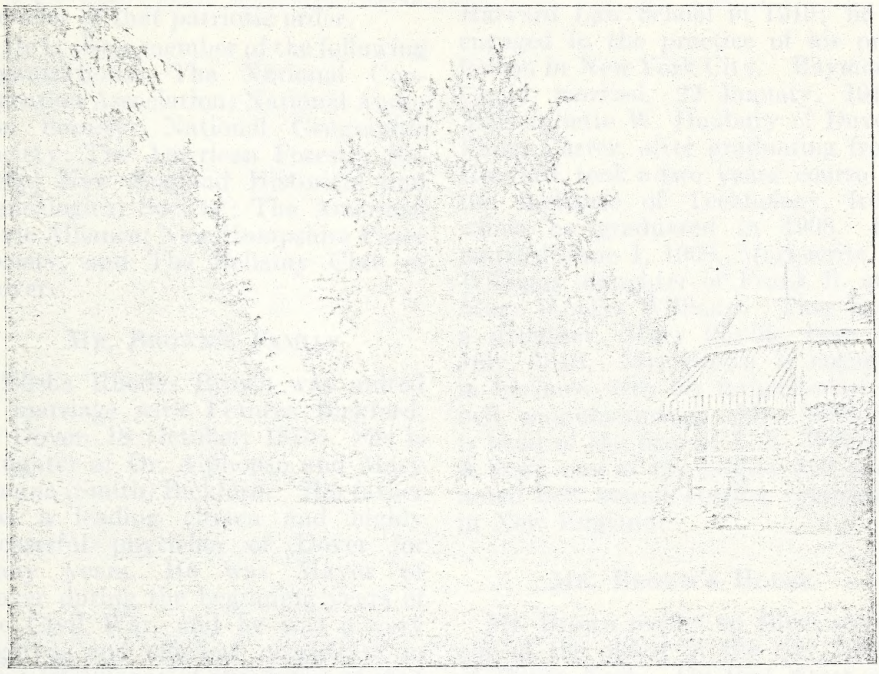
Mr. Williams was at various times a member of the General Assembly, and was governor several years, and deputy governor still more. He was a personal friend of Cromwell and Milton and other leading Puritans in England.

Governor Roger Williams' daughter, Mercy Williams, married Resolved Waterman; their daughter, Waite Waterman, married John Rhodes, son of Zachary Rhodes of Warwick who was an extensive land proprietor and ofttimes a member of the General Assembly.

John Rhodes was a distinguished lawyer and the King's attorney for several years. His son was noted as Major John Rhodes of Warwick, who rendered much valuable service to the colony in the Indian wars, and was a conspicuous citizen in official affairs otherwise, being member of the General Assembly. His son, Captain Charles Rhodes, born in 1719; married Deborah Green in 1739. In early manhood he was a sea captain; later he became a noted Baptist minister. His marriage with Deborah Green connects Elisha Rhodes Brown with the very distinguished Green family of Rhode Island.

Deborah Green was the great-great-grandmother of Mary Eliza Rhodes, Mr. Brown's mother. She was the daughter of Peter Green, born in 1682, who was grandson of Deputy Governor John Green of Warwick, whose father came from Salisbury, England, and was one of the first settlers in Warwick, R. I. The Green family is one of the most noted and powerful families in that colony and state. It is stated that it has had a member in every session of the General Assembly from 1642 to 1912. One of Deborah Green's kinsmen was General Nathaniel Green who ranks second only to Washington in the Revolutionary War. The connecting families between Captain Charles Rhodes and his wife, Deborah Green, down to Mary Eliza Rhodes, Mr. Brown's mother, are as follows:—She is daughter of Captain Elisha Hunt and Eliza Ann (Chace) Rhodes; he is son of Captain James Peter and Sarah (Hunt) Rhodes; who is son of Captain

Peter and Hester (Arnold) Rhodes, and Captain Peter is son of Captain Charles and Deborah (Green) Rhodes. These "Captains" of the Rhodes family were all active and vigorous men and have good rank among the business men of Rhode Island, where they all resided. Hester Arnold, wife of Captain Peter Rhodes, was daughter of Simon Arnold, descendant of William Arnold, born in Warwickshire, England, 1587. He came to Providence in 1630 and was associated with Roger Williams as one of the fifty-four proprietors of the Providence Plantations, which now constitute the state of Rhode Island.



Rear View of Mr. Brown's House

Mr. Brown is member of the New Hampshire Society Sons of the American Revolution, also of the Society of Colonial Wars in New Hampshire, of which he was governor, 1900–1901. Mr. Brown's ancestors whose service in the Colonial period entitle him to membership are twenty in number, namely:—The Reverend Chad Brown; Deputy Governor John Brown; the Reverend James Brown; Deputy Governor Elisha Brown; Colonel Richard Waterman; Mr. Christopher Peake; Mr. William Almey; Mr. Peter Green; Governor Roger Williams; Major John Rhodes; Mr. Zachariah Rhodes; Captain Randall Holden; Mr. William Harris; Dr. John Green; Deputy Governor John Green; Mr. John Rhodes; Lieut. Charles Holden; Lieut. Andrew Harris; Mr. Richard Tew; and the Reverend Obadiah Holmes.

In this connection it is interesting to note that Mr. Brown's son, Harold Winthrop Brown, is also a member of the Society of Colonial Wars, and has to his credit on the records of the Society the twenty ancestors of his father and ten more on his mother's side, who are:—Governor John Winthrop; Governor Thomas Dudley; Judge and Rev. Samuel Dudley; Judge Edward Hilton; Judge George Smith; Col. Samuel Smith; Major Joseph Smith; Capt. Joseph Bickford;

Mr. Jeremiah Burnham and Mr. Clement Meserve.

Mr. Brown has been for many years a member of the New Hampshire Historical Society. Also he was one of the founders of the Dover Historical Society and is now one of its officers. He is specially interested in local and state history and has some very valuable books and manuscripts in regard to these matters.

The New Hampshire Veterans' Association has made him an honorary member of that organization. Also the Society of the Cincinnati in New Hampshire has made him an honorary member of that patriotic order.

He is also a member of the following organizations:—The National Conservation Association; National Audobon Society; National Geographic Society; The American Forestry Society; New England Historical and Genealogical Society; The American Civic Alliance; New Hampshire Peace Society, and The Bellamy Club of Dover.

Mr. Brown's Family

Elisha Rhodes Brown was united in marriage with Frances Bickford, at Dover, 18 October, 1870. She is daughter of Dr. Alphonso and Mary Joanna (Smith) Bickford. Her father was a leading citizen and highly successful physician of Dover for many years. He was Mayor of Dover during the beginning years of the Civil War, and he was a very vigorous and efficient magistrate in the performance of the duties of that office. The children of Mr. and Mrs. Brown are:—I Alphonso Bickford, born 23 January, 1872. He graduated from Yale College in 1894, and from Harvard Medical College in 1897. He practiced his profession in Newburyport until his death 17 October, 1906. He married 3 October, 1899, Edith Lawrence, daughter of Mayor Huse of Newburyport, who was also Editor of the Newburyport News. They had one daughter, Elizabeth Lawrence Brown, born 6 July, 1903. The mother and daughter reside in Dover. II Harold Winthrop, born 8 November, 1875. Graduated from Harvard College in 1897. He is and has been for several years treasurer of the Strafford Savings Bank. He married 15 June, 1899, Katherine Van Hovenberg of Eau Claire, Wisconsin, who is a graduate of Smith College, 1896. They have one daughter, Margaret Van Hovenberg, born July 3, 1912. III and IV, Raymond Gould and Philip Carter, born 27 August, 1885. Both are graduates of Harvard College, Philip in 1906 and Raymond in 1907. The latter graduated from Harvard Law School in 1910; he is engaged in the practice of his profession in New York City. Raymond Gould married, 22 January, 1911, Miss Juliette W. Duxbury of Dover. Philip Carter, after graduating from Harvard, took a two years' course at the Institute of Technology, from which he graduated in 1908. He married June 1, 1909, Marguerite L. Williams, daughter of Frank B. and Mary (Locke) Williams. They have a daughter, Mary Phyllis, born 20 July, 1910. Mr. Brown is engaged in business with his father-in-law in belt manufacturing; Mr. Williams is head of the firm of I. B. Williams & Sons, one of the largest and most noted belt manufacturing companies in New England.

Mr. Brown's House

Mr. Brown resides on Silver street, one of the oldest in the city, north of Dover Neck. On that street are eight houses that are from 150 to 200 years old, all in good state of preservation, and fine colonial mansions. Mr. Brown's house is not one of that number, but it comes close up to the century mark in age, having been built in one of the early years of the last century. The accompanying pictures give a good idea of how it looks, on the exterior and interior. Everything is arranged for comfort, and visitors are sure to feel that way as soon as they enter the hall. One

of the most noticeable and valuable of these furnishings is his library which consists of about 8,000 volumes. Not having one room large enough for shelving all of his books they are nicely arranged in several rooms, so that every visitor who loves books will be delightfully surprised on his first steps about the house. The selections are of choice literature, historical works having the preference. Many of the sets are in beautiful and costly bindings, being the product of the best binderies in Boston and London. Besides making this large and choice collection for his house he has given to the Dover Public Library, of which he is a trustee, about 1,000 volumes of valuable publications. Besides his books he has in his library a very large collection of steel engravings, among which are excellent reproductions of the best work of the great masters in art.



A View of Mr. Brown's Grounds

Mr. Brown's Camp

Mr. Brown's Camp is located on a bluff at the head of the Pascataqua River, which is formed by the water from Little Bay and Oyster River. Little Bay is connected with Great Bay at the ancient Furber's Ferry which was the route of travel across Furber's Strait, between Furber's Point and Adams' Point, on Mathews' (or Mathes') Neck, where the Adams House now is. Little Bay is separated from the Pascataqua River by the strait between Fox Point and Durham Point. The water view from Mr. Brown's Camp (up Little Bay and down the Pascataqua) is very beautiful and is encircled by many historic spots.

The Camp stands very near where John Meader's garrison stood, which was burned by the Indians, at the time of the massacre in July 1694. Mr. Meader and his family were obliged to desert the house and make their escape across the river to Fox Point, because he did not have sufficient means for making a defense against the savage enemy. It was rebuilt by Mr. Meader immediately after the battle and properly fortified for defense, and he was living there as late as 1712, and his descendants in the years that followed. This land was originally granted to Valentine Hill by the town of Dover and by him was sold to John Meader in 1660, September 20. Previous to

that John Meader had a grant from the town of Dover, in 1656, down the river on the north side which included all the neck of land between the Pascataqua and Back River, which ever since has been called Meader's Neck. The cove on the west of the neck is Meader's Cove, and that on the north is Royal's Cove. On this neck, the easterly point, which is at the mouth of Back River, is called *Cedar Point*, where the town lines of Dover, Madbury and Durham come to a point, and one can stand in three towns at the same time. The southerly point, where is the abutment of the old Pascataqua Bridge, is called *Tickle Point*, and the land north of it and east of Meader's Cove is where was located Franklin City, the first city ever organized (on paper) in New Hampshire. It was incorporated by the New Hampshire legislature in 1796. The bridge across the river there had been completed and opened to travel November 25, 1794. The First New Hampshire Turnpike-Road to extend from there to Concord was incorporated June 16, 1796, and was completed in 1801. From the opening of the bridge in 1794 to the opening of the Turnpike-Road in 1801, a period of seven years it was a bustling center of business, but the opening of the road decreased the business and the proposed city failed to develop as was hoped for and confidently expected in the beginning. But for many years there was a large amount of travel and transportation of goods and produce between Portsmouth and Concord, all passing near where Mr. Brown's Camp is.

Goat Island is in the middle of the Pascataqua River, in front of Mr. Brown's Camp and about half a mile away. The bridge was the link that connected it with the Durham and the Newington shore. It was over this bridge and island that Daniel Webster, Jeremiah Mason, Ichabod Bartlett and the rest crossed the river when they came up from Portsmouth to Dover to attend courts in the old court house on Tuttle Square, now Bradley's garage. The island remained the property of the town of Dover until it was granted to William Pomfrett, Town Clerk for many years, 5th, 5 mo. 1652. Before that it had been used in common by the townsmen on Dover Neck for pasturing their goats. It contains about three acres and afforded good and safe pasture ground for "ye goatetts."

In the prosperous years of the bridge the *Pascataqua Bridge Tavern* stood on the island. This was built by the proprietors of the bridge and both tavern and bridge were opened for business in 1794. The bridge continued to be used until February 18, 1855, when 600 feet of it, on the Newington side, was carried away by ice. The tavern was burned to the ground several years before that.

As Mr. Brown sits in his Camp and looks to the southeast he has in view Fox Point, a high bluff of land a half mile long, which lies between Little Bay and the Pascataqua River. It is one of the beauty spots of New Hampshire. It is now owned by Hon. Woodbury Langdon of Portsmouth and is his country residence. It is so called in a deed of land September 14, 1642, which shows it was a well established name for it then. The origin of the name is unknown, but it is supposed that the hunters in the earliest years of the settlement of Dover drove the foxes they pursued into this long, narrow neck and caught them, they having no chance for escape. It is said that the Indians long before that caught wild animals here in the same way. This land was the common property of the town of Dover until the 10th of the 8 mo. 1653 when "Thirty acres of upland on Fox Poynt" were granted to John Bickford Sr. Mr. Bickford and his wife Temperance, May 13, 1677, gave it to their daughter Mary, wife of Nicholas Harrison. Mr. and Mrs. Harrison resided there until his death in 1708, when it passed, by will, to their daughter Elizabeth, wife of Col. John Downing, and the

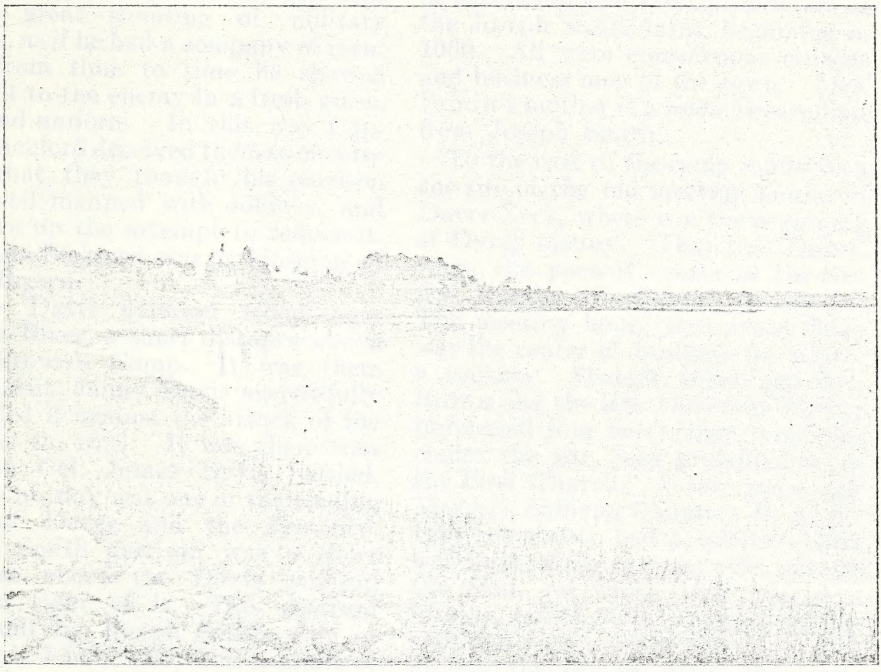
that John Sleeby had a grant from the town of Dover, in 1650, down the river on the north side which included all the neck of land between the Pascataqua and Back River, which ever since has been called Sleeby's Neck. The cove on the west of the neck is Sleeby's Cove, and that on the north is Lloyd's Cove. On this neck, the easterly point, which is at the mouth of Back River, is called Cider Point, where the town lines of Dover, Madbury and Durham come to a point, and one can stand in three towns at the same time. The southerly point, where is the abutment of the old Pascataqua Bridge, is called Wells Point, and the land north of it and east of Sleeby's Cove is where was located Franklin City, the first city ever organized (on paper) in New Hampshire. It was incorporated by the New Hampshire Legislature in 1793. The bridge across the river there had been completed and opened to travel November 29, 1792. The First New Hampshire Turnpike-Road to extend from there to Concord was incorporated June 16, 1796, and was completed in 1800. From the opening of the bridge in 1794 to the opening of the Turnpike-Road in 1801, a period of seven years it was a bustling center of business, but the opening of the road destroyed the business and the proposed city failed to develop as was hoped for and confidently expected in the beginning. For for many years there was a large amount of travel and transportation of goods and produce between Portsmouth and Concord, all passing near where Mr. Brown's Camp is.

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Downings lived there several generations, until about 1840.

John Bickford, Sr., is Mrs. Brown's immigrant ancestor. It was to the home of Nicholas Harrison and his wife Mary Bickford that the Meaders and Bickfords and Edgerly and others fled when they escaped from the awful Indian Massacre at Oyster River in July 1694, not having suitable protection at home. As one sits in Mr. Brown's Camp it is not difficult to call up a picture of the women and children being rowed across to Fox Point, in the common boats of the period, as the war whoops of the savages were heard and the flames of the burning garrisons along the river were seen behind them.

There was the home of Col. John Downing who for twenty years was one of Governor Benning Wentworth's Councillors, a man of remarkable ability and of great influence in the province. One of his intimate friends and co-laborers was Councillor Joseph Smith of Oyster River, a kinsman of Mrs. Brown, on her mother's side. It was a descendant of Col. Downing, Mr. Samuel Downing, who died in 1864, who was the last survivor of the soldiers of the Revolutionary Army. Councillors Downing and Smith were guests at the historic wedding at the Wentworth Mansion, Little Harbor, when Governor Wentworth and Martha Hilton were united in marriage by the Reverend Arthur Brown, the scene of which is so beautifully described by Longfellow in his poem, "*Lady Wentworth.*"



Mr. Brown's Summer Camp on the Pascataqua

Mr. Brown's Camp is near the mouth of Oyster River, on the south side of which is Durham Point, between which and Fox Point is the Narrows that connects Little Bay with Pascataqua River. On Durham Point were the Bickford garrison and the Edgerly garrison; the latter was captured and burned by the Indians in July 1694, while

Judge Edgerly and his family escaped in boats across to Fox Point. Captain Thomas Bickford, however, defended his garrison successfully in a very unique manner. As soon as the Captain was aroused from his slumbers by the alarm guns at the upper garrisons, which told him the Indians were at hand, he hustled his wife and children into boats and sent them across to Fox Point. He closed fast the big door of the palisade and then awaited the approach of the enemy When they arrived and began firing guns at his house he in turn fired rapidly as possible at them, and kept up a great shouting of military orders, as if he had a company of men; and from time to time he showed himselt to the enemy in a fresh guise, cap and uniform In this way Captain Bickford deceived them so effectually that they thought his garrison was well manned with soldiers, and so gave up the attempt to reduce it. Captain Bickford was a kinsman of Mrs Brown.

The Davis garrison stood near Oyster River, a short distance above Mr. Brown's Camp. It was there that Lieut. James Davis successfully defended it against the attack of the Indians in 1694. It was there that his son Col. James Davis resided, who in his day was one of the leading men of Dover and the Province.

The Smith garrison was a short distance above the Davis garrison and in sight of it. This garrison was built by Joseph Smith who on the 31st, 7 mo. 1660, had a grant of land there, which has remained in possession of the Smith family continuously to the present day, a period of 252 years, the present owner being Mr. Forest S. Smith. Mr. Smith built his house there and soon bought more land from the William Williams estate, north of his grant, from the town of Dover. About fifteen years later he converted his house into a garrison, as the Indians were beginning to be troublesome. It so remained until 1725 when the Indian wars hereabouts ceased. When the Indians made the attack in 1694 Captain Smith was ready for them, having been aroused by the reports of the guns fired up-river. The Indians made a furious attack but were repulsed at all sides. So not only the Smith family, but also several others, who had fled there for protection, were saved. Near where the garrison stood is the Smith family burying ground, in which can be seen sets of grave stones the like of which cannot be duplicated in New Hampshire. There are interred the remains of seven generations who in succession had been proprietors of the Joseph Smith farm, beginning in 1660. All were conspicuous citizens and business men of the town. Mrs. Brown's mother is a lineal descendant from Joseph Smith.

To the east of the camp can be seen the site of the old meeting house on Dover Neck, where was the beginning of Dover history. That was Dover, when, the present center of the city was simply "Cocheeho" in Dover. The meeting house that stood there was the center of business for nearly a century. Several years ago Mr. Brown and the late Governor Sawyer purchased four acres there, which includes the site, and presented it to the First Church. A few years ago Margery Sullivan Chapter, D. A. R., very generously had a splendid bank wall built along the east side, next to the road, on which they placed a bronze tablet with appropriate inscription; they also had iron rails around the site on which the meeting house stood.

The Strafford Banks

The Strafford National Bank is the successor of two State Banks. The first of these was the New Hampshire Strafford Bank, chartered in 1803, and the first meeting of the stockholders was held July 25, 1803, one hundred and nine years ago. Its charter expired in 1846, and was renewed under the shorter title Strafford Bank. This continued as a

State Bank until July 1865 when the name was changed to Strafford National Bank, and it has so continued under the National Government to the present time. So the life of the bank has been continuous under the three names 109 years.

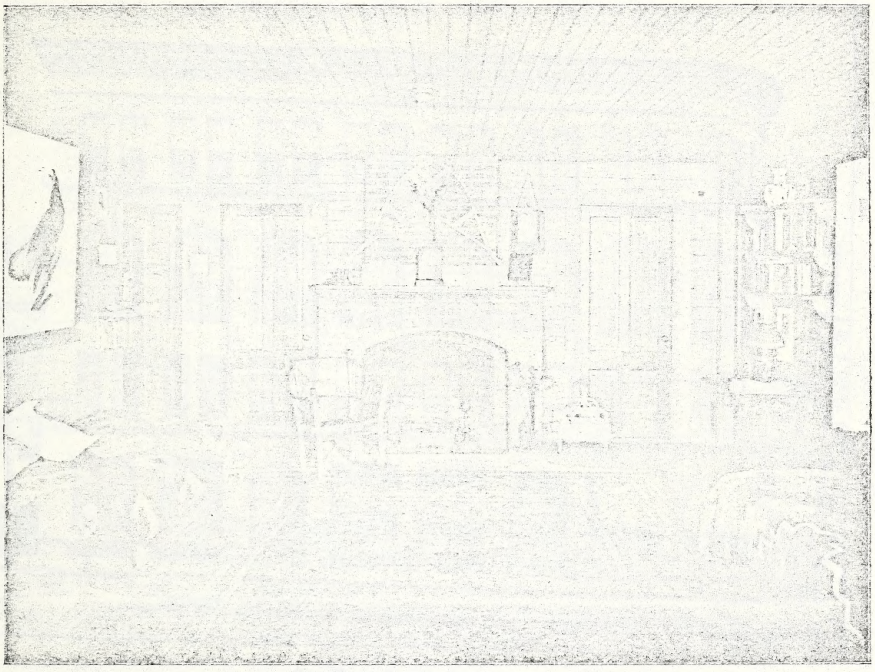
The first President of the New Hampshire Strafford Bank was William King Atkinson who served 14 years; William Hale served the following 2 years; Oliver Crosby 2 years; John Wheeler 17 years; Moses Hodgdon 2 years; Daniel Osborn 6 years till the charter expired.

The cashiers were Walter Cooper 14 years; William Woodman 29 years.

The Strafford Bank, under the new charter, and shorter name, had for President continuously to 1865, William Woodman; and the cashier for the same time was Asa A. Tufts, a period of 19 years.

When the State Bank changed to the National in 1865, July 2, Mr. Woodman and Mr. Tufts continued in their respective offices. Mr. Woodman declined a re-election in January 1868, and William Shepard Stevens was elected January 30, that year and continued President until his death in 1897, a period of 29 years. Elisha Rhodes Brown was elected Mr. Stevens' successor April 26, 1897, which office he has held continuously for 15 years.

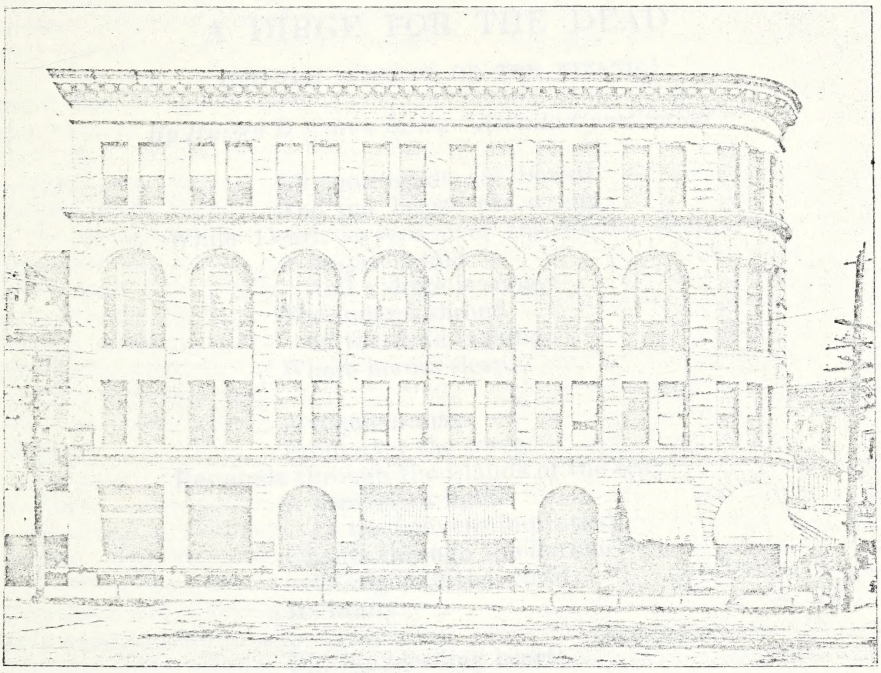
Asa Alford Tufts served as cashier of the National Bank until January 1, 1876, making a total of his service as cashier, 30 years, 1846–1876. Elisha Rhodes Brown was chosen his successor and served from January 1, 1876 to April 26, 1897, a period of 21 years. Charles Sumner Cartland was elected cashier when Mr. Brown was elected president, and has served continuously to the present time, a period of 15 years. So the cashiers during the 109 years were only five in number, viz.: Cooper 14 years, Woodman 29 years, Tufts 30 years, Brown 21 years and Cartland 15.



Living Room Mr. Brown's Summer Camp

There have been nine Presidents, six of whom were of the first, or New Hampshire Strafford Bank, viz: Atkinson 14 years, Hale 2 years, Crosby 2 years, Wheeler 17 years, Hodgdon 2 years and Osborn 2 years. There was only one President of the Strafford (State) Bank, Mr. Woodman. There have been only three Presidents of the Strafford National Bank, Mr. Woodman 3 years, Mr. Stevens 29 years and Mr. Brown 15 years.

President was John Wheeler who served five years. His successors are:—Moses Hodgdon 12 years; Daniel M. Durell 1 year; Daniel Osborn 2 years; Noah Martin 8 years; John Currier 8 years; George D. Vittum 4 years; Ezekiel Hurd 7 years; Daniel M. Christie 6 years; Zimri S. Wallingford 10 years; Charles W. Woodman 1 year; Charles H. Sawyer 3 years; and Elisha Rhodes Brown will have served 21 years the 21st day of next October. Mr.



Strafford Banks Building

When Mr. Brown became President 26 April 1897 the amount of deposits, as given in the official bank report in the July following, was $366,130.69; the deposits July 1, 1912 were $815,-799.51, and the surplus and undivided profits were over $253,000. The capital stock is $100,000.

Strafford Savings Bank

The Strafford Savings Bank was chartered 27 June 1823. The first

Brown's term of service is 9 years greater than any one of his twelve predecessors.

The Savings Bank has had six Treasurers during the 89 years of its existence. They are John Wendell five years; William Woodman 32 years; Charles W. Woodman 19 years; Albert O. Mathes 22 years; George Fisher Piper two years and Harold Winthrop Brown seven years, now in office.

When Mr. Brown became President in 1891, the official report October 12 that year showed the amount of deposits to be $4,230,939.52. The report July 1, 1912 shows the amount of deposits to be $6,913,762.02, an increase of $2,682,824.50, in 21 years. The number of open accounts in 1891 was 8,212; the number July 1, 1912 was 11,695. The surplus July 1, 1912 was above one million dollars.

The Banks are located in a beautiful building that stands on the corner of Washington street and Central avenue, and fronts on Central square. The accompanying picture gives a good idea of its external appearance.

A DIRGE FOR THE DEAD

(ON THE SINKING OF THE TITANIC)

By Harold D. Carew in the "Atlanta Constitution"

Oh, our heads are bowed
And our hearts are wrung,
While Death sweeps over the barren deep;
A prayer is said
And a dirge is sung,
The funeral shroud
Of the dead is flung
Where heroes sleep.

A requiem mass
From over the wave
Resounds through the islands of the sea;
A firmament light
In the heavens impearled
Chants through the darkness
Of night to the world
Its litany.

Oh, the bleeding hearts
And despairing souls
That follow the wake of disaster!
Oh, the shattered hope
As the death bell tolls,
And memories wake
Of the fiendish ghouls
Of the Titan master!

But honor and fame!—
The tributes they won,
As the deck of the tottering giant they trod!
We hallow the praise
Of their valor each one,
As they silently hear
The reward, "Well done"
At the throne of their God.

WILLIAM LADD, THE APOSTLE OF PEACE

By Charles E. Beals, of Chicago, Field Secretary of The American Peace Society

Strolling through the Passaconaway woods in the Swift River Intervale one day, I found the bark of some young pine trees savagely scratched and torn. "What did that?" I inquired of my neighbor, who is a past master in wood lore. "Mr. Bruin," was the reply. And then he explained that the way one bear challenges another is to raise himself on his hind legs, stretch up to his fullest height, and bite and scratch the bark to show what a big and mighty and unconquerable bear he is. The next bear that comes along sees these marks, rears himself aloft and attempts to reach up higher still. This is the ursine method of challenging. Similarly the biography of a truly great man is a challenge to us to measure up to our fullest possible height. And if, doing our very best, we fall far short of the stature of the world's towering souls, we shall at least be made humble, reverent and diligent.

No one can read the life story of William Ladd without experiencing a kindling of admiration and inspiration. This son of the Granite State was one of humanity's true noblemen. The stream of his beneficent influence is broadening, deepening and growing mightier every decade. We are now far enough along to see that Dr. Beckwith's saying that "the Peacemaker of Minot shall outlive the Corsican soldier" was not so fulsome as it sounded when first uttered. Certainly we are ready to accept Charles Sumner's declaration that "by developing, maturing and publishing to the world the plan of a Congress of Nations, William Ladd enrolled himself among the benefactors of mankind." For, as stated by Hon. James Brown Scott, Technical Delegate of the United States to the Second Peace Conference at The Hague, Editor of the American Journal of International Law and Secretary of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, Mr. Ladd's plan for an international congress and court "contains . . . the arguments for . . . the establishment of both institutions. . . . The resemblance between Ladd's project and the Hague Conference is so patent as to need no comment."

And now for the dry bones which must be clothed with living flesh by other literature than this brief magazine sketch. William Ladd, the oldest son of Eliphalet and Abigail (Hill) Ladd, was born in Exeter, New Hampshire, May 10, 1778. The family removed to Portsmouth in 1795. Having prepared for college at Exeter Academy, William entered Harvard in 1793 and graduated four years later, at the age of nineteen. He was a proficient student, but in his later years he laughingly said, "The knowledge I gained in college the salt water washed out of my memory."

Young Ladd's parents planned that he should enter the medical profession. But, in the same year that he graduated from Harvard, wishing to see something of the world, he shipped as a common sailor in one of his father's vessels. On his first voyage he visited England and other parts of Europe. On his second voyage he sailed as mate. In eighteen months from the time he shipped as a common sailor, he was placed in command of one of the largest ships that ever sailed out of Portsmouth. He became a skilful and highly respected sea captain.

At the age of twenty-one, having married Sophia Ann Augusta Stidolph of London, England, he retired from the sea and became a merchant at Savannah, Georgia. A few months later he removed to Florida. As cotton-planter, he held slaves. Yet

WILLIAM LADD, THE APOSTLE OF PEACE

he attempted to work out and put into practical application a plan for the abolition of slavery by the introduction of European emigrants. His scheme failed. Most of his property was swept away. In later life he never could refer to his slaveholding without tears.

On the death of his father in 1806, Captain Ladd left Florida and went to sea again. Perhaps this would have been his lifelong occupation had not the War of 1812 compelled him to abandon the sea. About 1814, he removed to Minot, Maine, where he made his home on a large farm which his father had owned at the time of his death. He bought out the rights of his brothers in this farm. Here he lived until his own death.

Of the next eight or nine years after his removal to Minot little is recorded. Mr. Ladd worked hard, erecting buildings, setting out trees, and raising stock (especially sheep). He loved agriculture. During this period, too, he joined the Congregational Church of Minot, probably about 1818.

How did this thrifty, energetic, successful sea captain and farmer become interested in international peace? Happily he himself tells us. In 1819, he was at the bedside of the dying Jesse Appleton, President of Bowdoin College, and President of the Maine Peace Society. In almost ecstatic gladness, Dr. Appleton enumerated some of the forces that were operating for the improvement of the world. With prophetic vision the venerable clergyman and educator and reformer named, among other organized agencies, the peace societies. This testimony of Dr. Appleton made a lasting impression upon Mr. Ladd. And the reading of Noah Worcester's *Solemn Review of the Custom of War* and other peace tracts deepened this impression.

In July 1823, Ladd began the publication of his first series of *Essays on Peace and War* in the *Christian Mirror*, at Portland. These essays, to the number of thirty-two, were gathered into a little volume and thus republished in 1825. A second series, numbering thirty-seven essays, began to appear in the *Mirror* in 1825 and these essays were published in a volume in 1827. In the publication of these essays, Mr. Ladd used the *nomme de plume* "Philanthropos."

Nor were the propaganda efforts of Ladd confined to pen messages. In public addresses he championed the great cause which had laid such firm hold upon his own soul. His first public utterance was in an agricultural speech. But presently we find him, in February, 1824, addressing the Peace Society of Maine at Portland. On July 4, 1825, he spoke on peace before the Peace Society of Oxford County, Maine, at Sumner in that state. On the nation's natal day a year later he delivered an oration at Exeter, N. H., his native town. In December of the same year (1826), he appeared before the Massachusetts Peace Society at its meeting in Boston. The Portland and Boston addresses were reprinted in London.

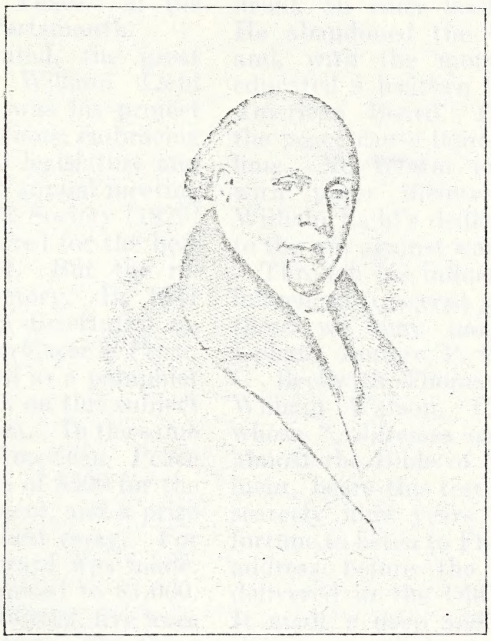
But Ladd was a born organizer. And on Christmas, 1823, the Peace Society of Minot, Maine, was formed. Of this he became the Corresponding Secretary. Through his tireless enthusiasm, the Maine Peace Society, which had become quiescent, was re-organized. In 1826 he organized six peace societies. During these campaigns in the war against war, Ladd conceived the idea of a national peace society. For this he labored with tongue and pen, going on lecture tours through the Middle West and New York, patiently overcoming obstacles until, on May 8, 1828, at a meeting held in New York City, the American Peace Society was organized. Over half a hundred different state and city societies merged themselves in this new national organization, which has been working continuously ever since 1828 and is today the officially recognized organized peace movement in America. Of the new society William Ladd was not only the founder, but the first Corres-

ponding Secretary, Editor and General Agent.

In the same month in which the American Peace Society was organized, Mr. Ladd commenced the publication of *The Harbinger of Peace*, a monthly duodecimo of 24 pages. Its circulation was about 1500 copies per month. For three years Mr. Ladd continued to edit this official organ of the American Peace Society. In May, 1831, he was compelled by ill health to lay down this editorial burden. The name of the paper was changed to *The Calumet*. The initial number of the *Calumet*, which was a bi-monthly, was published May–June, 1831. In 1835, *The Advocate of Peace* superseded *The Calumet* as the official bulletin of the American Peace Society. The *Advocate* is now published monthly in Washington and is the ablest and most influential peace publication in the world.

In 1836 and 1837, Mr. Ladd published in the *Christian Mirror* a series of twenty-two essays on "Obstacles and Objections to the Cause of Peace." These afterwards were published in book form. In addition to his three series of essays, the following volumes issued from his pen: *The Sword or Christmas Presents, Howard and Napoleon Contrasted, The French Soldier, History of Alexander the Great,* etc.

William Ladd literally wore himself out in labors for peace. In May, 1833, he was taken sick in New York and was not able to reach his home until June. For an entire year he was obliged to remain quiet. When



William Ladd

the annual meeting of the American Peace Society was held in New York May, 1834, its founder was unable to attend. In a beautiful letter of greetings, however, he made a liberal contribution of money for the carrying on of the work. In 1840 and 1841 he undertook an extensive lecture tour in western Massachusetts and New York. He planned also a trip into Ohio. But he was obliged to abandon the Ohio itinerary. His last address was delivered in Cazenovia Seminary. Elihu Burritt de-

scribes how Mr. Ladd, when unable to stand, would prop himself up on his knees in the pulpit and preach the gospel of peace with a fervor almost divine.

Knowing that his work was done, William Ladd started homeward. He arrived at Portsmouth, N. H., at 7.30 p. m., April 9, 1841. He knelt with Mrs. Ladd and prayed. Retiring, at about 10 o'clock, he breathed his last immediately on lying down. A monument, erected by the American Peace Society, marks the grave of the "Apostle of Peace" in the South Cemetery, Portsmouth.

As already intimated, the great contribution which William Ladd made to civilization was his project for a Congress of Nations, embracing both an international legislature and a court. At the first annual meeting of the American Peace Society (1829) a small prize was offered for the best essay on the subject. But the results were unsatisfactory. In 1831 Mr. Ladd published a dissertation on this subject in the *Harbinger of Peace*. This article was issued as a pamphlet and was the first work on this subject ever printed in America. In the same year (1831), the American Peace Society offered a prize of $500 for the best essay on the subject, and a prize of $100 for the next best essay. For certain reasons no award was made. The prize was then raised to $1,000. Out of the essays submitted, five were selected for publication. To these was added a sixth, from the pen of William Ladd. These six essays in 1840 were published in a large, handsome volume of 706 pages. Elegantly bound copies of this book were presented to the rulers of the various nations. Ladd's essay was reprinted in Great Britian and circulated by thousands. It is interesting to note that the international institutions at The Hague gradually are taking shape along the structural lines sketched out by William Ladd.

Of fine personal appearance and simplicity of manner, William Ladd was genial, humorous and a prince of story-tellers. He was the life of any company of which he was a member. He had perfect mastery of his temper and was a peacemaker in theory and practice. His hearty laugh was most contagious. He used to say "I'm afraid I shall never grow up and be dignified; I shall never be anything but a Ladd."

He took his religion in earnest, giving up his wine in order to encourage poor men to give up their rum. He split up his cider-mill because one of his "hired men" got drunk on cider made in said mill. He abandoned the use of tobacco, and, with the money thus saved, educated a heathen boy, through the American Board. His devotion to the peace cause bordered on the sublime. No reform ever was served with purer disinterestedness than William Ladd's dedication of himself to the war against war.

Through his influence, many were influenced to accept pacifism. Among these we may name Thomas C. Upham, Andrew P. Peabody, George C. Beckwith, Thomas S. Grimke, and William Watson. Charles Sumner, whose "Addresses on War" became almost the Bible of the peace movement, bears this testimony: "When scarcely nine years old it was my fortune to listen to President Quincy's address before the Peace Society, delivered in the Old South Church. It made a deep and lasting impression on my mind. . . . A lecture which I heard from William Ladd, in the old court-house at Cambridge, shortly after I left college, confirmed these impressions." Elihu Burritt, who did so much to organize the great peace congresses in the middle of the nineteenth century, confessed himself a disciple of William Ladd, and, as one of his successors, "felt it his duty to present the proposition (of a Congress of Nations) pure and simple as his master developed it, at the great Peace Congresses at Brussels, Paris, Frankfort and London; and to-day it stands before the world, the scheme of William Ladd. . . .

When America comes to make up her jewels, or to compare them with the jewels of other nations, it is doubtful if she will be able to show a life of longer radius and serener light than the life of William Ladd. This . . . farmer arose, by the power breathed into his soul, to the very first order and rank of that nobility of the great world which numbers but a few men in a single age."

As early as 1825 there was a New Hampshire Peace Society. This disappeared. But on February 1, 1912, there was organized, at Manchester, The New Hampshire Peace Society. President Ernest Fox Nichols, of Dartmouth College, was chosen President; and W. W. Thayer, of Concord, Secretary. Eminent people, representing all parts of the state, are Honorary Vice Presidents. A strong membership is being built up, and the young society promises to be an efficient reinforcement to the organized peace movement. In his address before the meeting at which organization was effected, Mr. Edwin D. Mead said: "No man in the early history of the movement did greater work than William Ladd, of New Hampshire. He anticipated every point in the recent Hague program and all the great international demands of to-day. In organizing a New Hampshire society, his native state is taking steps toward rearing his most fitting monument."

William Ladd died too soon to see the doctrine of evolution formulated and hear it scientifically expounded. But his statesmanlike vision, sturdy good sense and warm human sympathy enabled him to discern the trend of history. He dedicated his life "to work with God at love," as Mrs. Browning so exquisitely says. To pacifists of today is it given to see history headed in their direction. But it took a brave man to dream the peace dream 93 years ago, when the vision first flooded the mind of William Ladd. But Ladd was a big, brave man. To cowards, the times never are ripe for forward steps of progress. To men like William Ladd the time always is ripe for next steps forward. Such characters are the scouts and pioneers of civilization, the very élite of humanity.

Well did William Ladd, the brave, brainy, radiant Apostle of Peace, deserve the sonnet which William Lloyd Garrison dedicated to him in the first volume of *The Liberator:*

"The conquerers of earth have had their day—
Their fame lies weltering in a bloody shroud;
As Crime and Desolation haste away,
So fade their glory and their triumphs proud.
Great Advocate! a fairer wreath be thine,
Base Envy cannot soil, nor Time destroy;
Thou art enlisted in a cause divine,
Which yet shall fill all earth and heaven with joy.
To calm the passions of a hostile world;
To make content and happiness increase;
In every clime to see that flag unfurled,
Long since uplifted by the Prince of Peace:
This is thy soul's desire, thy being's aim,
No barrier can impede, no opposition tame."

A HERO

Moses Gage Shirley

We like the man who dares to put
His genius to the test,
Who does his best from day to day
And leaves to Heaven the rest.

AGAIN WE COME

Read at the Old Home Day Meeting in Lempster, August 20, 1912

By Henry H. Metcalf

Again we come, from far and near—
Surviving pilgrims, gathered here—
Each one to greet, with friendly hand,
Some spared survivor of the band
Of brothers true and sisters dear,
Who lived and labored, year by year,
In the far days of long ago,
Whose joys we never more shall know,
Except as graven on the page
Of Memory, for the night of Age.
We sadly note, with moistened eye,
The place once filled by those who lie
In yonder "City of the dead,"
Or scattered graves, the land o'erspread.
To-day we miss the forms of some
Who fondly welcomed others home
In recent years, the joys to share,
Of "Old Home Day," devoid of care.
We miss the voices, kind and sweet,
Long wont each presence here to greet.
Thin grow the ranks, as time goes by;
Less firm the step, more dim the eye,
Feebler the voice; but may it be
Ne'er said with truth of you or me,
The heart grows cold as time goes by,
And Old Home loves and friendships die!

Oh, spirits of the dead and gone—
Just men, true women—long passed on—
Souls of the Miners, Careys, Moores,
The Smiths and Sabins, from whose doors
Went strength and cheer in olden days
To speed men on in virtue's ways;
Souls of the Spauldings, Parkers, Chase,
Allens and Perleys—stalwart race—
Huntoons and Pollards, Collins, Bruce,
Beckwiths, who made with Wrong no truce;
Souls of the Hurds, the Keyes, the Ways,
The Fullers, faithful all their days;
The Taylors, Thorntons, Davis, all

Who never shirked from duty's call;
Of Dudley, Jennings, Thompson, Dame,
Fletcher and Abell, known to fame;
Of Honey, Richardson and Field,
Spencer, who ne'er the right would yield;
Of Roundy, Youngman, Tandy, Gee,
Standing for all that makes men free;
Of Noyes and Twitchell, Blanchard, Breed,
E'er ready in the time of need;
Of Newell, Walker, Frink and Gale;
Young, Hull, and Cram, ne'er known to fail;
Of Bingham, Hosley, Rogers, George,
Of Miller, sturdy at his forge;
Of Thissell, Nichols, Tenney, Booth,
Makepeace and Wilcox, strong for truth;
Oh, soul of him, the friend of all,
Responsive e'er to suffering's call,
The good physician, sure and true,
Who wrought, all life's long journey through,
To ease the pains and cure the ills
Of those who dwelt 'mid Lempster's hills;
Souls of the good, the brave, the strong,
With labor ended, marching on;
Souls of the sweet, the pure, the true,
Now passed beyond the ether blue:
Bend down, oh spirits of the just
As we look up with faith and trust,
Inspire our hearts with courage true,
The remnant of our work to do!

THE CATHEDRAL PINES

By Frederick J. Allen

Like sentinels of somber hue and green,
Tall, stately, and majestic, row on row,
And straight as any arrow sped from bow,
These old pines stand. Soft shadows lie between,
And wandering lights from over-arching sheen
Fall downward on the needles brown below.
Through these cool, fragrant forest deeps there flow
The sweetest strains of nature's fair demesne.

O here is place for loitering lovers' feet,
And here fond hearts their secrets may reveal;
Here one the far thoughts of his youth may meet,
And all the wounds of life's stern battle heal;
And 'neath the organ harmony of pine
The rapt soul here may bow at nature's shrine.

A LIVING CHURCH IN A DEAD VILLAGE

H. Addington Bruce in Boston Transcript

It was in the late afternoon of a mid-summer day that I discovered the living church in the dead village. I had set out some hours before from the restful, hill-surrounded New Hampshire town of Marlboro for a tramp to the northern slopes that front Monadnock, and, having gained sundry excellent vantage points from which to view that solitary, granite-crowned mountain, I found myself hurrying along a silent, sombre, ill-kept road, hemmed in on one hand by an almost impenetrable forest of pines, on the other by a wilderness of birches. Soon, though, my pace slackened, for the road began to climb —up, up, always up—amid a country so wild and savage that, excepting only for the proofs of man's handiwork in the shambling road and in an occasional stretch of fallen wall, one might well have deemed it a region given over from time primeval to desolate unoccupation. Then suddenly at the top of the mile-long hill I swung into a little clearing, and before me stood the church.

Strangely out of place it seemed in this tangled solitude of tree and brier. Of other signs of human occupancy there was none, save to the right and on the very edge of the clearing a decrepit, storm-battered cottage, evidently abandoned by its last occupants these many years. Sharply in contrast was the church, with its square, two-storied belfry, its fresh coat of green and white, shining dazzlingly in the sunlight, its well-trimmed stretch of grass about the door, and the equally well-trimmed bushes that sprang from the grass. Vital and fresh and clean it looked, precisely the sort of church one would expect to find in an ancient but still flourishing New England town.

Whereas, the actuality was that not only did it have no town around it, but throughout the surrounding country, for many a mile, there was scarcely an occupied dwelling place. Here and there, perchance, an isolated farm, but in the main it was girt on every side by almost unbroken forest. Yet, manifestly, from the care bestowed upon it, and from the marks of many wheels in the rough ground of the clearing, it was still a living church—a church still used for the service of God. But who were those that worshipped in it? Whence did they come? And how had this old church escaped the fate that all too clearly had overtaken the village which it must have once graced? Why, again, had that village been blotted out?

Such were the questions that surged up in my mind, when I gazed for the first time at the "Roxbury Meeting-house," as this woodland church is known to the people of Keene, Marlboro, Chesham, Nelson, Dublin and other neighboring towns. Decidedly, I felt, not only the church but Roxbury itself must have had an interesting history, and I resolved that, as opportunity offered, I would glean what I could concerning both church and village. The result has been to give me an added respect for the New England spirit, and a keener appreciation of the part the religious instinct has played, and still plays, in the life of New England.

For from first to last, the church has been the central fact in the life of Roxbury. Indeed, in a very real sense it was the cause of Roxbury; for, had it not been for the desire of the people of the region to have a church of their own there would never have been a Roxbury. These people were farmer folk, who, settling in that section in the years just before and just after the Revolution, found themselves remote from any centre

of the religious observances that meant much to them. To the church in Keene it was five miles, over poor roads; to the church in Marlboro an equal distance, over roads fully as bad; and, though nearer to the church in Nelson, the roads thitherward were worse.

Consequently, as time passed, and the settlers increased in numbers, they felt increasing need for a church of their own. And accordingly, in the first decade of the nineteenth century, they petitioned the Legislature to let them set up for themselves, seceding from Keene, Marlboro and Nelson, each of which had jurisdiction over some part of the country in which the petitioners lived. For some years the opposition of Keene—which is today, by the way, one of the most delightful of the smaller New England cities—kept them, so to speak, in bondage. But in 1812 their petition was granted, and in that same year, while the rest of the nation was in a ferment over the war with Great Britain, the people of Roxbury celebrated their local independence by laying the foundations for a house of God.

Not that they were without interest in the struggle with Great Britain. On the contrary, they had representatives in the War of 1812, valiantly upholding the national cause; just as, forty years earlier, men of Roxbury—or that afterwards became Roxbury—cast aside their spades and axes, and enlisted in the Army of the Revolution.

The first settler in the Roxbury district was a Massachusetts man with the picturesque name of Breed Batchelder, and with a career as picturesque as his name. He was born in Wenham, but moved with his parents to Brookfield when a lad of only seven. While still very young he took part in the French and Indian War, serving in the Ticonderoga campaign. After the war he became a surveyor, prospered exceedingly, and in 1764 acquired a large tract of land in the then unoccupied and seldom visited Roxbury wilderness. Two years later he moved there, breaking ground and building himself a home—of which only a ruined cellar-hole remains—about a mile from the little clearing in which the Roxbury church stands today.

Quite possibly it was Breed Batchelder's ambition to emulate those famous nabobs of Rhode Island, the lords of the Narrangansett plantations. At any rate, from time to time he added to his land-holdings, until he became a notable proprietor, and was recognized as the leading man in his community, holding office in every township in which he possessed land. Unfortunately for him when the crisis with Great Britain became acute, and every man was forced to come into the open and declare himself, Breed Batchelder still further followed the example of the Narrangansett planters, and refused to throw in his lot with the patroits. In fact, he made it very evident that he was a "stubborn" and "contumacious" Tory, and promptly found himself in serious trouble with his neighbors, almost all of whom were ardent friends of freedom.

At first their hostility was confined to unpleasant remarks and the breaking of his political power. After 1774 his name—conspicuous until then—appears no more in the lists of town officers. But his Toryism ultimately became so exasperating that, in the spring of 1777, he was seized and lodged in the Keene jail, from which he was quickly released on the failure to prove any specific charge against him. Returning home he found that feeling was by this time running so high that his life was in danger; whereupon he prudently disappeared, taking refuge, according to local tradition, in a cave about eighty rods from his house.

Here, the story goes, he remained three months, seldom venturing out, and then only by night, the food he needed being brought to him by his devoted wife. Meanwhile the Roxbury patroits, eager to capture and

hang him, kept up a sharp watch and one day a couple of them came so perilously close to his hiding-place that, thinking it must soon be discovered, he determined to save himself by flight. But first he insisted on saying farewell to his children, and arranged with his wife to have them sent, early in the morning, to a secluded nook in the forest.

Here a little party of patriots surprised him; but, it appears, were themselves surprised at coming upon him unexpectedly. Younger than they, and fleet of foot, he fled to his home; where his wife, with a woman's quick wit, held the enemy at bay with a kettle of boiling water, whilst Breed, hurrying out through the back door made good his escape, and joined the British army, in which he was given a captain's commission. Only once again did the patroits of Roxbury ever catch a glimpse of him. This was at the Battle of Bennington, when one of them, recognizing him in the uniform of a captain of Colonel Peters' corps of "Queen's Rangers," took careful aim and severely wounded him. "I have done for Breed Batchelder," was his boasting comment, "for I aimed at him as closely as ever I took aim at a turkey."

But he was mistaken. Albeit never completely recovering from the wound Batchelder survived the war. Then, knowing that it would be madness to return to New Hampshire, where his vast estates had been confiscated by the State authorities, he sailed, as many another Tory did, to England, to lay his wrongs before King George and seek indemnity. And, like many another Tory, he was rewarded with a grant of land in Canada; where, in 1785, he met his death by drowning, as a result of a boating accident in Annapolis Basin.

Oddly enough, neither his wife nor any of his children joined him in exile. Perhaps they were hoping against hope that it would yet be possible for him to come home and take up anew the life that had been so rudely interrupted. Whatever the reason, they remained in Roxbury, and to the present day descendants of Tory Breed Batchelder are to be found in adjoining New Hampshire towns.

But, as was said, Roxbury did not become Roxbury until 1812, on its establishment as an independent municipality by act of the New Hampshire Legislature. The church which was then built—and which also served as a town hall, and as a gathering place for "singing school" and other rural entertainments—soon became the centre of a flourishing little settlement. Since 1800 there had been a grist mill on Roaring Brook, about a mile south of the church and near the foot of the long hill leading up to the church from Marlboro. Other industries were gradually established, including a cabinet-making plant, in which were manufactured not only tables, chairs and other articles of household furniture, but also the coffins which, in the little graveyard west of the church, hold all that remains of the pioneers of Roxbury. There was, of course, a schoolhouse, general store and smithy. A stage brought in the mail. Near the church stood the parsonage —not a vestige of which can now be seen, its site being completely covered by forest undergrowth—and not far from the parsonage the village doctor made his home.

In fact, so populous did Roxbury become that, by the late forties, it was decided to tear down the old meetinghouse and replace it by a new one, one more attractive in appearance and less "old-fashioned." It is this second church, built to a considerable extent from the timbers of its predecessor, that alone remains in the forest clearing to testify to the vanished charms of the Roxbury that once was. The dedication of the church, as may be imagined, was a solemn and joyous occasion for its builders. And from the very outset it was even more a centre of village life than the first church had been.

It was—and is—a church of peculiar interior arrangement, for the

pulpit was located between the two inner entry doors, which the pews consequently faced, to the unending embarrassment of late comers. There was also an upper story, the scene in after days of many a town meeting and of many festive gatherings. Once, it is recorded, a couple of audacious young men of the neighborhood even ventured to give a dance in the church hall, thereby bringing upon themselves widespread and fiery condemnation. But it had also gatherings that were not at all festive. Here, in the dark days of the Civil War, the women of Roxbury daily met to make clothes and prepare supplies for the men who had gone to the front.

It is to be noted, though, that by a strange coincidence the decline of Roxbury set in almost with the completion of the new church. There was no sudden falling off in its prosperity and population, which at one time amounted, all told, to between four and five hundred souls—of whom, of course, only a small proportion lived in the village. The decline was a gradual process. But it continued without a break, without even a momentary return to the genial activity of earlier times. And, so complete has it been that today, throughout the entire Roxbury district, there are but thirteen residents of voting power, not one of whom has his home within a mile of the deserted village.

According to Mr. Charles A. Bemis, a venerable citizen of Marlboro, the historian of that town, and now engaged in writing a history of Nelson—of which, as of Marlboro, Roxbury was once a part—many factors have contributed to its steady depopulation. Here, in effect, is how he accounts for this:

"Roxbury is, as you know, a peculiarly isolated region. While Keene and Marlboro, Chesham and Harrisville, have a good railway service, Roxbury has none, the line of the Boston & Maine merely passing through one corner of it. Formerly, before the railway came in at all, lack of transportation facilities was not so keenly felt. But, with competing towns thus favored in getting access to markets, the people of Roxbury found themselves under a great handicap.

"Besides this, Roxbury was never particularly well adapted for farming. It is too much a region of steep hills, and of rocky soils. Nor, under the changed conditions of the past fifty years, could a livelihood be gained in it by manufactures. Not only would it be difficult to get the finished products to market, but there is not enough water power for manufacturing purposes on any scale.

"But what chiefly started Roxbury on the downward path was the fever for Western migration that set in fifty or sixty years ago. The prospect of being able to gain a living from the soil without being obliged to keep perpetually clearing one's land of rocks and stones, was too tempting to be resisted. One man after another sold out, or left his farm unsold, and removed to Ohio, to Indiana, and even to points farther West. The success of these induced others to do likewise. Finally, during the past thirty years, the children of those who remained in Roxbury were infected by the movement to the big cities, never returning, except for occasional visits, to the homesteads, which went to rack and ruin after the old folks died off. These are the principal reasons why Roxbury is as you now find it."

However, even if Roxbury is a town with a past and without a future, it assuredly still has a firm hold on the affections of its scattered sons and daughters, and the religious devotions of their forefathers is still strong in them. There is a Roxbury Association—founded, I believe, by the late Mrs. Willard of Keene, who was born in the Davis homestead in Roxbury—having as its special object the maintenance of the old church in a good state of preservation. When services are held in the church, as they are at intervals every sum-

mer, it is nearly always crowded to the doors, old Roxburyites driving—and in some cases walking—miles for the privilege of worshipping once more in the church that they attended as boys and girls, and of visiting the forest graveyard where their fathers and mothers sleep.

THE GARRISONS OF DOVER

By P. L. F.

Hidden in old Dover's records, buried deep in musty tomes
—Annals of the Pascataqua and its old colonial homes—
Strange romances of past ages more than half forgotten lie,
Strange romances glowing with a charm that cannot die.
As I pondered o'er those volumes, written in a long dead day,
From their crumbling time-stained pages there trooped forth in dim array—
Council, Commonwealth and King,—He who on the scaffold died—
Explorers, Grantees, Colonists, pressed forward, side by side,
French soldiers, Indians, Jesuit Priests came from those pages gray
And infants in their cradles, unspared in fierce foray.
Nuns who in Quebec's cloisters taught many a captive maid
Whose parents, scalped and tortured, lay in some New Hampshire glade,
Puritans stern and Quakers mild and formal Churchmen, too,
Rose from those moldy folios to pass in strange review,
Soldiers, Woodsmen, Sailors, all of a by-gone age,
Clad in their quaint old costumes stepped forth from every page,
In stout, log-built garrisons, by brave defenders manned,
As when Indian and Frenchman descended on the land,
Homes of Otis and of Waldron, besieged in wild forays,
Of Gerrish, Varney, Meserve and Paine and Heard and Hayes,
Of Pinkham, Pike and Tuttle, who knew each Indian ruse,
Of Knight and Field and Tibbets and the Coffins, Dames and Drews,
The fort about the meeting house—a massive oaken wall—
With sentinels who stood upon its sconces, strong and tall,
And scanned the Great Bay's wide expanse, the Pascataqua's, tide,
Gazed o'er the Newichwannock, and where Bellamy's waters glide.
The worshippers who gathered there, as by their faith impelled,
With flint-locks, stacked within the porch, in fancy I beheld.
Then came the sack of Dover when death rode on the gale,
For Indian statagem made way, where force could not prevail.
The squaws who sought for shelter as fell the eventide;
The hospitable colonists who welcomed them inside,
The treacherous opening of the door, brave Major Waldron's fall,
The ruined homes of Dover, beneath a smoke pall;
The wailing of the children, the Indian's hideous yell,
All that tale of blood and anguish human tongue may never tell.
Visions these of days departed—phantoms born within the brain,
For the dwellers in those pages ne'er shall walk the earth again.
The garrisons of Dover have sunk back to mother dust;
Likewise their brave defenders, as all things earthly must.
Time has called them, they have answered his decree.
But their story lives forever in New Hampshire history.

SWEDENBORGIANISM IN NEW HAMPSHIRE

By Charles Hardon

The people known as being identified with this cult do not ordinarily call themselves Swedenborgians. The religious body that accepts the doctrines set forth by Swedenborg calls itself the "New Jerusalem Church," or, in a shortened form, the "New Church." They do not claim to be wholly or exclusively the New Church in the world, but they stand for it and represent it.

The name "New Jerusalem" is taken from Revelations 21: 2, where it is said "And I, John, saw the holy city, New Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven." By the New Jerusalem is understood a new church, or rather a new state of the church on earth, deriving new doctrines and new impulses from heaven and being a new development of the religious life, both in thought and motive, and being eventually the fulfillment of the prophecies of the gospels and the book of Revelations regarding the Lord's second coming.

The only church in New Hampshire known by this name is at Contoocook. There is a society here having about fourteen members, and a number of these are non-resident. There is a German Society in Manchester, but they have no church building. Some years ago there was a church building there, privately owned, in which services were held in English and there have always been some English speaking people in Manchester who have held services of their own, though not constantly.

The town history of Hopkinton, by the late C. C. Lord, gives the following facts with regard to the church in Contoocook: "The New Jerusalem Church, commonly called the 'New Church,' was founded through the missionary labors of the Rev. Abiel Silver, a native of this town, who first preached a number of discourses in the Union Church in Contoocook in the summer of 1851. Rev. Mr. Silver was then a resident of Michigan, visiting his old home and familiar scenes. In a year or two after, further interest in the New Church was awakened in Contoocook and vicinity. Rev. Mr. Silver returned, and preached at length and finally concluded to make the village his permanent place of residence. In 1857 a permanent church organization was effected. On the 24th of May of that year, the Rev. Thos. Worcester, of Boston, instituted the society consisting of twenty-two members, residents of Contoocook."

Rev. Mr. Silver continued as the minister till 1858. He was succeeded by Rev. Geo. H. Marston, who continued till 1862. During the Civil War the society was served by different ministers who preached occasionally, but lay reading became customary, Walter S. Davis conducting the services. Rev. Mr. Silver, in a way, had the oversight of the Society till 1870, preaching here as he had opportunity, in connection with his relations with a new society at Boston Highlands. During this period J. C. Ager of Warner, and C. C. Lord of Hopkinton, became New Church ministers and preached for the society at various intervals. In 1871 Rev. Charles Hardon, of Massachusetts, was employed as pastor of the Church and preceptor of the school, called the Contoocook Academy, which had been established a number of years before by New Church people, and intended as a New Church School. It was not, however, continued as such after 1871, and has since 1885 been discontinued altogether.

Of late years there have been several ministers occupying the pulpit for one or more years, among them being Rev. Manford Lilliefors, Rev. J. B. Shiers, Rev. Warren Goddard and Rev. G. M. Ward. For the last year

the pulpit has been supplied by Mr. L. E. Wethey, a student in the New Church Theological School in Cambridge, Mass.

The church building was largely remodeled in 1908, a tower erected and a new roof constructed. Since that a bell and clock have been placed in the tower. Services have been constantly maintained since 1871, the society being connected with the Massachusetts Association which contributes to some extent for its support.

The system of religious doctrines upheld by this church was first promulgated by Emanuel Swedenborg, of Stockholm, Sweden, about the middle of the 18th century. Swedenborg claims to have been specially commissioned by the Lord to give these doctrines to the world. They are based on what is called the internal sense of the Bible, or "Word," or the Word spiritually interpreted. These doctrines are both Trinitarian and Unitarian, and yet neither of these as commonly understood. They teach that Christ is God, only "manifest in the flesh," thus that God is one God in one Person and not in three persons and that Jesus Christ was and is that One Person; in other words that the Divine Trinity is analogous to the human trinity, of soul, body and the life proceeding from these two; the Father in the Lord answering to the Soul in man, the Son to the Body and the Holy Spirit to the Life proceeding from the union of the two. Thus the trinity in God is like the trinity in every man, but in God after an infinite and divine pattern and in man after a merely human and finite pattern. Yet one so illustrates the other that the trinity in God is a rational and comprehensible doctrine.

The doctrine of the Atonement is modified by the idea of the Divine Trinity. The "Trinitarian" doctrine involves the idea of three personalities in God, but when God is one person the Atonement becomes an at-one-ment, which was the object of the Divine becoming "manifest in the flesh."

The Unitarian idea that the Father is God and Christ is not God, denies the fact of God having become "manifest in the flesh."

The New Church is "Evangelical" because while it claims that Christ is Divine it believes that in Him is the whole trinity, comparatively as in man his soul is a part of his own person and his life is an outbirth of the union of the two.

Swedenborgian doctrines teach that heaven and hell were not made for men but by and through men, comparatively as a fine residence or a disreputable one in the world is made by and for the man who occupies it; and that they continue such as long as they are wanted.

A prominent New Church doctrine is that of correspondences which is that everything in heaven, earth and hell, is an outgrowth, and picture, or true representative, of things in the mind and soul of man, as, for instance, that warmth or heat, is a correspondence of love; and light, of wisdom or knowledge. By this correspondence it is claimed that the things of religion and the spiritual life are reduced to a scientific basis and become matters of certainty instead of mere speculation.

THE FOREST

By L. J. H. Frost

Come out with me into the forest,
The forest so dark and dim,
Where dame Nature hides her secrets
And chants her sweet matin hymn.

Down where the timid blue violets
Take their first look at the sky,
Then modestly hide their faces
While the wanton zephyrs pass by.

Sit down by the edge of the brooklet,
And hark to its glad, wild song,
With its chorus of gleeful laughter
While the water dances along.

Shake hands with the nodding rushes
That stand by the side of the stream;
Inviting to restful slumber
In which you may quietly dream.

Lay your ear to the verdant grasses,
Perhaps you may hear them tell
How they find their way through the brown earth
And carpet the land so well.

Now list to the lark's song of triumph,
While he soars toward the azure sky;
It seems to say—"Mortals despair not,
God careth for you and I."

Down close by the foot of the oak tree,
By the house that he made without door,
Sits a squirrel, could he speak he might tell
Who taught him to garner his winter store.

Let us list to the hum of the insects
That live in each sylvan retreat;
They seem to speak of contentment
And a life that is pure and sweet.

And now we will thank dame Nature
For the lessons learned today;
And know that from humblest teacher
We may learn to praise and pray.

NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY

REV. WARREN R. COCHRANE, D. D.

Rev. Warren R. Cochrane, D. D., born in New Boston, August 25, 1835, died in Antrim June 17, 1912.

Doctor Cochrane was the eighth child of Hon. Robert B. and Elizabeth Warren Cochrane, and was educated at Francestown Academy and Dartmouth College, graduating from the latter in 1859. He taught for a year or two in New Boston, and was for a time a tutor at Dartmouth. In April, 1866, he was licensed to preach by the Derry and Manchester Presbyterian Association, and preached for two summers at Harrisville but located in Antrim January 1, 1868 as acting pastor of the Presbyterian Church in that town and was formally ordained March 18, 1869, holding the pastorate continuously and successfully until December 29, 1907 when he preached his farewell sermon after a service of forty years.

He was the author of the History of Antrim, one of the best of our New Hampshire town histories, and had also published a volume of poems. He was deeply interested in educational affairs and all matters pertaining to the welfare of the community, and was highly esteemed by the people of Antrim, regardless of religious distinctions.

He married Lilla C. Cochran of New Boston, who survives him with one son Hayward. A daughter, Susie E., born in 1872, died in the autumn of 1896.

REV. ROLAND D. GRANT, D. D.

Roland Dwight Grant, D. D., for some years past a summer resident at Waterloo, Warner, and at one time pastor of the First Baptist Church in Concord, died at his residence in the former place August 21, 1912, after a long illness.

Doctor Grant was a native of Windsor, Conn., born August 24, 1851, the son of Naaman and Sarah (Clough) Grant, and of the eighth generation from Matthew Grant the first of the family in America. He was educated at Colby University, Waterville, Me., received the degree A. M. from Colgate University in 1887, and that of Doctor of Divinity from Colfax College in 1894. He was ordained to the Baptist ministry, September 11, 1887, and served as pastor of the Vassar College Church at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., for some time, subsequently holding various pastorates in and around Boston, and later, at Portland, Oregon and Vancouver, British Columbia. He was pastor of the First Baptist Church in Concord, for two years, succeeding Rev. Cephas B. Crane in December 1896, and was the minister of an independent society in the same city for a year or two, afterward, returning then to the Pacific Coast, where, at Portland, Oregon, he was instrumental in the erection of the "White Temple," seating 2500 people.

He was a writer of note, but more widely know as a lecturer than in any other capacity, in which line he travelled all over the continent and was brilliantly successful. It is stated that he had crossed the continent fifty times and had addressed 11,000 audiences.

He was a member of the International Lyceum Association, the American Baptist Missionary Union, the Home Missionary and Publication Societies, the Boston Theological Library, the Grant Family Association of America, and the British Columbia Art, History and Scientific Association. He was a charter member of the Mazama Mountain Club for Scientific Exploration, and had a record of conquering many of the highest peaks in the Canadian Rockies. He also held membership in the Appalachian Mountain Club, and the National Geographic Society.

June 2, 1874, Dr. Grant married Mahala C. Bean, at Waterloo, who survives him, with two married daughters. His remains were interred in the family lot, in Blossom Hill Cemetery, Concord.

MRS. LIMA HIBBARD WATSON

Mrs. Lima N. (Hibbard) Watson, a daughter of Horatio and Joanna (Moulton) Hibbard, born in Lisbon, N. H., February 22, 1843, died at her home in Jamaica Plain, Boston, Mass., August 7, 1912.

Her first husband was James Noyes, with whom she removed to London, Canada, where her two sons, George L. Noyes, now a noted landscape painter of Boston and Edward H. Noyes, a famous pianist and teacher of music, in that city and elsewhere, were born. She was left destitute at the death of her husband while the boys were quite young, and a second marriage was soon terminated by the husband's death, but by great energy and tact she succeeded in educating her sons, sending both to Europe for the best available instruction in painting and music. She was herself an accomplished pianist, and resided some years in Cambridge, before joining her sons in Paris. After the return of the family to America, they had resided, until recently, in Malden.

NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY

L. XLIV, No. 10 OCTOBER, 1912 New Series, Vol. VII, No. 10

THE GRANITE MONTHLY

A New Hampshire Magazine

evoted to History, Biography, Literature and State Progress

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sued by The Granite Monthly Company

HENRY H. METCALF, Editor and Manager

MS: $1.00 per annum, in advance; $1.50 if not paid in advance. Single copies, 15 cents

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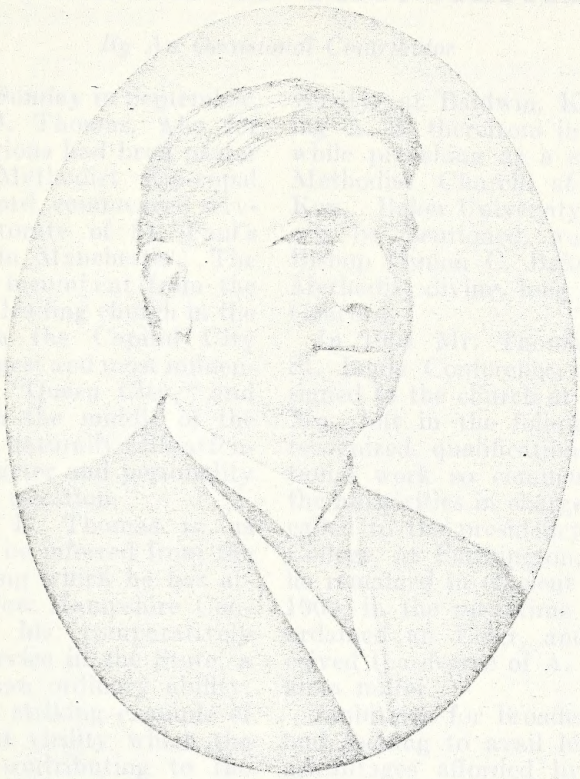
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REVEREND GEORGE B. THOMAS



THE GRANITE MONTHLY

VOL. XLIV, No. 10 OCTOBER, 1912 NEW SERIES, VOL. 7, No. 10

A CHANGE OF PASTORATES

By An Occasional Contributor

On the third Sunday in September, Rev. George B. Thomas, who for three years previous had been pastor of the First Methodist Episcopal Church of Concord, commenced service in the pastorate of St. Paul's M. E. Church in Manchester. The removal of the incumbent from the pastorate of the leading church in the denomination in the Capital City to that of the largest and most influential one in the "Queen City," and in the State, in the middle of the Conference year, naturally calls attention to the character and personality of the pastor in question.

Rev. George B. Thomas is, as might naturally be inferred from the rank and standing which he has attained in the New Hampshire Conference during his comparatively brief term of service in the State, a man of more than ordinary ability. He is, indeed, a striking example of the new life and virility which the Great West is contributing to the East in return for the vast contributions made by the latter to the former, in men and women, enterprise and energy, for three quarters of a century past.

Mr. Thomas is a native of Crawford County, Missouri, where he was born on a farm, January 5, 1873, son of Francis N. and Martha Letzer Thomas, his parents being Southern people by birth, from North Carolina and Tennessee, respectively. He was educated in the public schools and at the Steelville (Mo.) high school, from which he entered Baker University, at Baldwin, Kan., graduating A. B. therefrom in 1903, meanwhile preaching as a supply in the Methodist Church at Winchester, Kan. Baker University, it may properly be mentioned, was named for Bishop Osmon C. Baker, the noted Methodist divine, long a resident of Concord.

In 1904 Mr. Thomas joined the St. Louis Conference, and was assigned to the church at Poplar Bluff, Mo., but in the following year his recognized qualifications for educational work so commended him to the authorities in charge that he was called to the presidency of Carleton College, at Farmington, Mo., where he remained in efficient service until 1909, in the meantime having been ordained an Elder, and having received the degree of A. M. from his alma mater.

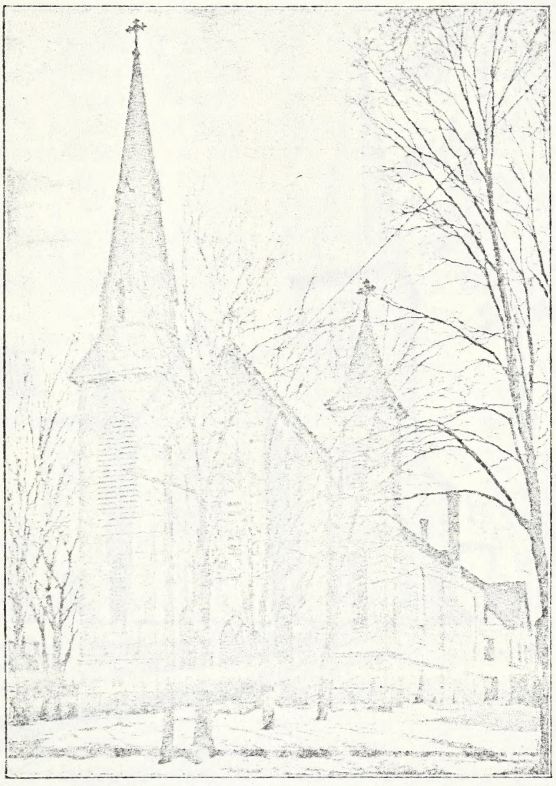
Ambitious for broader knowledge, and seeking to avail himself of the advantages afforded by eastern institutions, he gave up his position as the head of Carleton College in 1909, and came to New England, entering upon a post-graduate course in Boston University, leading to the degree of Ph.D., which he has now practically completed, and in September of that year assumed the Concord pastorate, which he has holden for the last three years with great success, commanding the devoted support of the parish, and winning the respect and esteem of the general public, regardless of sect, in a remarkable degree.

Not only has he won high rank

among preachers of his denomination, being already classed as among the very strongest in the New Hampshire Conference, but he has also come to be recognized as a power for good in the state, in the promotion of all great social and moral reform causes. As a preacher he is vigorous, earnest, logical and persuasive, never affecting the dramatic or sensational. Simplicity and directness of statement are the strong characteristics of his pulpit utterances.

While his Concord friends and parishioners regret his departure from their city and church, they regard it as exceedingly fortunate that he has decided to remain with the New Hampshire Conference, and minister to one of its great parishes, instead of returning West, as was supposed to be his purpose after his university studies were completed, and they congratulate St. Paul's parish and the City of Manchester upon the acquisition they have made.

Mr. Thomas was united in marriage, June 14, 1904, with Miss Nellie Riason, a native of Illinois, then a teacher at Poplar Bluff, who has proved a most congenial, sympathetic and helpful companion in his work.

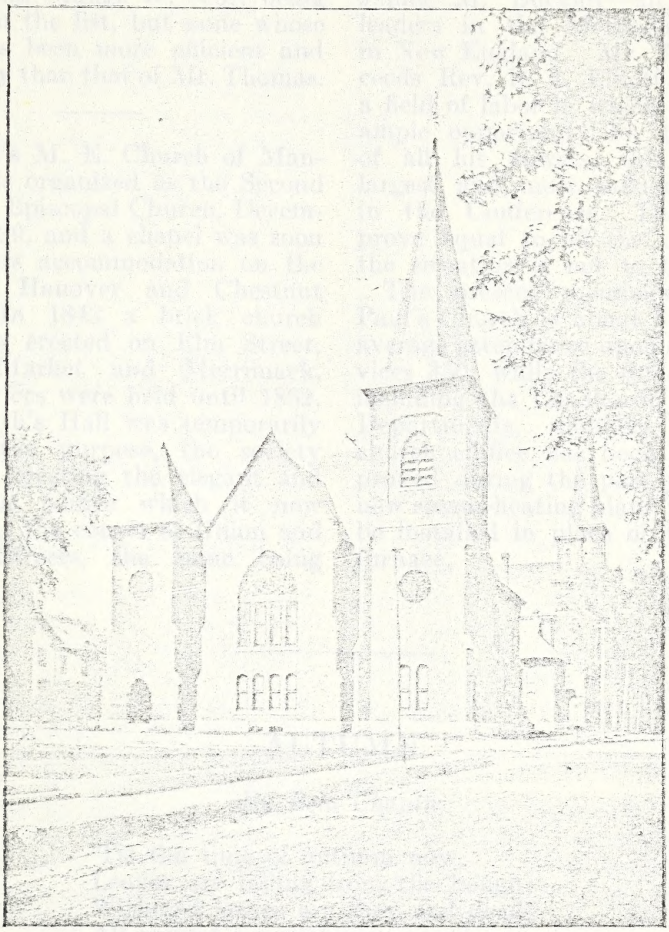


First Methodist Episcopal Church, Concord, N. H.

The First Methodist Episcopal Society of Concord, whose pastor Mr. Thomas has been for the last three years, was organized March 12, 1825, but was a part of another circuit for several years, and did not attain to the dignity of being a separate station until 1830, when Rev. Samuel Kelley became its first minister, he serving the same year as chaplain of the State Prison and

of the New Hampshire Legislature, receiving $52 for the former service and $30 for the latter in addition to the $88 paid him by the people of his parish, or $190 in all for his year's labor, which was far more strenuous than that of any pastor in Concord or Manchester today.

has sufficed for the accommodation of the parish till the present time, $2,500 having been expended in repairs and improvements in 1874, and $3,750 four years later, when the house was raised up, vestries put underneath, and a new tower constructed.



St. Paul's Methodist Episcopal Church, Manchester, N. H.

In January, 1831, the site of the present church, at the corner of North State and Chapel Streets was purchased for $200, and during the year a church edifice was erected, at a cost of $2,500, the same being dedicated December 1. With various repairs and alterations this building

The society grew and flourished until 1884, when a division arose, and the Baker Memorial Church and Society were organized, occupying a new church toward the south part of the city. The division leaves two weaker churches in the place of one strong one, but the people, altogether,

are perhaps better accommodated than before.

There have been many strong men among the numerous pastors ministering to the First Church, such names as those of Revs. Warren F. Evans, Elisha Adams, O. H. Jasper, Alfred E. Drew, M. W. Prince, Leon C. Field and Orange W. Scott being included in the list, but none whose service has been more efficient and satisfactory than that of Mr. Thomas.

St. Paul's M. E. Church of Manchester was organized as the Second Methodist Episcopal Church, December 16, 1839, and a chapel was soon built for its accommodation on the corner of Hanover and Chestnut Streets. In 1843 a brick church edifice was erected on Elm Street, between Market and Merrimack, where services were held until 1882, when Smyth's Hall was temporarily used for the purpose, the society meanwhile erecting the elegant and commodious edifice which it now occupies, at the corner of Union and Amherst Streets, the same being completed and dedicated in April, 1883, at the close of the three-years pastorate of Rev. Alfred E. Drew, one of the most successful of the many able pastors of this church, who included, among others, Revs. Osmon C. Baker, Elisha Adams, Richard S. Rust, James Pike and James M. Buckley—all recognized leaders in the Methodist ministry in New England. Mr. Thomas succeeds Rev. R. J. Elliott and enters a field of labor in which he will find ample opportunity for the exercise of all his powers, this being the largest and most influential parish in the Conference. That he will prove equal to all the demands of the situation is not to be doubted.

The present membership of St. Paul's Church is about 500, and the average attendance upon Sunday services 350; while the Sunday School, including the Cradle-roll and Home Departments, numbers 650. The church edifice has been greatly improved during the past year, and a new steam-heating plant is about to be installed in place of the hot air furnace.

AUTUMN

By Bela Chapin

'Tis the time of autumn now,
Leaves are falling from the bough;
Withered leaves are they and dead,
All around our pathway spread.

Chilled by frost and wind and rain
Few of autumn flowers remain;
And the birds of summer day
Almost all are flown away.

Though the autumn time is here
It is not a season drear;
Health from which enjoyment springs
Now the cool October brings.

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The present membership of St. Paul's Church is about 870, and the average attendance upon Sunday services 350; while the Sunday School, including the Cradle-roll and Home Departments, numbers 650. The church edifice has been greatly improved during the past year, and a new steam-heating plant is about to be installed in place of the hot air furnace.

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THE SETTLEMENT OF DURHAM POINT

By Rev. Everett S. Stackpole, D.D.

Durham Point, first known as Oyster River Point, was the name given to the point of land lying between the mouth of Oyster River and Willey's Creek. Here the road, or bridle-path, perhaps first an Indian trail winding through the forest, terminated, and from this point there was a ferry in early days to Fox Point on the opposite shore of Newington. The Point District gradually grew to include all the land lying between Oyster River and Mathes Creek, later called Crommett's Creek. It stretches along the western shore of Little Bay for two miles, and its beauty and fertility soon attracted settlers from Capt. John Mason's colony at Newichawannock, now known as South Berwick, from Capt. Wiggin's company at Dover Neck, and some from Portsmouth. Others came from nobody knows just where, but the majority of them all seem to have been men from Devonshire and the south of England.

Darby Field, who has been called an Irishman without any proof of that fact or to the contrary, was the first known settler at the Point. Much has been written by the aid of fancy about his exploration of Mount Washington, a deed of valor and hardship at that time. He was here as early as 1639, when he signed the Exeter Combination for local government, since Exeter at that time claimed land extending a mile north of Oyster River. He kept an ordinary and was licensed to sell wine in 1644. Ambrose Gibbons was appointed to administer his estate, 1 Oct. 1651, and Strawberry Bank was required to contribute toward the expenses of the "imprisonment of Darbey Field & keepinge him who was distracte of his wits." It is now asserted that he was born in Boston, England, about 1610, and came to Boston, Mass., about 1636. So he was not an Irishman after all, any more than John Thompson, first settler at Odiorne's Point, was a Scotchman, as historians would have it for a long time, but his marriage to Amias Cole has been found in Plymouth, England.

Darby Field, in 1645, sold his farm at Oyster River Point to John Bickford, "except a breadth of land now in the possession of Thomas Willey." This Thomas Willey lived a short distance south of Field and gave his name to Willey's Creek, which it bears to this day. He was born in 1617 and married Margaret, widow of Stephen Crawford, who had land at Oyster River still earlier than Willey and of whom little is known. His name is Scotch and so is the name Willey. The latter may have been a servant or apprentice in the family of Darby Field and probably had the breadth of land from Field's farm as a gift. There is no recorded deed to Field nor to Willey. The first settlers sat down where they liked best on unoccupied land, by right of what was known in later time as Squatter Sovereignty, "to have and to hold," undisputed in their claim except for the opposition of the Mason heirs and the redmen. Neither succeeded in ousting the hardy and adventurous settlers.

Would that somebody would unravel the snarled and twisted families of Bickfords. There name is Legion, for they are many, though quite unlike the first known man called Legion. There was John Bickford of Oyster River Point, and Thomas Bickford of Scarborough, whose son John came to Dover Neck, and Benjamin Bickford of Newington, and Henry Bickford of Strawberry Bank, all probably related, yet the connecting link is hidden, we will not say lost. This John Bickford at Oyster River, who kept the ordinary and managed Bickford's Ferry for a long time,

THE SETTLEMENT OF DURHAM POINT

By Rev. Alfred S. Sherlock, D.D.

married, as I think, Temperance, daughter of the Rev. Joseph Hull. He had a garrison house close by the bank of the Bay, and the defence of it at the time of the massacre in 1694 by his son Thomas was the noteworthy incident magnified by Mather in his Magnalia and versified by a New Hampshire poetess in the August number of the GRANITE MONTHLY.

Jonas Bines had six acres adjoining to Bickford's land on the northwest, called ever since Jonas's Point. He was the first owner of the Islands called Ambler's Islands, in the Little Bay. He left no descendants.

Next to Bines, William Beard first owned land and sold it in 1640 to Francis Matthews, the same doubtless who married, 22 Nov. 1622, Thomasine Channon at Ottery St. Mary, a little way from Exeter, Devonshire, birthplace of the poet Coleridge. Matthews was one of Capt. John Mason's men, who came to build the mills on Great Works River, South Berwick, 1630–1634. The surname is now written Mathes by many of his descendants, and the old farm is still in the possession of a Mathes. Long may it remain so. There is no more beautiful outlook in Durham, place of many fine views. Francis' son, Benjamin Matthews, had wife Dorothy, and I think she was widow of Oliver Kent and sister to Temperance, wife of John Bickford. She was certainly sister to Naomi, wife of Davey Daniel. These are the unaccounted for daughters of the Rev. Joseph Hull, as I might explain at another time.

South of Willey's Creek were at first a few fishermen's huts. Here lived Charles Adams for a short time and gave his name to Charles' Point, later Ambler's Point. Adams built his garrison on an eighteen acre lot south of the road leading from the Point to the Falls and near the Mathes burial place. This was burned in 1694 and fifteen of the Adams family were massacred and buried in a common grave. John Hill got possession of the land south of Willey's Creek before the year 1650, the ancestor of the late Governor John F. Hill of Maine. Deacon Joseph Ambler lived here after Hill left it and gave a permanent name to the Ambler's Islands.

Richard Bray, and Thomas Humphrey "the stiller," who furnished the liquid then thought indispensable, and a man name Hilliard lived for a little while on small lots south of the Hill-Ambler farm, but John Ault soon added all their acres to his broad estate that stretched on both sides of Plum Swamp Brook and as far south as Long Creek. John Ault was another of Capt. John Mason's pioneers and settled here about the year 1635. He left no sons but two daughters. One was Remembrance, who married John Rand, Jr., son of Francis Rand of the Mason company, and the other was Rebecca, who married first Henry Hallowell, and second Thomas Edgerly. Ault divided his farm between his two sons-in-law, and both had houses near the shore. That of Edgerly was burned by the Indians in 1694, and some of his family were taken to Canada. He, however, and a wounded son escaped and the next day petitioned that the house of his brother-in-law, John Rand, who with wife Remembrance had probably been slain by the Indians, should be the garrison house of that region. The Hon. Lucien Thompson, well known to readers of the GRANITE MONTHLY recently searched with me amid the trees and bushes for traces of the residences of Thomas Edgerly and John Rand. We found the cellar of the former on an elevated spot, perhaps a dozen rods from the mouth of long Creek, now sometimes called Disappearing Creek, and on the north side. The site overlooks the whole Bay. There was in the early days a public Landing near the mouth of the Creek and a road therefrom, also a mill, which was probably a tide-mill at the very mouth of the Creek. It required but little search to find plain indications of the cellar

of John Rand, in the southeastern corner of the field now owned by Mr. Kingman, three or four rods from the shore of Little Bay and close to a fine spring of water. The depression of the surface and the presence of pieces of brick mark the spot well. These garrison houses have never before been ascertained as to location.

Thomas Edgerly also owned land south of Long Creek, and next to him first lived William Perkins, who sold his place to his son-in-law, John Wheeler, and removed to Exeter. Here John Wheeler and wife Elizabeth were killed by Indians, 27 April, 1706, and their children took refuge in caves along the shore of the Bay. One of those boys, Joseph Wheeler, became a deacon in the church at Durham.

Next south came a reservation of pine timber for the common use of the town, and then the old estate of the Drew family, where Thomas Drew and his wife Tamsen spent their long lives after their return from captivity among the Indians, and where they are said to have had fourteen children. This place is now known as the James Kent farm. The Drew burial place is easily found down in the middle of the field, a little west of a brook that empties into Branson's Creek. The marble headstones of Joseph and John Drew are broken down, but the inscriptions can still be read.

Next we come to the farm that has been in the possession of the Kent family ever since Oliver Kent had a grant of seventy acres here in 1656. It extends from Branson's Creek through to Mathes Creek, now called Crommett's Creek, and the view from Eben Kent's door is of itself enough to make life happy. In three directions it takes in ten miles or so of water and landscape that delight the untrained eye of one who simply loves the beautiful. There are also many historic memories that add value to all the scenes pointed out in this article, and Durham Point will long be visited and remembered both for what it is and for what it was in the times of Indian depredations. All the old Plantation of Oyster River suffered as much or more than Cochecho and Salmon Falls. Nearly every house was assaulted in 1694. Only twenty were left standing after the massacre and ninety-four persons were killed or carried into captivity, some never to return. We can little realize by what sacrifices and hardships our ancestors purchased this fair land for us. Shall the scattered descendants let the ancestral homes be neglected and pass into the possession of strangers, who know nothing and care nothing about the thrilling traditions of the past? All of these old homesteads at Durham Point ought to be annual rallying places of thankful and proud descendants of brave and noble pioneers.

THE MOUNTAIN WITH THE CROSS

Hail, thrice hail! to thee, thou La Fayette,
  Noblest mountain of thy clime,
Prince of all the highland region 'round,
  Emblem of a future time.

Thou wast built of finest granite rock,
  Heaved into a mountain high,
Till thy great and massive shoulder tops
  Pierced the depths of azure sky.

Oft have fierce and wildly raging storms
Hurled their fury 'gainst thy side,
And thou laughed at all their vain assaults,
Taunting, mocking in thy pride.

Yet thou art in wondrous beauty wrought,
Richly clothed in vesture green,
With thy dimly, purpled outline hue
Mingling in the distant scene.

Worthy wast thou to be deemèd fit
On thy breast to bear The Cross,
Hiding it except in vernal spring
'Mid thy crannied rocks and moss.

Peaceful mountain, thou art glorified,
For the sun when drooped to set,
Casts its crimsoned, purpled twilight shades
Round thy head, great La Fayette.

Reginald F. Chutter

THE PINKHAMS

A Genealogy in Rhyme

By P. L. F.

In Dover's ancient settlement first of the name is found:
Here Richard[1] of fair Devon tilled his fertile planting ground;
Built strong his old time garrison; the Indians defied;
Reared too his little family, and, in time's fulness, died.

Richard,[2] John,[2] and Thomas[2] —these were his children three—
Old Dover Neck was Richard's[2] home, a skilled wood worker he.
John[2] lived in the old garrison where Bellamy's waters glide,
And Thomas[2] dwelt on Bloody Point, by the Piscataqua's side.

The sons of Richard[2] second were—Richard,[3] Tristram,[3] John[3]—
Dick[3] sailed away from Dover, to Nantucket isle he's gone;
Tristram[3] lived in Dover town, like many of his name;
Of John[3] we only know the year in which his birthday came.

John,[2] son of Richard[1] first, had six sons as you'll notice;
They were Richard,[3] Thomas,[3] Solomon,[3] Amos,[3] James,[3] and Otis[3]—
Three daughters too were born to him, which makes his offspring nine,
A goodly addition to the growing Pinkham line—

Of Thomas,[2] son of Richard[1] first, the records are not clear;
That he left any issue does not from them appear.
Twelve children, thus, the sum of generation three,
Born on the Neck of Dover, far famed in history.

A BLACKSMITH IN THE PULPIT AND PARISH

By Rev. E. P. Tenney

I

Of the men of the Nineteenth Century, my father was literally one of the foremost; coming in early,—on the thirty-fifth day.[1]

A few years ago on the Connecticut river bank at Haverhill, I paced up and down, under a row of June maples, where, ninety-four years ago, my father, at seventeen, paced up and down all one evening. By the silent river he debated with himself questions relating to eternity and a divine sonship, and the possibility of a divine indwelling to reform his own life. One of his intimate friends had just left the Meadow and its maples, and entered into a Better Country. His own sister, too, at fifteen, had just passed over the river into the Unseen Land. Then and there, under cover of the darkness, he made up his mind to find in Jesus the Christ his best friend and to follow wherever He might lead. Then a great light appeared to shine upon his lonely pathway, and he returned to his comrades, urging them to walk with him in the new way.

Abiding in an irreligious family, far from friendly counsel, his new course was often clouded. "I afterward found out," he said, "that in giving up my will to God, I kept something back, in order to do what I had a mind to, and it did not work well. Then I began all over again, and left all to follow the Master." The peace of God and the divine energy then came into his life and abode with him.

Some five years before this he had come down from the hills of Corinth with his father's family to dwell on the Oxbow Meadow at Newbury. They were hardly settled in their new home before his oldest sister and his father were suddenly removed from life by what would now be called a form of meningitis. One brother of seventeen remained, and six young children, with their mother. As by a tempest the little flock was separated in thick darkness. But the Good Shepherd came to deliver them out of all places whither they were scattered in the cloudy and dark day.

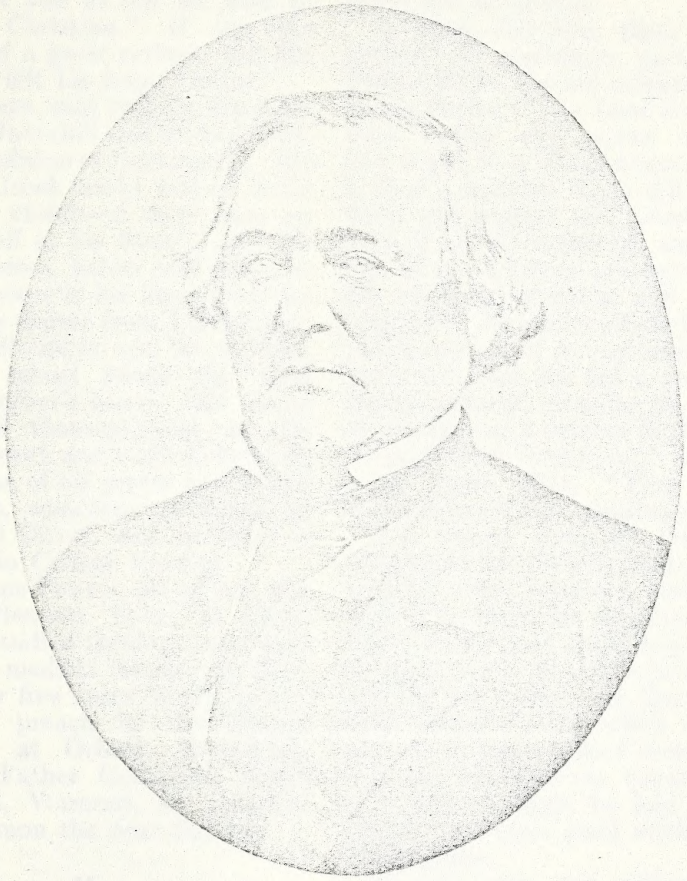
The lads were self reliant and resourceful. Ephraim, eight years old, at once assumed self support; and at twenty-five was a Wyoming circuit preacher.

Asa, my father, went to live with his uncle Asa, whose son Abner was seventeen, and whose daughter Mary —my mother—was then ten years old. My mother's mother, Polly White—who was granddaughter of Abner Bayley, for forty years pastor in Southern New Hampshire,—became at once truly a godmother to Asa, her nephew, by giving him systematic religious training. Quite possibly, too, the quiet but positive character of my mother was not without influence upon him.

The boy, however, was not a girl, to be easily led in the way he should go. He did as other lads did in his early teens; and was already conscious of a certain capacity for leadership, with a few wild oats to sow, boy fashion, in roguish pranks that appealed to the lively and frolicsome. Determined to be a man, he had ere long a secret pipe and tobacco plug, and indulged in such occasional rudeness of speech as growing boys thought manly. When working in the cold, too, as all boys had to work—will or nil—in a relatively new settlement, it

[1] Rev. Asa Peaslee Tenney (February 4, 1801–March 2, 1867) was born at Corinth, Vermont. The son of Jonathan and Anna (Bayley); pastor at Hebron and Groton, 1825–1833, and at West Concord, New Hampshire, 1833–1867.

was common for boys and men to warm themselves a bit by drinking rum. Altogether, as he was fast becoming a man, he was bound out, at sixteen, an apprentice to Morse, the Horse Meadow blacksmith. Here he wrought five years. Then set up his own shop for two years at Haverhill Corner.



Rev. Asa Peaslee Tenney

On the night of his lonely walk on the riverbank, about a year after he went to the shop on the Meadow, he not only bemoaned Miss Kimball's death, and that of his own sister two years younger than himself, but his mother with her youngest three children had now made for herself a new home on the Susquehanna, and his oldest brother a home at Corinth. Three younger brothers were here or there, earning and living as best they might. Quite by himself on the riverbank that night, he was his own master, held to a sane course in his life's work by the necessity and the wholesome discipline of daily toil. His decision on the riverbank was what the Platonists called "the flight of one alone to the Only One." Little as he thought of it at the time, his new purpose so fashioned his life, that he finally left the anvil, in order to "hammer out and weld sermons."

Of an impulsive, ardent nature, sanguine temperament, quick in decision, he did not confer with flesh and

blood, but set out to be of use in the world; taking a positive attitude in promoting social religious meetings, and pleading with friends privately to do as he sought to do as a disciple of the Son of Man.

On one memorable night his voice alone was heard with that of the pastor. A young man took him by the hand, saying, "You are a Christian, I want you to tell me how to become a Christian." It was the beginning of a great revival, and the blacksmith left his forge forever.[1]

It had been said that he fitted for college at Haverhill and studied theology and medicine at Dartmouth. His Latin and Greek books looked down upon me in childhood days from an honored shelf in his library, and his scholarly tastes, habits and influence were recognized in his later years by an honorary degree from Dartmouth.

For self discipline and for earning, he taught school across the road from my mother's home. His teaching was as thoroughgoing as his blacksmith work and much in demand. At Bath, one of his pupils was Enoch N. Bartlett, sometime professor at Oberlin and Olivet, and secretary of the Colorado College trustees.

With Grant Powers, his pastor, and President Bennett Tyler, at Dartmouth, he studied theology; and took a course of medical lectures at Hanover. After five years' study, he was licensed to preach by the Orange Association at Orford, November, 1827. In Father Goddard's pulpit at Norwich, Vermont, he preached his first sermon the next Sunday.

II

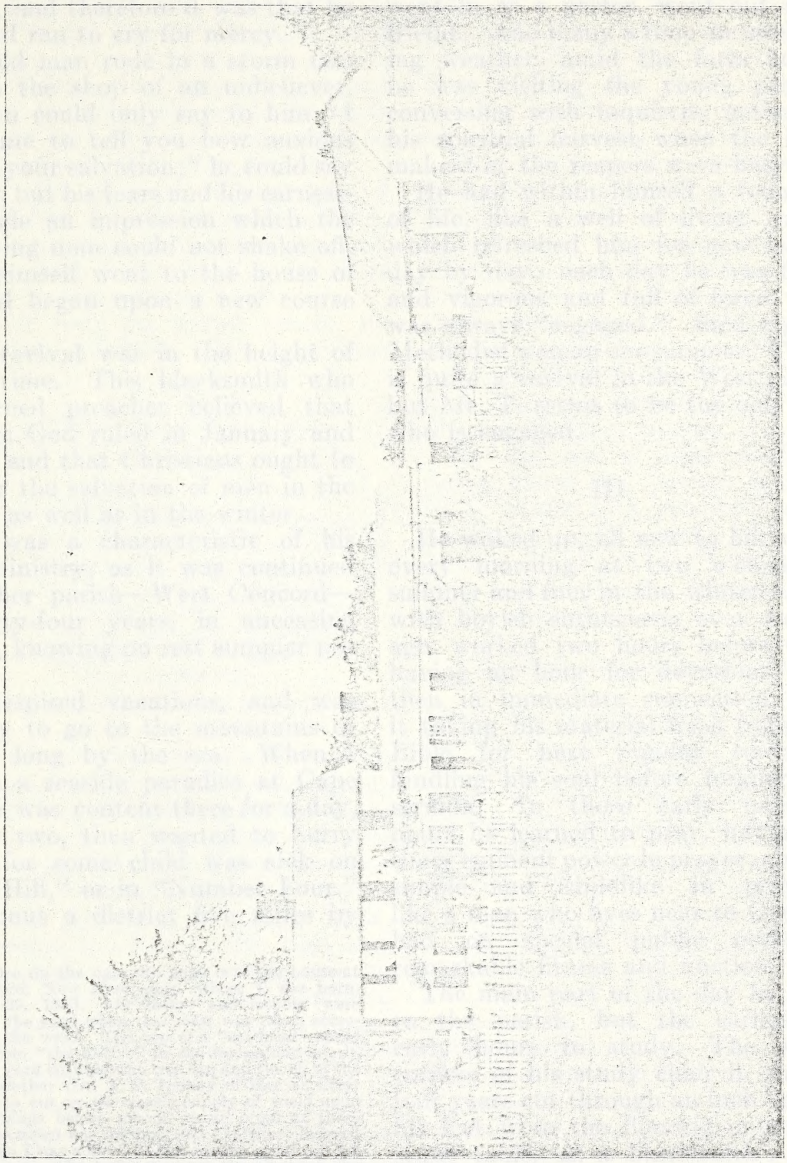
In the hill country of New Hampshire he then found two feeble Home Missionary churches, six miles apart, each divided against itself, and each, as he reported, "Orthodox to death." On going there three or four Sundays, there were those who instantly responded to the Gospel appeal and entered into new paths of life. Here he was ordained, June 18, 1828. His study was in an attic. On May 29, 1829, my mother took up her abode with him, their house looking out upon Newfound Lake. Their five-years mission there was attended with more than seventy conversions in that sparse population, forty being added to the church in Hebron, and thirty-one in Groton.

In these churches, there was one revival of marvelous power. Said Father Rolfe, the old minister, to the young pastor, "The Lord is coming," even before the power appeared. One night, in a school-house meeting, a church member came out into the floor, and kneeled and asked forgiveness of all his brethren; and all the rest of the brethren present followed, till all were weeping and kneeling together. An infidel school-teacher, a young woman of strong intellect, was converted, and she led a very useful life thenceforth, spending the strength of her days as a teacher in the South. "I shall never forget you," wrote one, many years after, "Your earnest, warm-hearted talk awakened me."

One young man of thirty had separated from his wife, and quarreled with his wife's relatives, and had not spoken to them for months; but the Spirit of the Lord found him out, and he spent hours in a barn in the night praying for mercy. In the night he went round to his wife's relatives, and on his knees asked their forgiveness for his violence toward them. A terrible struggle he had with his temper, but gave good evidence of a changed life.

Another man was milking in his barn-yard, and making fun of the revival in his talk, when suddenly he arose, ran to the house, and with eyes streaming with tears, put down his pail, and did not stop to answer the questions of his wife, but ran to a neighbor, and finding him at family prayers, kneeled by his side, and cried, "Oh, pray for me;" and they contin-

[1] This was at Haverhill corner. The shop on the Meadow stood till 1855. I found a great elm hard by the site, that had watched over the blacksmith boy.



Residence of Rev. Asa P. Tenney at West Concord

ued there praying until he found peace in Christ. He said that while he had been engaged in his blasphemy against God and his revilings against religion, his sins appeared to him as if all written on a roll and let down before his eyes, and therefore it was that he arose and ran to cry for mercy.

One old man rode in a storm two miles to the shop of an unbeliever, and then could only say to him "I have come to tell you how anxious I am for your salvation;" he could say no more; but his tears and his earnestness made an impression which the unbelieving man could not shake off, till he himself went to the house of God and began upon a new course in life.

This revival was in the height of haying time. This blacksmith who had turned preacher believed that the same God ruled in January and in July, and that Christians ought to work for the salvation of men in the summer as well as in the winter.

This was a characteristic of his whole ministry, as it was continued in another parish—West Concord—for thirty-four years, in unceasing activity, knowing no rest summer nor winter.

He despised vacations, and was too busy to go to the mountains or to stay long by the sea. When I lived in a seaside paradise at Cape Ann, he was content there for a day, possibly two, then wanted to hurry home; for some child was sick on "Horse Hill," or in "Number Four." Throughout a district five miles by five, he wanted to be on hand to share it if anybody had trouble. He did not want to go to Europe, he wanted to work in his parish, and he did this early and late. Into every house he went far and near—went in as a pastor, went out as a friend. And many a time in sweltering weather, amid the farm lands, he was visiting the young people, conversing with inquirers, gathering his spiritual harvest when the haymakers or the reapers were busy.

He had within himself a fountain of life, like a well of living water, which refreshed him for new labors day by day; each day he was fresh and vigorous and full of force. He was always "engaged." Said a good Methodist woman one summer, "There is quite a revival in the West parish but Mr. T. seems to be the only one who is engaged.

III

He waked up, all new to his work, every morning at two o'clock in summer and four in the winter—and, with boyish enthusiasm even to old age, worked two hours before day; having an hour for devotions, and then in immediate connection with it taking his material fresh from the Bible for next Sunday service—kindling his soul before forging the sermon. In those early morning hours he learned to pray, having at times eminent power in prayer; always simple and childlike in praying, like a man who lives near to God, he had on special public occasions remarkable fitness and unction.

The main part of the day he gave to the parish, but the earliest of early hours to study. The sharp corners of his study chair in thirty-four years cut through an inch board; his feet wore the flooring under his study table, as a blacksmith's floor wears away by years of work at the forge and anvil.

His views of Bible truth were clear and decided; and he used "thus saith the Lord" like the fire and the

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The picture on the opposite page is of the house at West Concord, New Hampshire, where I was born, September 29, 1835. My father and mother were standing in the yard when this view was taken sometime "after the war." The top of a "cat-head" apple tree rises from "the hollow" in the foreground south. In the door yard between the tree top and the ell of the house, my brother (Dr. A. P. Tenney of Kansas City) and I used to cut up the year's supply of wood upon winter mornings before school, rising often at three o'clock if the moon was shining; and I further "learned to work when I was a boy" in the garden south of the end of the barn. The tree tops over the ell mark the orchard, where as a very small boy, at my mother's bidding, I read Oliver Goldsmith's histories. The window nearest the shed door lighted my father's study. In the 34 years that he sat by his study table the floor was cut through or deeply marked by his constant feet and the uneasy legs of his study chair. Over the front door, the training of the grape vine was a bit of my handiwork.

and there praying until he found peace in Christ. He said that while he had been engaged in his blasphemy against God and his revilings against religion, his sins appeared to him as if all written on a roll and let down before his eyes, and therefore it was that he arose and ran to cry for mercy.

One old man rode in a thirty-two miles to the ship of an unbeliever, and then could only say to him "I have come to tell you how sinful I am for your salvation;" he could say no more; but his pale and sad countenance made an impression which the unbelieving man could not shake off, till he himself went to the house of God and began upon a new course in life.

This revival was in the height of its raging time. This blessedness which turned presently believed that the same God ruled in January and in July, and that Christians ought to work for the salvation of men in the summer as well as in the winter.

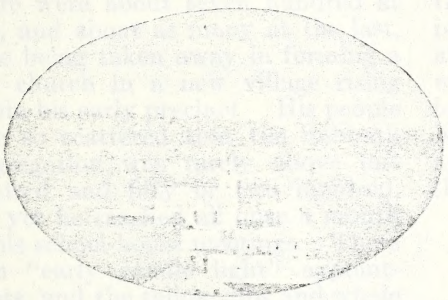
This was a characteristic of his whole ministry, as it was continued in another parish—*West Cornwall*—for thirty-four years, in unceasing activity, knowing no rest summer nor winter.

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hammer. Like a master workman he had a glowing forge in every schoolhouse in his parish. He taught Bible truth in Bible method. Mighty in the Scriptures, he did not make nice distinctions and definitions, or set forth dry bones. He little used the logic of the doctors, but—amazingly logical—the logic of common sense. Weighing his words, he knew what he said and fitted the truth to his hearers in that very moment.

For the sermon manuscripts, I myself had a hand in their making. This is attested to this day by their having been badly blotted by little fingers in the minister's ink.

There were no moral essays, no glittering qualities, but particular



Old Congregational Church, West Concord

practical points, sharp and barbed. Red-hot Pauline appeal to conscience and divine authority was the main characteristic. The spirit of the Bible more than the letter, the harmony of Scripture doctrine rather than the twisting of single texts, these were the forces. By heat and hammering the whole work was so welded as to make a unit, massive and impressive. The style direct, the sentences clear and simple, the texts taken from the warm heart of the Scriptures—what could be better? The scope of the reign of Christ, the moral dignity of the divine kingdom, the love of God, and the peril of moral carelessness were the themes set forth in their personal relations.

If he had few books, they were well selected; perhaps two hundred. The Bible words he so stuck to, and so lodged in his mind, that in his early ministry he could turn to almost any passage without a concordance. He studied his people. He studied newspapers and found out what kind of a world he was living in. He had the latest learning from Andover hill, the Scotch learning and the English. He read Macaulay; and the latest news from the cannibal islands turning to God.

The faces of the world's great preachers, evangelists, and philanthropists, both men and women, looked down upon him from little black frames in two rows—seven and five—where he could constantly see them when he sat by the north window tipped back, meditating, on two legs of his chair—which he wiggled more or less in order to cut through the floor boards.

He did not a little thinking in riding about the parish, connecting Bible truths with practical spiritual conditions. My sister, Mrs. Mary Tenney Hatch, who often rode with him, reports that he frequently sang in the riding,

"Guide Me, O Thou great Jehovah."

When my brother and I were berry-picking on picturesque and rugged hill slopes, looking off toward Kearsarge, we heard the swift wheels of my father's gig in the road hard by, and noted with glee his Jehu-like driving, and heard him singing,—

"I am weak, but Thou art mighty,
Hold me with Thy powerful hand."

IV

His relation to the parish seemed like that of a father to a family. My wife Nellie used to ride with him to make hill top farm house calls at eight o'clock on a June morning. He had already been up and about his work for six hours, and the farm house had been astir for four hours. By the rural time the hour was far advanced. He had been singing snatches of holy hymns along the

rugged roadway, and now he entered a home where Death had called in the month of May, and became in tenderness like a Son of Consolation. Some years ago I called upon an Irishwoman, one of the West Concord mill hands when I was a child. The tears came to her eyes and her voice softened when she told me how much my father had been to her and her husband in sickness and sorrow, and she could but bemoan his long absence in the heavenly hill country.

For many years he gathered the young people into his study once a week, and expounded to them texts of scripture they handed in, and prayed with them; and many of them were led to Christ.

He preached to all his parish. There were about seven hundred at first, and about as many at the last, some being taken away in forming a new church in a new village rising within his early precinct. His people were so scattered that the Sabbath congregation was rarely above one hundred and fifty or two hundred, and yet he reached all once a month by his school-house meetings. There were "early candle light" appointments, and the tallow dips and whale oil wicks of all the neighbors came in. The people always turned out to listen to his kindly, faithful words. The "home evangelization" work was in this respect a complete success. All heard him. In the sound health of the first half of his long pastorate he preached five sermons a week; on every week having two or three lectures at some school-house, while he always kept up all day meetings once a year in each school district, and not unfrequently other week day lectures. In "Number Four" and "Number Five," where there were one hundred and seventeen inhabitants, there were thirty-six conversions leaving fewer than fifty of all ages who were not on the Christian roll.

I recall one resolute young fellow from this west side of the parish who walked four miles through two feet of new snow before four o'clock in the morning to greet my father: "I have come to tell you that I have served satan long enough." I recall another who kept a bottle of rum at the head of his bed, who was led to put a Bible in its place for a spiritual eye-opener. I recall another man my father used to go to see every time he was over tempted by the rum fiend, nor would he give him up or allow him to be turned out of the church, but held onto him as long as he lived.

To promote the evangelization of the parish, this business-like Blacksmith had eight hundred religious books sold to the neighbors, and one hundred and eighteen religious papers subscribed for.

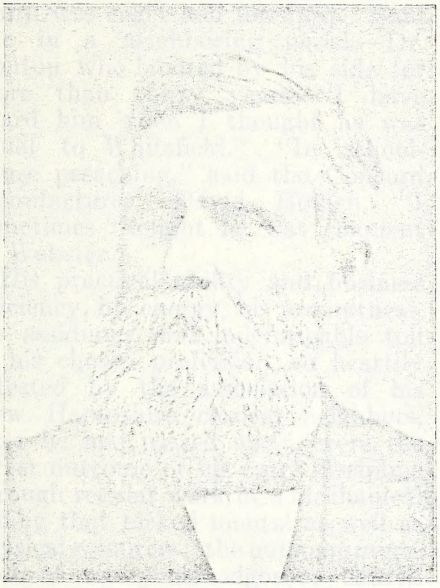
He was always on hand, ready to preach at home or abroad, quick to think on his feet and talk to the point. Living at West Concord he averaged more than four sermons a week for fifty-two weeks in a year for thirty-four years. Including his Newfound Lake ministry, he averaged fifteen sermons a month for thirty-nine years.

V

With him, the perfection of the sermon itself was never the main thing, but to make a spiritual impression then and there. To secure results, he went at it with tools adapted to the end sought. Early the sermons were written, later only in outline. Early he stammered a little, and hesitated in the beginning, but always fired up and made that good ending which Dr. Payson said made a good sermon. The last third never failed to be thoroughly alive, strong in thought, in word, and in emotion.

A hard student by night at all hours during the first half of his ministry, there came, inevitably, an impaired vigor, but he relinquished no part of the parochial routine or number of services. To pore over his books or to elaborate his style seemed to him a less certain present good than personal sympathy.

The discipline of day by day work, learned when a boy, made itself felt in a certain directness and force and practical power. As our New Hampshire boy, Henry Wilson was a hard student when bound out to a farmer, and a leader in debate when working at the shoe bench, so too it was in my youth a matter of local pride to point to Cyrus Wallace, one of the most notable ministers in New England, who was a house painter till he was thirty years old. At the age when others were in college or the



Dr. Asa P. Tenney, Jr.

seminary, he was in hand work. Yet when he went to preaching, there was fulfilled the saying that "He maketh his ministers a flaming fire." "Some of my neighbors who went to college," he said to me, "think they need not study, but I need to study all the time." Blacksmiths and painters, by going to work the right way, and by working hard, may stand near the head of the profession.

This Blacksmith in the pulpit illustrated his appeal to the common people by common things: so it was said in reproach of Socrates that smiths and cobblers figured in his conversations, as fishnets figured in the discourses of the Man of Galilee.

It was a tradition of his Newfound Lake parish that he took to the sledge if need be. His word was often like a sudden blow of a heavy hammer. The guilty farmer, still unsubmissive to God, was reminded that "such rebellion would shame an ox." So Isaiah thought.

At Woburn I once encountered a Mr. Cole who reported that in the region where he was born, at Hill in 1817, my father was known as one who had been a blacksmith, and it was said that in preaching he gave solid heavy blows like a blacksmith. This accords with social usage in Iceland where every clergyman is also a blacksmith.

There was moreover a certain eloquence born of conviction. Wendell Phillips once told the writer that he learned oratory by thirteen years advocacy of unwelcome truth in school-houses, six nights in a week, against earnest opposition; truth so unwelcome that he could not get a hall; opposition so great that he had to study all the arts of persuasion.

Not a few country pastors are singularly eloquent in school-house preaching, and always at their best in seasons of "revival." I have, in this connection, heard such eloquence in the hill country as I have rarely heard in the city on any occasion.

Was not Elisha a man able to manage a plow team of twelve yoke of oxen? Did not the sturdy prophet Amos tend cattle? Though they left the plow or the herd when they began to preach, still in working or waiting on oxen, they had thoughts of no mean order. Taking into account the circumstances connected with a revival of religion, one of the most eloquent men I ever heard, not excepting Boston's peerless orator, was a minister who worked hard on the farm six days in a week.

My father could cut a swarth so handsomely and vigorously that I have heard old mowers praise "the priest" as first in the field. He

managed a farm. So Dr. Emmons in his study turned out to be one of the best farmers in Franklin. So Sidney Smith sat in his house and worked his farm by a spy-glass and speaking trumpet! This blacksmith would take off his coat and work with a will in turning the soil or the hay; but he closely attended rather to the pulpit and the school-house.

In his day it was common for the neighboring ministers to club together and have "Four Days Meetings," first in one parish, then in another. For such work the Blacksmith was eager and foremost. Said one in a neighboring parish—Dr. Bouton who labored by his side for more than thirty years—"I have heard him when I thought he was equal to Whitefield." "In schoolhouse preaching," said the Concord manufacturer, David Holden, "I sometimes thought he was eloquent as Webster."

His practical ability and business efficiency, his energy, his promptness, his assiduous and indefatigable toil in his chosen profession, so heartily attested by the association of his New Hampshire clerical neighbors, after he had passed away, were the direct outcome of his early discipline through regular work in a mechanical calling that tasked mental as well as physical resources; the outcome moreover of ten years vigorous church work as a layman before entering into his main life calling.

VI

As an influence upon the life of young people I will illustrate by the words of Judge Mellen Chamberlain, for some years the Librarian of Boston Public Library, whose early home was in Concord, "Your father," he said June 29th 1897, "was one of the strongest men New Hampshire ever produced; by native power fitted for distinction in public life; and to be classed always with the foremost in all around ability—one easily a match for whatever he undertook. He was one of the three men to whom I owe the most in the formative period of my life. His influence is in my life today, intellectually and morally." Yet Judge Chamberlain's knowledge of him was that of a boy, a student, an ambitious young lawyer in a neighboring parish, as at Pembroke, at the old North or the South Church in Concord.

To illustrate further by the attestation of youth: there went out from the West Parish in Concord twenty-



The Daughter of the House, 1856
Mrs. Mary Tenney Hatch

seven young people at one time to pursue courses of advanced schooling. One district of some forty pupils, as I first remember it, furnished twelve physicians, clergymen, professional teachers or scholars of college grade.

In my own mental training at home, my father's influence was first, foremost and mainly through unvarying discipline of required labor well done and systematically applied to useful ends, and further, by insisting on the exercise of my own faculties in correcting intellectual "tendencies" he did not approve. His intellectual method, too, had great weight

with me—his broad range of intellectual hospitality, his early hours alone with God, his example of parochial faithfulness, and his intense patriotism, manifested in daily activities through all his years. To me also it was apparent that his piety towards God, and altruism towards men were advanced by clear thinking upon the moral basis of society.

Throughout my whole life, when I have thought of doing anything thoroughly well, my mind has gone back, not to my text book teachers but to what my father taught me in routine work about the place before I was fifteen years old. "Be wise, be kind, be fearless, and faithful." were his condensed lectures to me on Pastoral Theology. Punctuality to the minute; decision; prudence; prompt perception of opportunity, and seizing it; will-power as an asset; the value of thrift, of mental breadth and public spirit;—how many indeed were the lessons set for my learning!

Then, too, I confess to have been not a little attracted to my mentor by certain unexpected forms of speech. When I spoke of religious interest and encouragement to pray in my parish, he exclaimed,—"Encouragement to pray! Under our God, we are to expect it to rain when the sun shines!"

We met Dr. Hidden when we were riding one day. "That man," he said to me, said much as he would if talking to himself, "that man is an idolater; worships a horse; a professedly pious man, too; belongs to Brother Parker's church." Nor could he be reconciled that the doctor had the better horse, which he had refused six hundred dollars for.

His own big morgan Kate, who always pulled on the rein at twelve miles an hour, he always treated like a child, talking to her in the road. When I was a little lad I undertook to harness her, and I carelessly let the carriage house door swing in the wind upon her, making her "step lively." I cried "Whoa! Whoa!" Across the yard father shouted,—"She sha'n't whoa, with that door banging her heels."

On the sandy south-east corner of our farm land, the grass spires were so far apart as to suggest riding from one to another. Yet Simon, the boy was seen mechanically "spreading" it after Sam's scythe. When "the priest" rode by, he drew rein on Old Kate, and called: "Simon! Simon!" The boy crossed the lot to the fence. "Simon, you are engaged in a work of supererogation." Then he drove on. "Sam" asked the returning boy, "Sam, what did he mean?" "I don't know. It is one of his confounded divinity words."

He came to me on Cape Anne, and watched for a moment the dashing waves, the tide flow, and the glancing sunbeams on sparkling waters. Then he said most earnestly, and somewhat confidentially,—"If I were you, I would mind my business, and let the sea mind his business." I did not have to tell him it was part of my business to mind the business of the sea, since he already believed that I thought so. But for his part, he chose at once to turn his back to it, and return to his dog-day parish.

Did strangers sometimes wonder a little at his decided expressions? But they soon learned how reliable was his kindness. He was gentle and tender as any woman, yet full of masculine force. Modest and shrinking, he never put himself forward at large public meetings; nor did he ever have a taste for publicity. He knew how to manage, but disliked clerical wire pulling. He had no veneration for a thing because it was old; never asking what is the age, but what is the sense of it. What he said of many patent humbugs was not soon forgotten.

Concerning his own neighbors he sometimes grew a little indignant in his private life; he did not see why men should be shiftless. He did not like sin. He loved law. He wanted to quit preaching three months to prosecute rascals. He sought to pro-

mote temperance and respectable politics in New Hampshire. He knew how to gain a point of opposing men, as sailors take long tacks to outwit the winds. But he was not tricky; he won the confidence of men by his sterling integrity; it was evident that he intended to do just right. His knowledge of men, his sound judgment, his hearty genial way, his large common sense drew the old and the young to himself. He was never a mere slick, ornamental minister. He was not afraid of a leather apron, or of rolling up his sleeves and going into any kind of business that needed to be done. He did with his might whatever his hands found to do, and did not always wait a week first to debate whether or not he should sacrifice his dignity in doing it.

For one thing, a little singular in his generation, he made up his mind that the Unitarian pastor in Concord was a Christian, and extended to him the courtesy of a pulpit exchange. He was I think the first "Orthodox" minister in New Hampshire to think such a thing possible.

His exchanging too included the beloved Episcopal rector Ten Broek. The founding of a Methodist Theological School was welcomed by him, and the students were set to work in his parish.

But his own one work was never neglected even to life's ending,—"This one thing I do." He constantly sought the regeneration of men. During a pastorate of thirty-four years, there was only one year in which there were no additions to the church. Enough were converted under his ministry in rural communities to make a good congregation; three hundred and eighty-three were received to the churches under his care.

If he sometimes erred, it was through being impulsive, sanguine and resolute.

He occupied his pulpit until within six weeks of his passing on from life to life. "People ask me if I am reconciled! I have preached more than four hundred funeral sermons, and do you suppose I am afraid? O, glorious hour! O, blest abode!"

THE HILLS AROUND THE FARM

By Le Roy Smart

It was in early youth
  I dwelt back on the old home-farm,
Where hills looked down on me,
  Benign in sweet, relieving calm.

'Twas but a boyish dream
  That bothered me each passing day,
To know I was too small
  To go so very far away.

I'd seen the green-clad hills
  Resplendent with the Autumn's gold,
And I had seen their crests
  Turn white beneath the winter's cold.

Alas! It was to me
As though all things did come and go,
From over and beyond
The friendly hills I used to know.

But then, in early youth,
I was the farthest off from harm,
Before I knew what lay
Beyond the hills around the farm.

LAUGH ON, PROUD WORLD

By George Warren Parker

Laugh on, proud world, with fiendish glee,
Thy cruel stings cannot harm me,
Who conscious am of purpose true
And will not swerve nor halt for you.
Those who today receive thy praise
Tomorrow see thy fickle ways,—
Laugh on, proud world, laugh on!

He who by wealth is not decoyed,
Will not by fame become alloyed,
Seeks not thy paltry gifts, but those
Which virtue and God's will impose,
Will scarcely heed thy siren call
Nor bow his neck to be thy thrall.—
Laugh on, proud world, laugh on!

The verdict of a faultless Judge
Alone he asks; nor does he grudge
Time serving men thy plaudits bought
With loss of honor; no battles fought
For truth and right 'gainst mighty foes,
Thy lordlings, who the good oppose,—
Laugh on, proud world, laugh on.

Full many a prophet, sage, and seer
Have known thy hate, but felt no fear,
For Justice, though with tardy pace,
In time to all gives their right place,
Reverses thy short sighted aims
And blazons bright despiséd names—
Laugh on, proud world, laugh on.

Perchance not now nor here we see
Reward for what we tried to be;
But when all flesh and things shall fail,
The brightness of the spheres grow pale,
We know, beyond the setting sun,
In heaven we'll hear the words "Well done,"—
Laugh on, proud world, laugh on.

"SUN, STAND THOU STILL"

By Fred Myron Colby

The writer of this does not wish to do violence to the convictions of those who favor entirety in the scriptural narrative, nor does he wish to suggest a doubt even of the ability of God to perform the phenomenon. "Is there anything too hard for the Lord?" is a sufficient answer to any of the ten thousand difficulties which puny objectors have in all ages urged against the truth of God in His written word. But the record in Joshua x: 12-15, we believe to be an interpolation, and when we give our reason for it we have little fear but that our conclusions will be sustained by every Biblical student whose belief is tempered with discretion and learning.

There is not a more pleasing and vivid description of a great battle than that contained in the tenth chapter of Joshua, if that part of it from the eleventh to the sixteenth verse is omitted. These four verses mar a record that is otherwise unmatched in the whole body of Scripture for its graphic effect. Nor is the marvelous and the supernatural wanting, evidence of this occurring through the entire narrative. "The Lord cast down great stones from heaven," and "the Lord delivered it into his hand," and "The Lord God of Israel fought for Israel," etc. So it cannot be objected that it is for reason of its supernaturalness that we would expunge the record of the supposed phenomenon.

The careful reader will notice that a portion of these verses are parenthetical, that is, they are quoted from another author, and evidently not inspired. "Is not this written in the book of Jasher?" This simple acknowledgment is not the only evidence of the verses being excerpts from the book mentioned. There is an internal evidence. The book of Jasher is known to have been one of poetry, being a collection of songs upon the heroes of the Hebrew theocracy, and their battles and patriotic deeds. Now if the verses in question are studied carefully it will be seen that they are also poetical, having rhythmical character and cadence. Then, as if to appologize for breaking the thread of history by this extract from an uninspired source, the copyist concludes by an assertion, to give it a show of impressiveness.

We know that it is held that the sacred historians were not astronomers, but would they have recorded that which could never have occurred? Under ordinary circumstances they could not have known that it is the earth that moves, and the sun which is motionless; but if there had been a miracle would not God have instructed them how to have recorded it properly? Since the acceptation of the Copernican system to accept the text in its literal signification can not be thought of, since that which is stationary could not be stopped; the statement regarding the moon is not reaffirmed, and as that body has a real and apparent motion, it would be influenced by laws which would not affect the larger luminary. But if we supposed that the earth stopped in its revolution around the sun, thus giving an apparent halting to the latter orb, then we are to suppose the working of a miracle ten thousand times as vast as the text would imply, for that would involve the cessation of a law that affects a million of planets whose stationary center is the sun, since if one stopped the rest must, as the same law affects all. The matter of God's ability to perform this does not enter into the question. We admit the possibility, but did he?

Again, if such a stupendous phenomenon as the halting of the earth in its daily revolution had really occurred, the chronological calculations of all races would have been affected

"SUN, STAND THOU STILL"

By Prof. Alpen Colby

by it. The event would have been observed by the entire world. We should find notices of it in their books, hieroglyphics and traditions. The scholars of Egypt, the savants of Babylon, the learned Celestial, and the shrewdly observing Hindu would all have made mention of so notable an occurrence. We look in vain for such information. There is no hint of it in any pagan literature. The Greek fable of Phaeton driving the chariot of the sun and throwing all things into disorder is plainly fictitious, and alludes to something very different from the phenomenon mentioned in the Bible.

But more significant than anything else is the fact that there is no subsequent reference, either in the Old or the New Testament, to this celestial miracle. None of the old prophets who are so careful to mention all the instances of faith and the potentiality of prayer, allude to it. In the twenty-eighth chapter of Isaiah allusion is made to the battle of Gibeon, but nothing is said about the sun standing still. Would not so wonderful a phenomenon outlive in prominence the fact of the battle and the victory? Habakkuk speaks of the sun and moon standing still in their habitations, but the whole strain is intensely poetical and possesses no value as a foundation for rigid historical inference. The phraseology, in fact, reads wonderfully like the rich imagery of the same volume of Jasher quoted in Joshua. If he refers to that writer's account he confirms nothing inspired, but merely repeats the sentiment of an ancient heroic song. The Apostle Paul, one of the most learned men of his time, when he touches in the eleventh chapter of Hebrews upon the doughty deeds of the long line of sacred heroes, has nothing to say about this miracle, although the subject strongly invites it when he speaks of the fame of Joshua.

Lastly, let us look at Joshua's geographical position. He had fought the pitched battle of Gibeon, which lay in a west direction from his first encampment at Gilgal, after crossing the Jordan, and only about six miles north of Jerusalem. The routed Canaanites fled through the passes of Bethhoran into the valley of Aijalon, which stretched westward to the Mediterranean. Joshua was pursuing them eagerly, taking advantage of their demoralized condition to pounce upon them before they could form their broken ranks again. Here, if anywhere, he would make his invocation. His military eye would have been full of the situation. But there was no possible need of such a miracle. God was fighting all the time for Israel, and all through this valley down to Azekah, great stones fell upon the enemy, so "that they were more which died with hail stones than they which the children of Israel slew with the sword." Besides, in the face of such a miracle as that, even had there been need, it would have been almost profane to ask for another. We are persuaded the venerable general would not, after such a glorious day, petition for further proof of God's help, and certainly with his eye for utility, he could not have recognized the necessity.

As to verse fifteen, it simply perverts the whole inspired portion of the narrative. If the verse belongs there, it makes what follows inconsistent. Is it not more likely that that is false than that the remainder of the chapter is?

Joshua did not return at once to Gilgal. He had obtained a glorious victory and his forces were pursuing the flying enemy. The five kings had been imprisoned within the cave where they sought refuge, near Makedah, and thither, after the pursuit was over, Israel encamped with their victorious general. Further on in the same chapter, Joshua's campaign is sketched, step by step, and we see that he continually went forward,—backward never. It was not until the whole southern country was subdued that he went back to Gilgal. In many versions this verse is omitted, particularly in the editions of the

Seventy. And this is a very satisfactory disposition of it.

And this is the disposition we would have made of the other verses regarding the miracle. Not because it is a miracle, but because it is uninspired. The passage is the only quotation in the Old Testament. There are allusions to other writers, but not a single word from any of them with this single exception is transcribed into the Biblical record. Many commentators are inclined to interpret the language of these verses as figurative and poetical. That they are so is plainly seen, since Jasher was a book of poems, but they are also uncanonical. We not only believe that the sun and moon did not stand still, or the earth stop in its revolution, but we believe that the verses that assert this should be expunged from the sacred narrative. They break the continuity of the Scriptures, and confuse its history. The book of Joshua would be complete without them, and a stumbling-block would thus be removed which has led to much trouble and disputation.

THE OUTWITTING OF CALEB JUDD

By Mary C. Smith.

The Nail-Keg Club was gathered as usual, around the stove in the village store of Windsor, one October night. It had been named thus by the resentful women whose affairs had been freely commented on there. It had a new member, Cryus Perkins, who had lately moved into the town from North Richmond. He had as yet taken no part in the gossip nor told any stories.

After Horace Stevens went out there arose a discussion as to whether Stevens was making any money on his farm; whether he fed his stock sufficiently, if his wife was saving enough, and as to which of his five children was the smartest.

During a lull in the discussion Cyrus Perkins began in his nasal drawl: "That man Stevens reminds me of Caleb Judd up to North Richmond. Ever hear of him? No. Wa'al, Caleb was jest such a little skinny man as Stevens is, and the contrariest critter that I ever laid eyes on. He would git an idee in his head and you couldn't knock it out with a sledge hammer, and he was always looking after the almighty dollar.

"His wife, Mirandy, was a big, stout woman, and she wasn't a bit afraid of Caleb. They had a darter, Susy, pretty girl, who was jest as bound to have her own way as Caleb was."

"Now, Tom Austin, who was clerking at Bailey's store, was shining up to Susy. Tom was a short, dark-complected feller, poor as a church mouse, but reel spunky. Caleb made up his mind that Susy was going to marry 'Square' Barton, a rich old bach, fat and bald headed, and forty-five if he was a day. He was called a great ketch, but no woman had ever been able to land him. The 'Square did like fast horses and he had several fine roadsters in his stable.

"Now when Caleb met the 'Square' he would somehow bring Susy in, tell what a fine cook she was and that the 'Square' ought to be gitting married.

"One Sunday night, when Tom was seeing Susy home, Caleb was at the gate waiting to see who was Susy's beau. When he saw that it was Tom Austin he started for him with an old broom-stick; then Tom knocked Caleb down. After that it was open war betwixt them. Caleb vowed that Tom would never marry

his darter and Tom vowed he would. Mirandy and Susy were on Tom's side.

"The next Sunday night Caleb himself went to meeting with Susy. What did he do when coming out, but push Susy up agin 'Square' Barton, and say 'There take her home, You two always want to be together.' Then Caleb jogged off home calkilating that the 'Square' and Susy were following, but jest after Caleb got out of sight, Tom Austin stepped up and the 'Square' said 'Tom, you can do this better than I can, but I will walk along ahead so Caleb will think that I came home with Susy.'

"Caleb kept a watch on Susy fearing that she would run away with Tom and git married. Now, this is jest what Tom and Susy with Mirandy's and 'Square'B arton's help were planning to do. Susy was to meet Tom a little way down the road, past Judd's barn, one Tuesday night. Tom had his license, and the 'Square' would let him take one of his fast horses, then Tom and Susy were going to Richard's Landing to git married, as Caleb had forbidden Parson Avery to ever marry his darter to that good-for-nothing scalawag of an Austin.

"Caleb was jest coming out of the soap-house that Tuesday night. He made soft soap and went around peddling it. He saw Susy in a white dress slipping out the gate, then he heard a carriage and suspicioned what was up, then he started to run after her. Now, Caleb had left a big tub of soft soap outside, and, first thing he knew, he slipped and went head first into that. He bellowed and yelled and swore; he scrambled up, fell down, scrambled up only to fall again into the soap. By this time Susy was with Tom in the carriage headed for Richard's Landing. Mirandy came out and led Caleb over to the pump and doused him with water. Caleb was wailing 'You let me be, Susy has run away with Tom Austin.' 'Yes,' Mirandy says, 'They have gone to Richard's Landing to git married, and are half way there by this time. You can't stop them. Serves you right for trying to hinder them."

"Caleb wouldn't speak to Tom or Susy for a long time. The next year was the big panic "73" and "Square" Barton lost all his money, had to sell his horses, but he kept the house. After Jim Bailey took Tom Austin into partnership in the store and put up the sign, "Bailey and Austin" Caleb made up with Susy. Then he claimed that he had always wanted Tom and Susy to marry; that why he set up against them was to make them like each other better."

"Was 'Square' Barton ever married?" asked Fred Smith.

"Wa'al, there comes the curious part of it. After the 'Square' lost his money he went off down Boston way to start in again. There he married a smart young widder, who must have married him for love, as he hadn't any money. The 'Square' was a pretty good sort of man. After a while he brought his wife to North Richmond to live. They had a darter Helen, a schoolma'am, and whom did she marry but Tom and Susy's son Frank. Frank and Helen were schoolmates. They live out in Iowa. Frank is a big man out there. They sent him to Congress last fall.

THE MATADOR

A Memory of Toledo

By Fred Myron Colby

Gay in the shining sun he stands,
With cap of crimson and vest of blue,
And hose and jacket of raven hue;
The tinsel and gilt of Moorish lands
Blazing in all his garments new;
Tall and slender, of stately mien,
A picture of manly grace, I ween,
As ever was in Toledo seen.
Teeth as white as my lady's pearls,
Forehead fair 'neath his clustering curls,
A perfumed knight, yet a chief in war,—
This is our Spanish matador.

In the esplanade of an afternoon
You may see him with jaunty, reckless air.
Ogling the pretty maidens there;
By the light of the crescent moon
He sings his ditties to raven hair
And flashing eyes of Moorish fire;
Playing his amorous serenade
Under the gilded balcony's shade
Of many a pious Castilian maid,
Whose love he fancies he cares to win—
This carpet knight of tinsel and tin—
Winning a smile from Merimée,
A glance from Carmencita gay.

But when he looks a hero true,
The cynosure of a thousand eyes,
Assembled under Castilian skies,
While far away stretch hills of blue,
And dark-eyed beauties heave their sighs
As the sun glares on the hot white sand,
Saint Jago! 'tis a pretty sight.
The galleries gay with gleaming light,
That gracious figure fair and bright;
And, pawing in the shining sand,
The stateliest bull in all the land,
With jetty eyes and rings of snow
Flashing defiance at his foes.

There's a rush, bueno! he's hit!
A plunge, a wrestle, a stifled roar,
The bull lies lifeless in his gore
But, oh, the gruesome sight of it!
Another taurus, ah, yes, two more,
With thundering hoofs to meet his hand.

A feint, a stumble, a broken brand,
Merci! he's down in the crimson sand;
And over him bends a tearful face,
Carmencita's with tender grace.
Ah, never more in love or in war
Will she see her gallant matador.

THE PLAYHOUSE UNDER THE BRIDGE

By Mary Currier Rolofson

The brook was small and sloped away
From a little stretch of sand
On which our feet, sunburned and bare,
Found scanty space to stand;
But overhead was space to spare,
For the brook, a tireless thing,
Had dug a deep and narrow trench
In which to hide and sing.

Two strong high walls our playhouse had,
And two doors, open wide,
A good thick roof was over us
That every storm defied;
And many cupboards in the walls
There were to hold our store
Of broken plates and teacups cracked,
And many treasures more.

The land with milk and honey flowed.
How easy 'twas to make
From sand and pebbles, leaves and grass
A pudding, pie or cake!
And then—delightful task! we washed
Our dishes clean once more,
And hung the dishcloth on a bush
To dry beside the door.

But most exciting were the times
When we could hear a team:
All play was stopped as it approached
The bridge across the stream.
With roar and rumble, on it sped
Right over roof and all,
And we stood huddled half afraid
Our playhouse roof would fall.

Ah! passer-by, with prancing steed,
You ne'er did once surmise
That underneath your horse's feet
Were cupboards full of pies;
Were little barefoot maidens two,
Who clasped each other tight,
And a dinner waiting to be cooked
When you had climbed the height.

SAMUEL HOWARD GERRISH

By John B. Stevens

A recent number of the *Sacramento Union* chronicles the death of Samuel Howard Gerrish, aged seventy-seven years and eight months. To elderly Dover and Somersworth people this announcement will prove of interest. The newspaper says, in part:

"A pioneer in the work of acclimating tropical trees in Sacramento, for thirty-three years secretary of the public library directors, and one of the best known and most popular of the old school railroad men, passed away on the seventh of the current month. Death came in his fine house on G Street, where he had lived since 1866. He was concerned first with the Sacramento Iron Works; passed to the Pacific Railroad Company, and stayed with it when it was taken over by the Southern Pacific.

"During the Civil War Mr. Gerrish was engineer in charge of the United States dry dock in the Mare Island Navy Yard, when among others the *Kearsarge* was docked for repairs after combat with the *Alabama*. He was a Free Mason since 1863 and an Odd Fellow since 1866. In his prime he was also a member of the Californian National Guard. He retired from business in 1894.

"Mr. Gerrish descended from one of the oldest New England families. Surviving him is a widow whose ancestors came to America on the *Mayflower*. There are three daughters and one son also surviving."

One of his Dover schoolmates has this to say:

"Young Gerrish lived on Chapel Street, when I began to know him, in the building next back of the store now occupied by Eugene Smart and son. His widowed mother moved to north side of Washington Street, a little west of Green street. Probably we went to school together in 1842–3, in primary room, north side, on Fayette street, taught by Miss Juliette W. Perkins, but it is certain we were in the secondary room on south side, under Miss Harriet B. Snell, in 1843–4. Then we went to the Landing upper room, under Abram B. Sanders, in 1844–5. Mr. Sanders had a state-wide reputation as a teacher, second only to Mr. Sherman's. Dover teachers ranked high and inquiring visitors came from far and near. In 1846 we were pupils in Sherman's private school on Church street. Then our school ways parted. By this time Mrs. Gerrish had moved to Atkinson street. Later the family occupied a house on part of the City Opera House lot. 'Sam' was placed at Pine Hill School with Mr. Sanders, and I followed Sherman to the Landing."

About 1850 "Sam" went to work for James Furber at Great Falls on the *Thursday Sketcher* or its successor, the *Great Falls Journal*. He boarded with Jacob Sleeper on Main Street. It is remembered that he never let up on the study of the Spanish language, which he began in Dover under Clemente Villavonga, Capt. Andrew Pierce's shipping clerk. While at Great Falls he took lessons in mathematics of a briefless young lawyer. One of his brother directors of the Sacramento public library writes that he accumulated a rare collection of Spanish works and became a recognized authority on the early laws, customs and usages of California. Later he worked in the *Morning Star* office. When eighteen he went to California and saw the land which Bret Harte afterward made famous. In 1860 he ventured again, and settled in Sacramento, never to return.

"Sam" was one of the smart boys of my time, quietly developing, one after the other, resources of which he was not himself aware. He loved to hear from boyhood friends. Success-

SAMUEL HOWARD GERRISH

By Zeke R. Stone

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ful in the land of his adoption, he was never tired of writing about the old days. In his last letter, in March of the present year, he said: "Write about boyhood times. Write of the girls and boys we used to know, if any of them survive. Send pictures of Pine Hill and Landing schoolhouses, and do not forget the old Belknap of Church street, which you say has been moved and turned to ignoble uses. Do not send today's doings. I get that in the newspapers. Tell me what was in your mind when you went where we used to gather walnuts—about the 'Orchard,' the 'Hollow' and 'Log Hill Spring,' the swimming cove. Is the high board fence still in front of the Captain Paul house, and do the frogs still sing in Unitarian pond? Do you recall the outlaw circumstance of changing the gates of Editor Gibbs and Squire Woodman? The gates fitted snugly in their new places and it took time to uncover the deceit. But the language of the army in Flanders was as nothing to their remarks. Are the gooseberry bushes alive in your yard? Such a letter will bring glad tidings to your old friend, who lives far from you, away over the great rivers and Sierra glaciers. I am surrounded by palm, fig and orange and other tropical trees; vines of many kinds, all of my own planting, and I wish you were here to eat of their ripe fruit. But I long to bite into one of Nat Eaton's sour apples; to spread on my cake such sauce as mother made of Deacon Cushing's native grapes; to steal again through Asa Freeman's garden fence and cram myself with his tart currants. There was a secret sweetness in the pears we could not keep from pilfering in George Mathewson's lot, which I do not find on this happy coast."

BIRTHDAY GREETINGS

By Maude Gordon Roby

I'm sending you this card to say
'Tis glad I am of your birthday—
Aye, mighty glad that you were born,
For—so was I, "one happy morn."

And now I wonder what to say.
"You're sweeter than the flowers of May"
Or "fairer than the flowers of June,
When birds and blossoms are a-tune."
But O my Lass, I think you know
I want to say, "*I love you so!*"

NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY

REV. NATHANIEL J. MERRILL.

Rev. Nathaniel J. Merrill, the oldest member of the New England Methodist Episcopal Conference, died at his home in Wilbraham, Mass., August 14, 1912.

He was a native of the town of Lyman in this state, born August 25, 1817, one of ten children of Rev. Joseph A. Merrill who was for twenty-five years a presiding elder, and a brother of Rev. John W. Merrill who was dean of the Methodist Biblical Institute in Concord, prior to its removal to Boston. He studied in that institution from 1841 to 1843, and filled, subsequently, various pastorates in Massachusetts, and was also for some time a member of the faculty of Wesleyan Seminary, at Wilbraham, of which he had been for some time the oldest living graduate.

MARY A. SAFFORD

Mary A. Safford, widow of the late James F. Safford, died at her home in Rochester, October 9, 1912.

Mrs. Safford was a native of Farmington, daughter of Israel and Anne F. (Edgerly) Hayes, born in 1850. She early developed a strong taste for art and became one of the most skillful painters in oil in the state, excelling in landscape painting. She was also an adept in crayon work, and taught large classes in both lines at Rochester long before her removal there from Farmington, a number of years ago.

She was also prominent in club and fraternity circles, was regent of Mary Torr Chapter D. A. R.; had been president of the Rochester Woman's Club and of the State Federation. She was a member of Fraternity Chapter O. E. S. of Farmington, and Past Grand Matron of the Order in the State. She was a member of the Congregational Church at Farmington, and of the W. R. C. of that town.

JOSEPH R. CURTIS

Joseph R. Curtis, a well-known citizen of Portsmouth, born in Belfast, Me., March 10, 1845, died after a long illness, October 3, 1912.

He was a member of the famous First Maine Regiment of the Civil War and was engaged in all the important battles in which it participated, having horses killed under him more than once. He was left for dead on the second Bull Run battle field, when his horse was torn to pieces by a bursting shell, but crawled out of the debris comparatively unharmed, only to be captured by the Confederates; but was released and back with his regiment within sixty days.

After the war Mr. Curtis took up his residence in Portsmouth where he was United States store keeper for a number of years. For six years he was editor of the *Penny Post*—now the *Portsmouth Herald*, was subsequently inspector of customs, and for some years past had been a messenger at the navy yard.

Mr. Curtis was a member and the first commander of Gen. Gilman Marston Command, Union Veterans Union, and was also a member St. Johns' Lodge, No. 1, A. F.&A. M., and Washington Royal Arch Chapter of Portsmouth. He is survived by one daughter, Mrs. Gardner V. Urch of Portsmouth.

BENJAMIN CHASE

Benjamin Chase, born in Auburn, August 18, 1832, died in Derry, September 27, 1912.

He was a son of Benjamin and Hannah (Hall) Chase, his father being the author of Chase's History of Chester. He attended for some time in youth the famous school of Moses A. Cartland in Lee. After coming of age he made one or two sea voyages, and then engaged in mechanical pursuits, for which he had a strong taste, and was employed as a millwright in various manufactories in this state and Massachusetts.

In 1867 he located in Derry and began the manufacture of loom reed ribs, rapidly enlarging his business and adding the manufacture of harness shafts and other factory appliances. In 1907 the business was incorporated as the Benjamin Chase Co., and its plant is said to be the best of its kind in the country. Mr. Chase was possessed of much inventive genius, and devised and perfected much valuable machinery used in his business.

He married in 1875 Harriet D. Fuller of Dunbarton, who died last January leaving one daughter, Mrs. Charles E. Newell.

HUBBARD A. BARTON

Hubbard A. Barton, for twenty-eight years one of the editors of the *New Hampshire Argus & Spectator* at Newport, died at his home in that town September 2, 1912.

Mr. Barton was a native of the town of Croydon, a son of Caleb and Bethiah (Tuck) Barton, born May 12, 1842. He was educated in the public schools and by a private tutor and passed his early life in his native town, where he served seven years as superintending school committee. He removed to Newport and became an associate editor and proprietor of the *Argus and Spectator* with W. W. Prescott, in 1879, succeeding the firm of Carleton & Harvey the next year, Mr. Prescott's place being taken by George B. Wheeler, with whom Mr. Barton was associated until 1907, when on account of failing health, he was obliged to retire from business and the paper was sold to Samuel H. Edes.

Mr. Barton was a lifelong Democrat, an

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active member of the Masonic order, holding the Knight Templar's rank, and a Knight of Pythias. He was a public spirited citizen universally esteemed and respected. He served several years as a trustee of the Richards Free Library. His funeral was under the direction of Mount Vernon Lodge, A. F. & A. M., of Newport.

April 27, 1882, he married Ella L. Wilmouth of Newport, who survives, with one son, Henry W., a student in the University of Chicago.

EDITOR AND PUBLISHER'S NOTES

The trustees of the New Hampshire College of Agriculture and the Mechanic Arts, at Durham, have finally effected the selection of a successor to President William D. Gibbs, who resigned some months since, a final ballot, October 9, resulting in the choice of E. T. Fairchild, Superintendent of Public Instruction for the state of Kansas. Why these gentlemen should have gone to the state of Kansas, for a head of the State College when they had at hand in the person of our own State Superintendent a man whose general qualifications are excelled by those of no other in the country, and whose intimate acquaintance with educational conditions in the state gave him advantage over all others for effective work in the position, is a question which puzzles not a few of our citizens who are not aware how far personal prejudice and corporation hostility goes in shaping the control of public affairs. It is to be hoped that the newly elected president will prove equal to the task assigned him; but it is certainly to be regretted that the one man of unquestioned fitness right here in the state was not called to the place.

Rev. Everett S. Stackpole of Bradford, Mass., who contributes an article on the Settlement at Durham Point to this number of the *Granite Monthly*, the same being the substance of his address at the late annual meeting of the "Piscataqua Pioneers" in Durham, is preparing a history of the town of Durham, with Mr. Lucien Thompson of that town as an associate in the work, the latter, along with Deacon W. S. Meserve, having been collecting material for the same for many years, and having a large amount of valuable matter, historical and genealogical, in hand. Two volumes, one historical and one genealogical, are contemplated, and it is hoped to have the matter ready for the printer in the course of a year at farthest. Any one knowing anything about the old families of Durham is invited to correspond with Dr. Stackpole. Durham is one of the most important of our old colonial towns, and this history will be widely and heartily welcomed.

The fall meeting of the New Hampshire Board of Trade was held in Precinct Hall at Hillsborough, on Tuesday, October 8, upon invitation of the Hillsborough Board of Trade with a good attendance, 85 persons taking dinner at the Valley Inn. There was a short business session before dinner, at which it was voted to hold the next spring meeting at Milford, from which place a delegation of eleven were in attendance at this meeting, and the fall meeting next year at Keene. The hall was well filled at the public session in the afternoon, at which Wm. H. Manahan, Jr., president of the Hillsborough board, delivered an address of welcome, responded to by Judge J. W. Remick of Concord, and addresses were given by Hon. N. J. Bachelder on "The New Hampshire Agricultural Outlook," Hon. R. J. Merrill of Claremont on "The Insurance Department and Its Relation to the Business Interests of the state"; by Prof. George H. Whitcher of Berlin on "The Chamber of Commerce of the United States of America and what it stands for," and "The Proposed Constitutional Amendments" by Hon. E. M. Smith of Peterborough. The addresses were heard with deep interest and embodied much valuable information.

With a third party ticket in the field which introduces the element of doubt into the situation in larger measure than was ever before the case, there seems to be less excitement and less real interest in the political campaign in this state than in any former presidential year; while there is scarcely any thought or attention being given to the dozen proposed amendments to the State Constitution submitted to the people for approval or rejection by the recent convention.

VOL. XLIV, No. 11 NOVEMBER, 1912 New Series, Vol. VII, No. 11

THE GRANITE MONTHLY

A New Hampshire Magazine

Devoted to History, Biography, Literature and State Progress

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Issued by The Granite Monthly Company

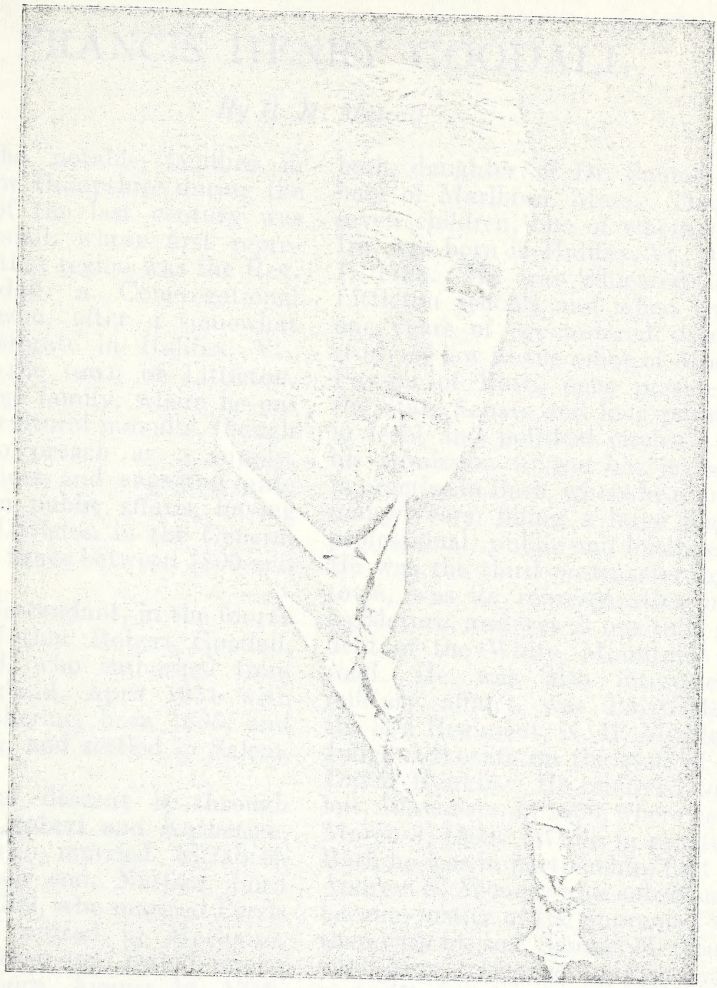
HENRY H. METCALF, Editor and Manager

TERMS: $1.00 per annum, in advance; $1.50 if not paid in advance. Single copies, 15 cents

CONCORD, N. H., 1912

Entered at the post office at Concord as second-class mail matter.

THE GRANITE MONTHLY



FRANCIS HENRY GOODALL

THE GRANITE MONTHLY

VOL. XLIV, NO. 11 NOVEMBER, 1912 NEW SERIES, VOL. 7, NO. 11

FRANCIS HENRY GOODALL

By H. H. Metcalf

Among the notable families in northern New Hampshire during the early part of the last century was that of Goodall, whose first representative in that region was the Rev. David Goodall, a Congregational clergyman, who, after a somewhat extended pastorate in Halifax, Vt., removed to the town of Littleton, with his large family, where he engaged in agricultural pursuits, though contriving to preach as a supply, in various places, and engaging quite extensively in public affairs, having represented Littleton in the General Court twelve times between 1800 and 1815.

He was a descendant, in the fourth generation of that Robert Goodall, born in 1603, who embarked from Ispwich, England, April 1634 with his wife, Katherine, born 1605, and three children, and settled in Salem, Mass.

The line of descent is through John, son of Robert and Katherine, born 1680, who married Elizabeth Witt, and their son, Nathan, born January 10, 1709, who married Persis Whitney and settled in Marlboro, Mass., where their son, David, above named, was born, August 14, 1749. He graduated from Dartmouth College in 1777; was a soldier in the Revolutionary army, serving under General Montgomery in Canada, studied for the ministry and became pastor of the Congregational Church at Halifax, Vt., in 1781, where he continued until nearly the close of the century when he removed to Littleton as before stated. His wife was Elizabeth, daughter of Dr. Samuel Brigham of Marlboro, Mass. They had seven children, one of whom named Ira, was born in Halifax, Vt., August 1, 1788. He was educated in the Littleton schools and when twenty-one years of age entered upon the study of law in the office of Moses C. Payson of Bath, once president of the State Senate and long prominent in legal and political circles. Upon his admission to the bar he settled in practice in Bath, where he remained many years, filling a large place in professional, public and business life. He was the third postmaster of the town, was its representative in the legislature, and was at one time president of the White Mountain Railroad. He was also interested in military affairs, was Paymaster of the 32d Regiment, N. H. Militia and Judge Advocate on the staff of Gen. David Rankin. He removed to Beloit, Wisconsin, in 1856, where he died March 3, 1868. While in practice in Bath he was in partnership, first with Andrew S. Woods, who subsequently became justice of the Supreme Court; then with his son, Samuel H. Goodall, who, later, removed to Portsmouth, and, afterward, with the late Hon. Alonzo P. Carpenter, who also subsequently became an associate and finally Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, and had long been known as one of the alert and most brilliant lawyers at the New Hampshire bar.

Ira Goodall married, May 9, 1812, Hannah C. Hutchins of Bath, a granddaughter of Jeremiah Hutchins, born 1736, who removed, from Haverhill,

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By W. B. McCoy.

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The line of descent is through John, son of Robert and Katherine, born 1636, who married Elizabeth Witt, and their son, Zerubbabel, born January 10, 1709, who married Phebe Whitney and settled in Marlboro, Mass., where their son, David, above named, was born, August 14, 1742. He graduated from Dartmouth College in 1777, was a soldier in the Revolutionary army, serving under General Montgomery in Canada, studied for the ministry and became pastor of the Congregational Church at Halifax, Vt., in 1781, where he continued until nearly the close of the century when he removed to Littleton as before stated. His wife was Eliza-

Mass., to Bath in 1783, where he was also the head of a prominent family, among his descendants being President Harry Burns Hutchins of the University of Michigan. One of his sons, Samuel, born 1769, married Rosann Child, January 1794, and their eldest daughter was Hannah Child Hutchins, above named. Ira and Hannah C. (Hutchins) Goodall had twelve children—seven sons and five daughters. The youngest of their daughters—Julia Rosanna, became the wife of Hon. Alonzo P. Carpenter, and, for many years previous to her death, was known, throughout the state, not merely as the wife of an eminent jurist, but as one of the most earnest workers in New Hampshire along charitable and reform lines. She was the first president of the State Board of Charities and Corrections, and active in the Woman's Christian Temperance Union and other prominent organizations for the promotion of human welfare, and has a worthy successor in her daughter, Lilian Carpenter Streeter, wife of Gen. Frank S. Streeter, the eminent Concord lawyer, who was the first president of the Concord Woman's Club, and of the New Hampshire Federation of Women's Clubs, and is now president of the State Board of Charities and Corrections, giving much of her time and labor to its important work.

The youngest of the family were twin sons—Edward Brigham, now and for a long time past in dental practice in the city of Portsmouth, and Francis H., the last born, a brief mention of whom is the purpose of this sketch.

Francis Henry Goodall was born in Bath, January 10, 1838, received his preliminary education in the public schools of his native town, and fitted for college in the Academy there, then taught by Alonzo P. Carpenter, who was himself a Williams College student at the time, engaging in teaching as a means of meeting his expenses, as was the custom of the ambitious and energetic youth of the day; and in this connection it may properly be remarked that great as he was as a lawyer in after years, Mr. Carpenter was known, by those who enjoyed his close acquaintance, to be one of the best classical scholars of his day.

He entered Dartmouth College and graduated with the Class of 1857, among his classmates being the late Hon. Ira Colby of Claremont, Hon. William J. Forsaith, long a justice of the Municipal Court of Boston, the late Gen. Edward F. Noyes of Ohio, distinguished in the Union service in the Civil War, and later in political life, and that eminent jurist, the late Judge James B. Richardson of Massachusetts who died last year at his summer home in the town of Orford. After leaving college Mr. Goodall entered upon the study of the law in Mr. Carpenter's office in Bath and was admitted to the bar in 1859, locating in Beloit, Wisconsin, where he formed a partnership with Hon. R. H. Mills, then mayor of the city, and commanding a large business. His partnership continued until the outbreak of the Civil War, when Mr. Goodall enlisted April 13, 1861, for three months in a company of students from Beloit College, called the "Beloit Rifles," which was attached to the 2d Wisconsin active militia. He was honorably discharged from this service, and in August, 1862, returned to his native state where he joined a company then being organized, from the towns of Haverhill, Bath and Lisbon, for service in the 11th New Hampshire Regiment. This was Company G, Mr. Goodall being made 1st Sergeant and serving with the regiment until he was totally disabled, and was honorably discharged May 23, 1864. His record as a soldier was highly creditable, and his heroism is fully attested in the fact that he was accorded a medal of honor for taking a badly wounded comrade off the field of battle at Fredericksburg, Va., December 13, 1862, under a heavy fire.

The following testimonial, filed in

his behalf, upon his recommendation for promotion, by Lieut.-Colonel Collins, is indicative of the character of his military service:

To Whom it May Concern: This may certify that while the undersigned was in command of Co. G, 11th N. H. Vols., Francis H. Goodall was First Sergeant of the company, and, from the knowledge then gained of his character and attainments, I most cordially recommend him as honest, industrious, discreet and absolutely reliable. As a soldier he was always ready to act, prompt to obey, attentive to duty and gallant in action.



Mr. Goodall enjoying life in his "back yard"

At the battle of Fredericksburg, both of my lieutenants being absent from sickness, I directed Sergeant Goodall to act as lieutenant, and in that position he fought through that terrible struggle with conspicuous coolness, ability and bravery. As a soldier he always won my warmest approval, and was a prominent example of sober, intelligent, courteous manhood. Always, under all circumstances, he was a perfect gentleman.

[Signed] GEO. E. PINGREE,
Captain Co. G, 11th N. H. Vols.

Soon after his discharge he was tendered an appointment by the Secretary of the Treasury, William Pitt Fessenden, as a first class clerk in the Second Auditor's office, but was unable to accept until September 17, 1864, when he was sworn into the service, and has been on active duty in the same office from that day to the present time. He was first private secretary to the Hon. E. B. French, Second Auditor of the Treasury, who was appointed by President Lincoln in August, 1861, and who served continuously in the same position until his death in 1879. There were only 21 men employed in this office when the war began, but in 1866, 7, 8 and 9 the working force embraced no less than 500 clerks.

Mr. Goodall has been chief of two different divisions, and has held two appointments as disbursing clerk. He has served under nine different Auditors, two of whom were Democrats, and he has succeeded in commanding the esteem, confidence and hearty good will of all, by a uniform, steady, straight-forward course of action, doing his duty, faithfully and honestly, without fear, favor or hope of reward, beyond the regular com-

pensation and the approval of his own conscience.

The Divisions of which he served as Chief were of the Mail and that for the Investigation of Fraud, to the latter of which he was appointed by Secretary John Sherman upon the recommendation of Auditor French. Upon the eve of his own retirement from office, Second Auditor William A. Day, now president of the New York Equitable Life Insurance Company addressed Mr. Goodall as follows:

TREASURY DEPARTMENT
SECOND AUDITOR'S OFFICE
WASHINGTON, D. C., April 12, 1889.

MR. FRANCIS H. GOODALL,
SECOND AUDITOR'S OFFICE.

My Dear Sir:

On the eve of my retirement, as Second Auditor of the Treasury, it affords me pleasure to bear testimony to the fidelity shown in your conscientious performance, during my incumbency of every duty assigned to you while in charge of the Divisions of the Mail and the Investigation of Fraud.

The unblemished integrity and keen perception you have exercised in the watchful management of two of the most important functions of the office, and in the interests of the Government in all matters coming within your observation, has very much lessened the anxieties incident to my position and confirms the important statement of my predecessor (Judge Ferris) in commendation of your valuable qualifications for public office.

Most truly yours,
WM. A. DAY.

Mr. Goodald married August 24, 1865, Ophelia P. Brewer, daughter of Otis Brewer, long editor and proprietor of the old *Boston Cultivator*, whose motto—"Cultivate the Soil and the Mine"—still stands out boldly in the memory of many a then aspiring youth, hoping for literary distinction, some of the productions of whose pens occasionally found place within its columns. They lived together most happily forty-four years, until her decease, three years ago. They had five children, three of whom died young. Two, a son and daughter—Otis B. and Julia R. Goodall—are still living lives of usefulness and success.

Soon after entering upon his departmental work in the government service at Washington, Mr. Goodall established his home on P St., N. W., and, for the last forty years and more, he has been as unfailing and persistent in his efforts to make home life beautiful and attractive as he has to render efficient service to the government in the position which he has so faithfully filled. He is an ardent lover of Nature, and woos her persistently, at all seasons and in all her phases. The cultivation of flowers has been a pleasure and delight for him during all these years, till he has transformed the ground in front of his residence, and his back yard as well, into perfect "bowers of beauty," so that they have become not only a source of delight to the neighborhood, but have become the subject of general admiration and comment.

His achievements in this direction were made the subject of an illustrated article occupying more than half a page in a recent issue of the Washington *Sunday Star*, from which a few paragraphs, showing not only his love of Nature and passion for home adornment, but his desire to make more bright and cheerful the lives of others, by sharing with them the attractions with which his own home life is surrounded, and stimulating in them, not only a purpose to achieve like results, so far as opportunity makes practicable, but also to cultivate the kindly and fraternal spirit which lightens all life's burdens, and transforms the barren plains of daily duty into joyful fields of verdure and beauty, may properly be quoted, as follows:

Leaving untouched no spot of earth where a flower or shrub would be an adornment, Mr. Goodall has developed the premises surrounding his residence into a garden of nature's rarest creations, employing simple and

inexpensive methods that are within the reach of any householder. Since 1871 he has devoted himself to the work of making his home attractive that others might enjoy it as well as himself. In the art of yard decorating he is one of Washington's pioneers.

Although now in his seventy-fifth year, Mr. Goodall is as active as a young man, and never allows a week to go by without taking long tramps along the slopes of the Potomac or banks of the canal in search of some new plant. These trips he has taken regularly in winter and summer for more than thirty years, as a result of which there is to be found a greater variety of wild shrubs on his premises than probably on any other spot in Washington.

He has demonstrated that cost is a small factor in the beautifying of one's home and that any yard, no matter how small, can be made to add greatly to a city's general appearance, if proper effort is made to improve it. He has gone a step farther than those citizens who are engaged in reclaiming unsightly back yards by treating with impartiality the front, back and side yards—the latter amounting practically to an areaway—which surround his house. It would be difficult to determine which part is the more attractive.

In the rear yard is an althea tree which has grown to a height of thirty feet and probably is the tallest specimen of its kind in the city. Here abundant shade is to be found.

The home has been enjoyed not alone by Mr. Goodall and the members of his family. It has been the scene of frequent gatherings of government officials and employes and, in this way, it is believed that many residents of the city have been stimulated with a desire to similarly improve the lawns surrounding their dwellings. Since the death of his wife Mr. Goodall has been assisted in entertaining these informal gatherings by his daughter, Miss Julia R. Goodall.

It is known that Mr. Goodall has under consideration a plan which contemplates the inviting of members of the police and fire departments to inspect the premises. If such a scheme is determined upon and meets with the approval of the District authorities members of the departments who accept the invitation will be given an opportunity to learn some of the practical problems of improving the appearances of front, back and side yards.

The information thus obtained could be widely disseminated, especially by the members of the police department, and would, it is believed, be followed by beneficial results through the beautifying of private premises in many sections of the city.

When seen by a reporter for the Star Mr. Goodall was enjoying the comforts of a hammock, which had been suspended between the back yard fence and the althea tree referred to, and was absorbed in one of Emerson's essays. Incidentally, this hammock has been in his possession for ten years, and he never fails to carry it on his jaunts into the woods.

It may well be a source of inspiration to any young man of our own or any other state, seeking to make his own life useful and helpful, to contemplate the life of this loyal son of the old Granite State, who has never forgotten the land of his birth, and loves its mountains, lakes and forests as fervently as in the days of his youth, as he pursues the daily grind of official duty, mingling therewith as constant contact with nature's loveliness, beautifying his home, making life therein sweet and wholesome, and extending its ennobling influence into the lives of friends, neighbors and associates.

"He who lives truly will see truly," says Emerson, and Francis Henry Goodall, a true lover of that great poet-philosopher, is a living exemplar of the wisdom embodied in the saying.

PISCATAQUA PIONEERS

Anonymous

The rippling waves run low
  On a safe and sandy coast;
From stately woods mild zephyrs blow
  The verdant meads across.

And the mid-day sun beams bright
  The hills and waters o'er,
As a bark of exiles enters a bight
  Of Piscataqua's eastern shore.

Not of their own free wills,
  But exiles, driven by fate,
Far from their native German hills,
  They come to found a state.

Their lot they much deplored
  As o'er the sea they rolled,
Where, tempest-tossed, they wept and roared
  As Aeneas did of old.

Thus ran their wild lament:
  "O for our native home!
Would we had died before we went
  On raging seas to roam."

But now, with hardships past,
  And harbor safe in view,
They crowd ahead, before the mast,
  A glad and merry crew.

They down the gangway glide,
  On shore they dance with glee,
And rove and wander far and wide,
  The goodly land to see.

And when the curfew rang,
  Returned, by evening's calm,
They one and all together sang
  The third and twentieth psalm.

Then Fortune's favors came their way.
  They children's children lived to see.
And their descendants to this day
  Are best of friends to you and me.

And if on them of glory less,
  The Muse of History bestows,
Than on the Pilgrims, still we bless
  The memory of *John Mason's cows.*

PEMBROKE SOLDIERS' MONUMENT

Dedicatory Address, Delivered September 12, 1912

By Harry F. Lake

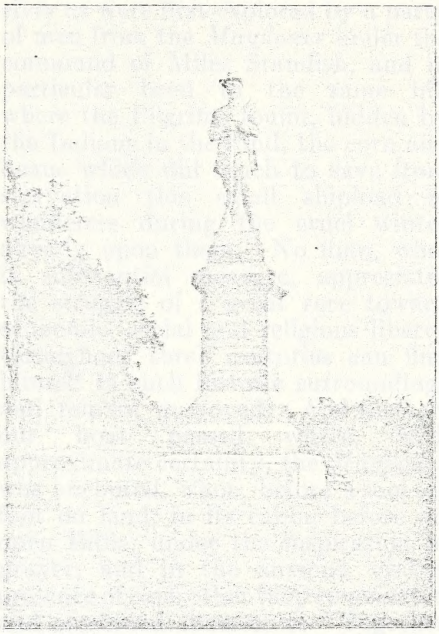
Within the last three months no less than three soldiers' monuments have been dedicated in this state—at Pembroke, Haverhill and Dover. The two former were provided for by popular subscription and public appropriation, and erected in honor of all the soldiers of the Republic from the respective towns, while the latter was the sole gift of Col. Daniel Hall, of Dover, and is erected in memory of the Union Soldiers from that city engaged in the Civil War only.

The Pembroke monument was formally dedicated on Thursday, September 12, the original plan having been for dedication on Labor Day, but a postponement having been rendered necessary on account of the unfavorable weather.

This monument, which was projected several years ago and a foundation therefor provided by Buntin Chapter, D. A. R., of Pembroke, is of granite, of handsome design, surmounted by a lifesized statue of a Union soldier, of the same material, and said to be a likeness of Lieut. Colonel Henry W. Blair of the Fifteenth N. H. Regiment, in the Civil War, subsequently United States Senator and now residing in Washington.

Mr. E. T. Morrison of Pembroke had taken up the project, where it was dropped several years ago, and raised over half the requisite amount of funds by subscription, and at the last annual town meeting the town appropriated the necessary balance, and appointed a Committee, with Mr. Samuel D. Robinson as Chairman to carry out the work.

The Committee contracted with the R. P. Stevens Company of Manchester for the monument, complete, and the work was expeditiously and satisfactorily completed by them, the monument being erected on Wilson Park, Pembroke Street, at the junction of Main Street and Broadway, a commanding site, where it is seen to advantage by all passers by carriages and auto or electrics along the



Soldiers' Monument, Pembroke, N. H.

splendid throughfare leading from Concord to Manchester, via Pembroke Street.

The Pembroke schools were closed, in honor of the occasion, on the day of dedication, and there was a large crowd of people in attendance. Music was rendered by Nevers Band of Concord, and prayer offered by Rev. Thomas W. Harwood, pastor of the Pembroke Congregational church. The presentation address was by Chairman Robinson of the Committee and the service of dedication

was performed by E. E. Sturtevant Post, G. A. R., of Concord, Edward P. Kimball of Pembroke is Commander. The dedicatory or historical address was delivered by Harry F. Lake, Esq., of Concord, of the law firm of Foster and Lake, a native of the town, and was as follows:

Historical Address.

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen:

I remember to have read that in the old heroic days of Greece, Herodotus one day went to the Olympian games. He was soon recognized, and the whole multitude, in glad acclaim, bore him away on their shoulders, crying—"Let us honor the man who has written the history of our country." So gathered here today we say, "Let us honor the men who have had so large a part in the making of our history."

In the market place at Athens, the Greeks walked among the statues of their heroes and their gods, and kept themselves familiar with deeds of patriotism and valor. Thus the real defence of Athens, in a fighting era, was really the market place, where citizens were transformed into patriots and soldiers and heroes. So great, then, is the power of suggestion that we do well, now and then, to recall the achievements of our mighty men, living and dead, and stretch our smaller selves up against their majestic proportions, to catch their spirit, exalt our standard, and ourselves grow to greater measurements. Somebody has said that if you take from Greece a dozen names, you make barren even that classic land, but if you take from history the story of the men whom today we honor, and their kind in this country, then you rob our race of some of the better parts of its record of chivalry, and physical, intellectual and moral courage.

I have recently been where in large part began the more significant history of our country, and, I have from the water, seen the land stretching away farther than the naked eye can reach, which greeted the anxious eye of the Pilgrim in his first journey westward between the two worlds, one long, low sand-dune beyond the other, except where now and then can be seen some more rugged headland of the desolate coast. I saw where first pressed all the feet of this small band of people which left this little ship to make permanent residence in this North land, and as a careless vacationist, I have trodden, and in part explored, the same valleys and the same heights, and been on the same river as were first explored by a party of men from the *Mayflower* under the command of Miles Standish, and in particular been to the same hill where the Pilgrims found, hidden by the Indians in the sand, the corn and beans which did much to save from starvation this small shipload of wanderers during the cruel winter already upon them. No man, who, in substantial measure, appreciates the struggle of a great race toward economic, social and religious liberty throughout three centuries can find himself in such historic surroundings and remain unmoved. And further, our boat passed where, with approximate certainty, the *Mayflower* was anchored, when, before a soul set foot on land, in its cabin, before an open Bible, under the inspiration of prayer, and in the anxious, visible presence of each other they covenanted and combined themselves "Together into a body politic, . . . to enact, constitute and frame such just and equal laws, ordinances, acts, constitutions and offices from time to time, as shall be thought most meet and convenient for the general good of the colony unto which we promise all due submission and obedience."

Let us now, today, honor the men who, throughout the many crises in our country's history, kept true faith with the purposes of that original covenant, and when it became necessary, compelled, by force of arms, due submission and obedience to the greater instrument that superseded

was performed by E. E. Stevens, Post, G. A. R., of Conover, Colonel P. Kimball of Pembroke is Commander. The dedicatory or historical address was delivered by Harry F. Lake, Esq., of Concord, of the law firm of Foster and Lake, a native of the town, and was as follows:

Historical Address.

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen:

I remember to have read that in the old heroic days of Greece, thrice in the one day went to the Olympian games. He was soon recognized, and the whole multitude in glad acclaim bore him away on their shoulders, crying—"Let us honor the man who has written the history of our country." To gathered here today we say, "Let us honor the men who have so large a part in the making of our history."

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I have recently been where in large part began the most significant history of our country, and, I have from the water, upon the land stretch-

that covenant, *i. e.*, the Constitution of the States.

I understand my part in these exercises to be merely to make some suggestions, and state, perhaps, some facts concerning our citizen soldiery, which facts are open, however, to all who have the disposition to seek them out. I love to contemplate the sturdy character of the men who first built homes in my native town, because, to contemplate the character of such men at any time is a wholesome thing. Men they were, built after a simple pattern, getting a livelihood for themselves and family from the rugged land, or the river, the fertility of the one and the abundance from the other, holding out so perpetual and so attractive an invitation, as, set in scenes of natural beauty as alluring as the eye ever rested upon, could not well be resisted by those who sought a lifelong home. Their very contest with the soil made them persistent, perhaps obstinate, but certainly capable of conviction. Religion was to them a vital force. They imbued the purity of our mountain streams and the strength of our granite hills, and into them went the best brain, the best muscle, and the best bone that ever comprised the making of a man. These men were indeed poor and in their humble homes were neither books nor works of art. Instead, however, they knew the story of the lives of the Prophets and the Messiah and always lived under the inspiration of the ever recurring, ever varying glories of the purple sky, at time of sunset, beyond the silver band that the Merrimack makes.

A little more than a century and a half had passed between the sailing of the Pilgrims unto Provincetown Harbor and the dismantling of Fort William and Mary on the Piscataqua in December, 1774, by a band of New Hampshire soldiers under John Sullivan. The first drawing for proprietors' lots in Pembroke was in 1730, and in 1748 the growth had been so slow, though perhaps gradual, that in the whole township there were not in excess of forty families. How thoroughly, however, and how intelligently these settlers had become impregnated with the spirit of liberty, and how independent this hard life had made this community of home builders, less than half a century removed from a mere wilderness, is seen in the almost perfect unanimity with which the citizens of Pembroke subscribed to the so-called "Association Test." In view of the disloyalty which existed to some degree throughout the colonies the Congress in 1776 forwarded to the various Committees of Safety a request that all male inhabitants over twenty-one years of age be made to sign a pledge of loyalty to the cause of Independence. This request was forwarded to the selectmen of Pembroke by M. Weare, chairman of the Committee of Safety. I invite your respectful attention to the language of this pledge:—

"In consequence of the above resolution of the Hon. Continental Congress and to show our determination in joining our American Brethren in defending the Lives, Liberties and Properties of the inhabitants of the United Colonies, We, the subscribers, do hereby solemnly engage and promise that we will, to the utmost of our power, at the risque of our lives and fortunes, with arms oppose the hostile proceedings of the British fleets and armies against the United American Colonies." Let us remember that had the cause failed to which these men pledged their lives and fortunes, it would have subjected every such individual to the penalties of treason, that is, a cruel and ignominious death. In the face of that condition, however, the selectmen returned the pledge to the Honorable Committee of Safety signed by all the male inhabitants over twenty-one years of age, except nine, four of whom, however, we later find bearing valiant arms in the colonists' cause. It is no wonder, then, that since 129 men in Pembroke pledged all for freedom's cause, we should find thirty of them in one company challenging the cold

that covenant, i. e., the Constitution of the States.

I understand any part in these exercises to be merely to make some suggestions, and state, perhaps, some facts concerning our citizen soldiery, which facts are open, however, to all who have the disposition to seek them out. I love to contemplate the sturdy character of the men who first built homes in my native town, because, to contemplate the character of such men at any time is a wholesome thing. Men they were, built after a simple pattern, getting a livelihood for themselves and family from the rugged land, or the river, the fertility of the one and the abundance from the other, yoking out so perpetual and so attractive an invitation, as, set in scenes of natural beauty, as alluring as the eye ever rested upon, could not well be realized by those who sought a lifelong home. They were very content with the soil made them pertinent, perhaps obstinate, but certainly capable of conviction. Religion was to them a vital force. They imbued the purity of our mountain streams and the strength of our granite hills, and into them went the best brain, the best muscle, and the best bone that ever comprised the making of a man. These men were indeed poor and in their humble homes were neither books nor works of art. Instead, however, they knew the story of the lives of the Prophets and the Messiah and always lived under the inspiration of the ever recurring ever varying glories of the purple sky, at time of sunset, beyond the silver band that the Merrimack makes.

A little more than a century and a half had passed between the sailing of the Pilgrims onto Provincetown Harbor and the disembarking of Putnam and Mary on the Piscataqua in December, 1774, by a band of New Hampshire soldiers under John Sullivan. The first drawing for proprietors' lots in Pembroke was in 1730, and in 1918 the growth had been so slow, though perhaps gradual, that in the whole township there were not to

and the snow in service on the northern frontier and in Canada in the year 1776. We feel no surprise that two of Stark's regiment wounded at Bunker Hill were Pembroke men, and that serving with these were seventeen other Pembroke soldiers. Five Pembroke men served with Benedict Arnold while he was still a patriot. Pembroke men were at Crown Point and Ticonderoga, and of men raised to fill up three complete Continental regiments in March, 1777, Pembroke alone furnished 137 men. In the famous regiment of Colonel McClary we find the names of five Pembroke soldiers, and in July, 1777, ten men marched away from Pembroke with others to be with the Northern Continental Army in the repulsion of Baum at Bennington and the capture of the army of Burgoyne at Saratoga. These were followed by five others, who, September 29, 1777, went from Pembroke, marched 160 miles, joined Gates at Saratoga, engaged in battle there, were discharged the day after Burgoyne's surrender and came home again, all within thirty days.

So almost endlessly might mere facts be stated of what Pembroke did to make the great Declaration of Independence a fact of national life; but while time does not permit, I must add that this little town, in which not a permanent residence was made until 1730, is credited with 170 fighting men in the War for Independence. A census taken by call of the Provincial Congress and returned by the Selectmen October 16, 1775, gives Pembroke 744 population. One soldier to less than every five of the population including men, women, and children, negroes and slaves for life! Little wonder then that 129 years after the close of that war, we honor the Pembroke Revolutionary soldier.

In the War of 1812 the town voted to pay all soldiers in active service four dollars per month in addition to what the government paid. Five men engaged in active service during the summer and fall of 1812, and of the company, which in September of the same year went to Portsmouth for garrison duty, there were probably thirty-six Pembroke men of whom five were officers. Of officers and men who served from this town in 1812, the full number seems to be fifty-five. Our population in 1810 was 1153.

Fifty years ago you were engaged in a great war to determine whether this nation, or any nation, so constituted could long endure. This is not the place, nor have we the time, nor I yet the ability, to suggest many of the stirring scenes of that day. But after the issue became as plain as day, human slavery opposed to human liberty, and the coming conflict in arms was recognized to be as inevitable as it was irrepressible, and the first step in open secession had been taken by the firing upon Fort Sumter, and the President had called for volunteers, then the best citizenship of the North became its soldiery, and with a spirit of self-sacrifice and devotion to country such as has only been equalled by the women of Sparta, wives gave up their husbands, mothers gave up their sons, maidens gave up their lovers and with a benediction sent them forth into a four-year night of carnage, blood and death!

The story of what these men did in that war cannot be told. It is suggested to us in the stone monuments and markers on scores of Southern battlefields, in the banners of war, old, torn and frayed, and yet sacred to the memory of men, who died rather than see them in the dust. In a nearer way that story is told by the lives which we see, maimed and broken, by the sleeves forever empty, and in the hopeless mourning of widows and orphans. In a better way that story is told by a reunited country, by a single flag, by the fact that the significance of Mason's and Dixon's line is broken down, and that forever labor shall go no more forth to unrequited toil.

I always find it a distinct struggle

to gain any fair comprehension of the magnitude of this war, though I do know that it called almost two million of the men of the North into active service; that it was carried on simultaneously in fourteen different states; that it cost at times four million dollars per day, and that there were battles fought where there were engaged, including both sides, almost as many men as made up the population of the Granite State of that time, and where on each side as many men were lost as is today the population of our Capital City. I suppose the real magnitude of the war was never so well demonstrated by any single event as by the grand parade in Washington at the close of the war, when, on the 23d and 24th of May, 1865, the armies of Meade and Sherman passed in review before the officers of the Administration. It was not the presence of the great war captains,—Meade, Sherman, Custer, Miles, Howard, Logan, Buell, and Blair,—it was not the splendor of the ordnance and equipment, nor yet the flags and banners of war that made this the mightiest pageant the country ever saw, but rather it was the spectacle of the private soldiers, if you please, who marched for six hours on the one day and for seven on the other, sixty abreast, in cadence steps through the streets of the National Capital. They who saw this parade on those days looked in astonishment, and asked, "has this war then been so great, have we sent so many men to this war, and were they men like these, stern, bronzed, powerful, irresistible?" —for into men of this sort had developed the bright-eyed, fresh-cheeked boys, who but a little while before had left their Northern homes for the rigors of civil strife.

Let us first recall and remember what, expressed in two facts, New Hampshire did in that war. We were not a wealthy state,—a valuation of $130,000,000, but New Hampshire contributed $13,000,000, *i. e.*, one dollar of every ten of its resources to defend the Republic against Southern arms. But, more remarkable, notice this: our population was not more than 325,000, but New Hampshire sent 34,560 men into the field to fight for the preservation of the Union,—*i. e.*, one fighting man out of every ten of its population, including men, women and children.

The first bloody sacrifice of the Civil War was made April 19, 1861, in Baltimore, Md., when two members of the Sixth Massachusetts regiment were killed by a mob. Hard on the heels of this regiment was the second New Hampshire, in which were fourteen Pembroke men.

I am particularly proud to relate the care this town took of the families of soldiers at the front. As early as June 8, 1861, the town voted three dollars of necessary articles to each resident who should enlist or become drafted into service, and a sum not exceeding $20 for his family. By vote of the town September 14, 1861, this aid was increased to a sum not to exceed $12 per month. On August 4, 1862, the sum of $150 was voted to each volunteer for nine months, and the sum of $200 as a bounty to each three-year volunteer. Without suggesting all the various votes of the town, the exigencies of the times became so great that by the vote of August 27, 1864, to each inhabitant of the town, mustered into actual service and answering certain qualifications, was granted a bounty of $700.

The population of Pembroke in 1860 was 1,313 and in April, 1863, the selectmen made an enrollment of all the white male citizens resident in the town between the ages of eighteen and forty-five, not exempt from military duty, and the list includes 179 names. So far as can, with much care be ascertained, there went from Pembroke and were credited to Pembroke in the Civil War, one hundred and fifty-two fighting men. They had their part in the bloodiest battles of the war,—Bull Run, Antietam, Malvern Hill, Chancellorsville, Fredericksburg, Gettysburg, Cold Harbor,

the Mine Explosion, the Battle of the Wilderness, and so on to Petersburg, Richmond, and the end.

The average term of service of our Pembroke soldier was one year, six months, eighteen days; the longest period of service was four years, six months, eighteen days. The average age was twenty-five years, two months and nine days, the youngest being sixteen years, and the oldest forty-four years, of whom there were eight, but, of these one hundred and fifty-two men, fifty-three were not over twenty-one years old. Nineteen men rose from the ranks.

I have said that the average term of service of these soldiers was one year, six months, eighteen days. This is as though one soldier should fight without interruption for over 235 years. This, however, we should remember, includes the services of ten soldiers whose terms of service were ended by death on the field of battle; seven soldiers whose terms of service were ended by dying from wounds received on the field of battle; twelve soldiers whose terms of service were ended by death from disease, and this figure includes the services of twenty-two soldiers whose terms of service were ended because discharged for serious disability. Moreover, thirteen men were wounded on the field of battle and recovered.

If I should ever be asked to suggest the greatest test of the loyalty and moral courage of the soldier of the Civil War, I should take my questioner, in imagination, to Andersonville, Ga., and I would walk with him up and down those soldiers' graves, some 12,000 in number, and we would go to the location of that infamous stockade, where was concentrated suffering as intense and unnecessary as at any spot on all the surface of the earth, and then I would suggest to my questioner that all these men might have gone forth, had they consented to turn their back on the Stars and Stripes and swear allegiance to the flag that the rebel troops loved to follow. But they did not do it and that, I should suggest, was the spirit and mettle of the Northern soldier at his best. Of those who endured this test at Andersonville, there was one Pembroke soldier, who, rather than be disloyal, rotted his life away like a dog. One man also died a prisoner at Salisbury, N. C. Three other men were taken prisoners but were apparently paroled.

Of the soldiers credited to Pembroke there are now but eight living in town. There are, of course, others elsewhere. Altogether there are now living in Pembroke twenty-two soldiers of the Rebellion.

These, then, are some of the facts, sketched in barest outline, concerning the Pembroke soldier.

Many centuries ago, when civilization was in the making, Rome was mistress of the world, through which for two thousand years flowed earth's historic life, even as through it, today, flows the tawny Tiber, furnishing the stage on which consuls and generals and statesmen and emperors played their part, having for an audience an astonished world. In such an age, the Roman people erected statues of their great men along the Appian Way—the great thoroughfare leading from the Eternal City, and they led along this way their armies when they went off to the wars, and when they returned home from conquest. It was a wise proceeding. The armies in this way caught, by the constant suggestions of these mute statues, something of the exalted spirit of Rome's greatest men.

This broad highway leading into our Capital City is our Appian Way, and with this heroic figure and its simple but effective story,—its story of duty done, of sufferings borne, of sacrifices made, all courageously, all intelligently, and always for a cause, a principle,—we may challenge the attention, indeed, the admiration of the world.

To such men, as a tribute to such character, we here and now, in sacred memory dedicate this soldiers' monu-

the Nine Explodes, the Battle of the Wilderness, and so on to Petersburg, Richmond, and the end.

The average term of service of our Peninsula soldier was one year, six months, eighteen days; the longest period of service was four years, six months, eighteen days. The average age was twenty-five years, two months and nine days, the youngest being sixteen years, and the oldest forty-four years, of whom there were eight, but, of these one hundred and fifty-two men, fifty-three were not over twenty-one years old. Nineteen men rose from the ranks.

I have said that the average term of service of these soldiers was one year, six months, eighteen days. This is as though one soldier should fight without interruption for over 258 years. This, however, we should remember, includes the services of ten soldiers whose terms of service were ended by death on the field of battle; seven soldiers whose terms of service were ended by dying from wounds received on the field of battle; twelve soldiers whose terms of service were ended by severe injuries, and this figure includes the services of twenty-two soldiers whose terms of service were ended because disabled for serious disability. Moreover, thirteen men were wounded on the field of battle and recovered.

If I should ever be asked to suggest the greatest test of the loyalty and moral courage of the soldier of the Civil War, I should take my pleasure in introducing to Andersonville, Ga., and I would walk with him up and down those soldiers' graves, some 12,000 in number, and we would go to the location of that infamous stockade, where was concentrated suffering as intense and unnecessary as at any spot on all the surface of the earth, and then I would suggest to my questioner that all these men might have gone North had they consented to turn their backs on the flags and stripes and sever allegiance to the flag that the rebel troops loved to follow. But they did

ment; but the only fair purpose of such a deed, will have far failed unless it helps us, even as they did, whom it honors, to look from the fields of gold, above and beyond to the snowy heights of honor.

The investigation and recital of these facts as to our Pembroke soldier has made me very proud of my native town. You are citizens of no mean city.

And when I think of all these men, summoned from the shop, the farm, the school, hardly arrived at manhood's first estate, responding to every call to duty, whether it be the sentry's lonely vigil through the anxious night, or the charge by day to almost certain death, making the long marches footsore and with scanty rations, dying by inches on battle-fields and in hospitals, rotting to death in Southern prisons, going down to their graves, known or unknown in a strange land, doing it all, not for pay, but because held to their course by a stern New England conscience that a race might be free and a nation live, then, I say, that a community productive of such men, and creative of such character, should not fail to receive the honor and gratitude of mankind.

BELKNAP MOUNTAINS

By Carrie E. Moore

The mistiness of heaven's blue
Falls on these mounts, upturned to God.
The morning's brightness, noonday's sun,
The moonlight's shadows, all accord

To make them fair and beautiful
For human eyes to look upon.

The spring's soft radiance, summer's heat,
The color artist of the fall,
These vie with winter, in attempt
To crown them with their beauties all.

Oh! nature's gifts to man are vast
To those whose eyes are taught to see.

And if it is the morning's light
We view upon the mountains blue,
There cannot be a fairer sight,
For each one seems created new.

For morning's light is light of love
Which beautifies where-e'er it falls.

And if it is the noonday's sun
Upon these mountain tops we see,
Each white face of the rocks will seem
Upturned to greet, while shadows flee.

ment; but the only fair purpose of such a deed, will leave for fated males it helps us, even as they did, whom it honors, to look from the fields of gold, above and beyond to the snowy heights of honor.

The investigation and recital of these facts as to our Confederate soldier has made me very proud of my native town. You are citizens of tomorrow.

And when I think of all these men, summoned from the shop, the farm, the school, hastily arrived at tremendous fact, rebels, responding to every call to duty, whether it be the county's lonely vigil through the

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BELKNAP MOUNTAINS

By Grace E. Mace

The whiteness of heaven's blue
Falls on these peaks, mirrored in God
The morning's brightness, yesterday's sun,
The moonlight's splendors, all spread

To make them fair and beautiful
For human eyes to look upon.

The spring's soft radiance, summer's heat,
The color artist of the fall,
These vie with nature, in attempt
To crown them with their beauties all.

Oh! nature's gifts to man are vast
To those whose eyes are fondest to see

And if it is the morning's light
We view upon the mountains blue,
They reflect to a fairer sight,
For each one seems created new,

For morning's light is light of love
Which beautifies wherever it falls.

And if it is the evening's sun
Upon these peaceful hyperions,
Each white face of the rocks will seem
Uplifted to greet, while shadows flee

For noonday's light is light of strength,
And strength endures from age to age.
And when the moon's still radiant light
Comes down on each uplifted brow
With lines and curves of magic grace,
Our hearts in adoration bow.

For evening's light is light of peace,
Which comes to man and comes to bless.

AKIN TO BOTH

By Frank Monroe Beverly

Just fresh from the land where the white Shamrock grows,
Pat enter'd a crowded car,
But ne'er disconcerted, the son of Old Erin
Would brook not the prospect a bar.

One seat held an Englishman, haughty and proud,
Who'd turn up his nose to "greet" Pat;
The next held the dog of the choleric old blade,
Who said to himself, "W'at's 'e hat?"

For Pat had removed the canine from the seat—
Begorra, he'd take what he could;
The brute shouldn't sit while himself had to stand—
To stand like a tree in the wood.

The Englishman grew he all crimson of face,
And turned then his neck quite awry;
But ne'er disconcerted, the son of Old Erin
Glanced he at the dog, with one eye.

"Begorra!" said Pat, "what a foine pup is he!
And what is his breed?—Oi'm O'Toole."
The Englishman turned with a satisfied air,
"W'y, yes, sir, 'e's Hirish hand fool."

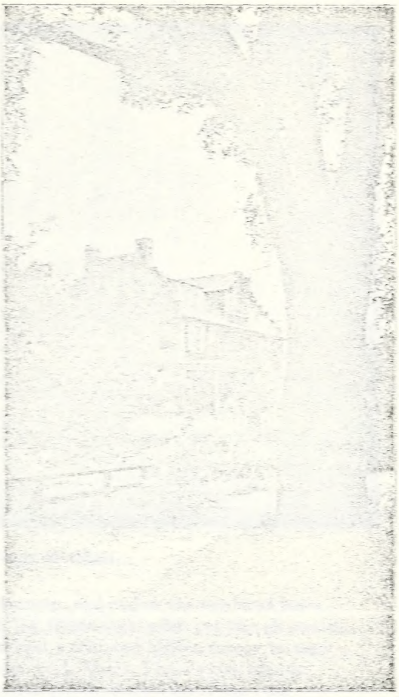
But ne'er disconcerted, the son of Old Erin
Spake loud with an Irishman's oath,
"Bedad, sor, the spalpeen's a sorry poor brute—
He must be akin to us both."

OLD CONCORD AND MONADNOCK

By F. B. Sanborn

It is perhaps known, but not always remembered, that of the twenty or thirty Concords in the United States, the very first one was what its residents have fondly called "Old Concord," ever since 1775, when other States began to name towns for the scene of "the first organized resistance to British aggression." This town on its river of the same name, was so called (by tradition) in honor of the harmony and peace in which the stolid Indians received the pious Puritans from Bedford and Kent, who in 1635 came to plant farms by a stream as slow as the Ouse, that ran, or rather loitered, by the prison in which Bunyan, a few years later, dreamed out his immortal romance of a Christian life. This concord between the red men and the white lasted, unbroken, for some forty years, but was shattered by the plot of King Philip; yet in that interval the village got its name established, and the good old Parson Bulkeley, who gave it, had gone to his grave,—exactly where, no descendant knows, although the small God's Acre near the old garrison house (still a good habitable dwelling) is known to hold his remains somewhere in its literal acre. His parsonage house long since fell to ruin; but several houses, built before Peter Bulkeley died in 1659, are, like this enlarged garrison house, known to date between 1650 and 1660.

Among them is the house where Louisa Alcott wrote her "Little Women" and several of her later books; and where her father, Bronson Alcott, composed several of the volumes that he published between 1858, when he first occupied this house, and October, 1877, when the family left it for the more conveniently situated Thoreau-Alcott house, near the Fitchburg railroad station and the line of the electric cars, which will carry the tourist to Cambridge and Boston—or, in the other direction, to Marlboro, Worcester, and farther, if you like. This Orchard House was so named for the fine old orchard, a century's growth, which stood around it in 1857, when the Alcotts came down from their brief residence in the New Hampshire Walpole on the Connecticut; and bought



Last Residence of the Poet, Channing

what had been for a hundred years the abode of Senator Hoar's ancestors before the Revolution; while the Alcott family were settled in Connecticut, and intermarrying with Trumbulls and Bronsons.

Mr. Alcott had a dozen years earlier owned and remodeled the "Wayside" house, which Hawthorne bought in 1852, with thirty acres of land, for $1,500; but had returned to Boston for a few years, while his

elder daughters were beginning to make their way in the little world of Boston and its suburbs; and their father was holding those Conversations in Boston, which for a few years were a feature of life in that city, as Margaret Fuller's conversations had been, some years before that. But in 1846 Margaret had gone to England, France and Italy, never to return alive; and her pleasing sister Ellen, had married Ellery Channing, and come to make a home in Concord for more than ten years. Her husband, who long survived her (dying in 1901)



The Pearly Everlasting, Near Walden

continued to live mostly in Concord; and, like Emerson and Thoreau, to describe or suggest its picturesque scenery in verse. Two blank-verse poems of his, "Near Home" in 1858, and "The Wanderer" in 1872, contained such Wordsworthian passages as the following, as well as portraits in verse of his friends, Alcott, Emerson, Thoreau, and some younger associates:

Fisherman by the Musketaquid

Here, thing eternal, day begins not, ends not,
And the night stealing but half-ushered in
Steeps in the trembling wave her pillowed stars.
Here but the solitary fisher comes,—
More like a weedy tuft than living man,—
And, half-concealed along the green copse-side,
Or on the shore, unmoving, calmly spread,
Mimics the maple stump and core of soil.
Strange fisherman! whose highest aim but soars
(With watery shoe unconscious of a leak)
To whirl the pickerel on the grassy bank!
But while our fisher dreams,—or greasy gunner,
Lank, with ebon locks, shies o'er the fences,
And down can crack the birds,—game-law forgot,—
And still upon the outskirts of the town
A tawny tribe denudes the cranberry-bed,—
Wild life remains; we still can sign that Time
Is not all sold, like grains to the forestaller;
But still that we, even as the Indian did,
Clasp palm to Nature's palm, and pressure close
Deal with the infinite.

September Flowers.

O why so soon? most princely Golden-rod,
So soon appear? Why, yesterday, all Summer!
But now,—thy nodding plumes convert our hopes
To Autumn, and endow the verdured lanes
With thy thrice-royal gold: yet like all wealth,
Thou hast a cold and hidden sorrow in thee.
Ye too, meek Asters, Violet's late friends,
Pale, tranquil constellations of the Fall,
That mark a decadence,—why do ye strew
Your fair amenities along the paths
Of these continuous woodlands? come so soon,
Ere half the flush of Summer's rosy hours
Had lit the faces of the August hills,
Decked the broad meadows with their base of grass,
Forced Indian corn to flint,—or ere the brood
Of the first April birds had changed their dress.

These lines, like his comrade Thoreau's prose, show that most intimate familiarity with Nature which is the distinguishing mark of the Concord school. They are from "Near Home"; but "The Wanderer" introduces Monadnock, to which Channing

and Thoreau, following Emerson's example, often went,—and I sometimes with Channing,—having learned to admire the mountain from its Peterborough side.

Life on Monadnock by Day and Night.

At morn and eve, at rise and hush of day,
I heard the wood-thrush sing on the white spruce,
In this sweet solitude, the Mountain's life;
Its living water, its enchanted air,
So mingling in their crystal clearness fresh,
A sweet peculiar grace from both,—her song,
Voice of the lovely Mountain's favorite tree!

In this upraised seclusion from the race,
Then search we out the mazy village roads,

I with Channing, sitting by our low but in the warm days of late September, 1869.

With this power of poetic or humorous description intermingles in both these poems a strain of ideal thought, characteristic of most of the Concord school of authors. Thus, in a conversation on Love (a favorite theme of these authors), Channing, on Monadnock, replying to a demoiselle says,—

In this ideal love I see the life
Of some confiding soul, destined to soar
Beyond the vain realities of earth,
Worshipping forever a superior soul.



Conantum, with Monadnock in the Distance

Stealing from town to town,—a sweet response
Greeting our hearts where human feet have trod.
Poised in my airy pinnacle, I paint
(The darting swallow whirring swiftly by)
The zigzag coil of alders, a black thread
In serpentine progression of the stream
That plays its echoing flute-notes all the year.
Then village spire, and gleams of pine-clad lake,
And rippling river, playful in the sun;
A glance of human sunshine on the shore
Where Labor pulsates.
All these signs and more
That Earth from *this* divorce,—O far apart,
What time the dying orb, behind the range,
Gilds the Sierra; and on this the night,
Thrown from his Alpine shoulder, fills our souls.

Here are Jaffrey and Fitzwilliam, and the peak at sunset forcibly pictured, as he had seen them with Thoreau and with Bessie Green,—and

Shall not that star to which I distant tend,
Pure in its crystalline seclusion set,—
Shall not that being,—ever to my thought
Utterly sacred,—some small grace impart?
Raise my dejected fortunes sunk so low?
I still forever feel the saint I love,
Never by me to be approached more near,
A distant vision lighting up my soul,—
Like Helen to her lover on the heights,
Or Beatrice shining through the cloud.

The distant view of Monadnock seen from the foreground tree in this picture, on the western slope of the broad pastures of Conantum, was a favorite spectacle for all these authors except Hawthorne; who had more care for human nature than for scenery. In these pastures, as everywhere in Old Concord, grows the "Pearly

Everlasting," as in the next cut, where it was skillfully photographed in August by a disciple of Thoreau from Allentown, Pa., Mr. C. T. Ramsay; whose care in posing his perpetual sitter, Dame Nature, is equal to that of Mr. Herbert Gleason, whose numerous photographs of the haunts of Thoreau, are otherwise the best yet made. The place in this view is what Mr. Ramsay calls "the immortal shore of Lake Walden,"—showing the bowlders on its gravelly bank, amid which the white flowers grow, but no glimpse of the green water at its foot. Neither is the water of the Concord River seen, stealing slowly through the Great Meadows and around Ball's Hill; where a naturalist, Mr. William Brewster, has bought 150 acres of woodland along the dark stream, for the main object of allowing his favorite birds there to nest and avoid the gunner just mentioned, who "cracks down" the poor warblers, either for sport or for the market. In this Birds' Paradise, he has long had a bungalow, which Mr. Ramsay approached, as he says, "through the aromatic sweet Pepperbush," and faithfully copied the blossoms with their background of pines and birches.

Retracing upward the course of this river, some halfway from Ball's Hill to Conantum; and very near where Henry Thoreau and his brother John set out, in their home-made boat, for New Concord and the White Mountains in August, 1839, on that memorable voyage down the Concord and up the Merrimack rivers; Mr. Ramsay came to the last home of Ellery Channing; where for ten years, sitting by his west window in the second story, he watched the sunset, as he had watched it from the plateau of Monadnock. There, too, he surveyed the stream on which he had sailed or floated so many hundred miles with Thoreau or with Hawthorne, in that same home-made boat which passed from Thoreau to Hawthorne in 1843, and from Hawthorne to Channing in 1845.



Along the Concord River, near Brewster's Bungalow

This was the sixth house in which Channing had lived in Concord, since that day in April, 1843, when he came with his bride to the little red cottage on the Cambridge Turnpike, some thirty rods below Emerson's house and garden. From there he moved to an old house on what is now Massachu-

setts Avenue (destined to run from Boston to the New Hampshire border in Townsend); thence to his "small cottage on the lonely hill" Ponkatassett,—from which he set out for Italy late in 1845; drawing his sea-trunk on a handsled to the railroad station, and calling at the Old Manse on his way, to bid farewell to the learned Mrs. Ripley, then residing there in lieu of of the Hawthornes, with her husband and children. Channing's next remove was to an old ante-Revolutionary house on the main street, where I took lodgings with him in 1855, opposite the then home of Henry Thoreau, with whom I daily dined, and Channing frequently walked.

Years passed, as years always will; Thoreau died in 1862, and Channing sold his house and acre of garden, and the boat-landing for Thoreau under his willows; and in 1866 bought the large building of the Concord Academy, where the two Thoreau brothers had once taught a private school, but which had been made into a dwelling of two tenements. In the westward one of these Channing lived for twenty-five years, leasing the other to forlorn widows at a very small rent. There my wife and I found him, amid his 4,000 books and 2,000 engravings and paintings, ill and infirm, and the forlorn widows too infirm themselves to care for him.

He consented to come to our roomy house, then ten years old, to be nursed and cared for, in September, 1891; and there he remained till his death at Christmas, 1901; writing occasional verses almost up to his last Thanksgiving day, some of which I included in his "Poems of Sixty-Five Years," printed by two Philadelphia admirers of his verses, a few months after his death.

Old Concord has long since become a Mecca for pilgrimages from all parts of the world to the haunts and graves of its authors. Since the Orchard House was opened in May, 1912, 6,000 persons visited its memorials of the Alcott family in its first six months,—at the rate of a thousand a month. They will continue to come, more or less, through the winter and spring, and probably the number will not be less than 10,000 a year in any coming year of this decade.

Louisa Alcott is now by far the most widely read, in English, of all the Concord authors, and even in translations in French and German she must surpass any individual philosopher or poet of her town. In 1890 I found a good modern Greek version of one of her stories for sale in Athens, and carried it the next summer to her niece and namesake, Louisa Nieriker, in Zurich, who is now Mrs. Razim of Vienna. The Orchard House is now the property of the Concord Women's Club, who have restored it and will keep it open for visitors the year round. The Hillside Chapel, where for ten years the School of Philosophy held sessions, is still the property of Mrs. Lothrop (Margaret Sidney) and is removed to her own estate, a few rods northeast of the Orchard House.

A BENEDICTION

By Moses Gage Shirley

God give you peace, God give you rest
And noble thoughts within your breast,
And for His mercies, where you go
Each day, some act of kindness show.

A BENEDICTION

By Alice Cary (Mrs. Alley)

God give you peace, God give you rest
And noble thoughts within your breast,
And for His mercies, when you
Each day, some act of kind love show.

ONLY A LOCK OF SILVER GREY

By L. J. H. Frost

Only a lock of silver-grey hair,
  Carefully folded and lying there.
Once it adorned the beautiful brow
  Of one who is peacefully sleeping now.

Long, long ago we laid her to rest,
  With sweet flowers scattered over her breast;—
Under the willows a grave was made,
  Into it gently our treasure we laid.

Only a lock of silver-grey hair,
  From the wrinkled brow that once was so fair;—
From the brow of one whose worth was ne'er told,
  Whose loving heart could never grow old.

Oh, that silver lock doth volumes tell,
  Of the mother dear whom we loved so well;
May we meet her again by the crystal sea,
  Where souls from all grief are evermore free.

TIME'S QUESTION

By Frances M. Pray

Another day is drawing to its close.
Is it with joyous, tired feet we tread
  And pass the threshold o'er
  That leads us to the dark of night once more,
The unknown dark, and a well-earned repose?

Another year is coming to its end.
Have we each care and duty squarely met,
  That when we backward look
  And see their record, as within a book,
Say truthfully, "I tried my part to lend."

Some day our life here on the earth will cease.
Can we, clear-eyed, look toward the unknown goal,
  Nor care if through the gate
  That leads us there, our feet step soon or late,
Our footsteps firm, our hearts in quiet peace?

Bristol, N. H.

AN AUTUMN RAMBLE

Among the Granite Hills of New Hampshire and by the Lakes of Maine

By Francis H. Goodall

In August, 1854, we had the rare pleasure of a tramp from Littleton, N. H., through Bethlehem to the Crawford Notch, and then over the old Crawford Bridle Path and Presidential Range to the top of Mount Washington (6293 feet); stayed there over night, and in coming down the trail the next morning we had the good fortune to witness a thunder storm raging below us in the great ravines, with lightning and rain, while we were suspended in the atmosphere, as it were, above it, where it was cold and clear with a high wind. It certainly was a grand sight, which could not be forgotten.

At that time the Millerites had arranged to have the world come to an end, having on their white robes as we passed through Bethlehem, and we were urged to give up our intended stroll to Mount Washington, and to go higher to the celestial regions with the white-robed throng. We politely informed them that we would see them when we returned two or three days later, which we did, much to their chagrin.

In September, 1912, we decided to renew our youth and to revisit our old home in northern New Hampshire. The house was built in 1816, when the workmen had to stop laying the brick in July, as it was so cold the mortar wouldn't set; and it is said there were frosts every month of that year, so that the crops did not mature, and people suffered great hardships.

We took the Federal Express from Washington, D. C., for Boston at 5.35 p. m. and reached our destination the next afternoon at 2.50 o'clock. The next day a friend loaned us his Pope's auto, and we took a ninety mile ride to Lisbon, Sugar Hill, Franconia, Echo Lake, the Old Man of the Mountain, the Flume through Bretton Woods to Crawford Notch, passing the beautiful Wild Ammonoosuc Falls, and back via Bethlehem, Littleton, Lisbon and Bath. We found this a much more expeditious means of transit than our foot tramp of 1854, the most surprising part being the way the auto took the hills without losing speed.

After taking several more trips we left Bath, N. H., and passed down through the Wild Crawford Notch by the site of the old Willey House, destroyed in 1828, to Bartlett, Intervale, Mount Kiarsarge, the beautiful Conway meadows along the Saco River, to Lake Sebago and the Dyke Mountain Farm in the town of Sebago, Me., which rests on a spur of the Saddleback Mountain, 1100 feet above sea level. Here you will find most beautiful scenery, walks and drives, with numerous lakes and ponds, good fishing and all kinds of berries and a very good table. There are people there from Portland, Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and Washington, D. C.

One nice excursion is via a little steamer through Lake Sebago, fourteen miles, to the Songo River and Long Lake, fifteen miles more; then to Bridgton by coach to the narrow gauge railroad and back to starting point—all for $2.15, an all day trip. On the lake excursion, we passed Frye's Island, where old Captain Frye is said to have leaped ninety feet from a rocky cliff to escape from the Indians, and then swam the channel to an island, where he remained the rest of his days. Other excursions to Hiram Falls, Mount Pleasant and Peabody Lake are very delightful.

We lived in a tent like the old patriarchs and found it very exhilarating; except one night when we had a hard storm, with a high wind, when

things got to be quite exciting. We dressed, lighted our lantern, and got all ready to vacate, if necessary; but our canvas house remained true and steadfast, like a good "standpatter."

To celebrate a special event in our early life, we started September 16, by rail for the top of Mount Washington; stayed at Bartlett over night, and at 10 o'clock next morning we were on our way to the top of Mount Washington with two hundred thirty others. The day was charming. We were out on the front platform, where we had an unobstructed view of the whole route. When we reached the Half-Way House, we saw long icicles hanging from the water tanks, and when we reached the top of the mountain, the wind was blowing just an ordinary breeze of thirty miles an hour. It was a fine clear day and the autumn foliage was very gorgeous.

It is hardly possible in a brief article like this to enumerate all that can be seen on this trip. Very soon after leaving Fabyan the whole Presidential Range comes into sight. The road from Fabyan to the base of the mountain runs near the banks of the Ammonoosuc River and ascends a steep grade.

After taking the Mount Washington train at the Base, for a time the ascent is through the thick woods. As the train proceeds, the character of the forests and vegetation changes and only the hardier varieties of trees are seen. These gradually disappear until finally a point is reached where but little, if any, vegetation is found. The view of the surrounding country, at first limited by the trees and neighboring mountains and hills, becomes more and more extended until finally at the Summit the traveler finds himself higher even than the clouds, and overlooking hundreds of mountains, hills, lakes and streams.

You may trace the lines of the railroads in the valleys, and the slowly moving line of smoke will disclose the localities of trains.

A short distance from the Summit is the Lake of the Clouds, quite a body of water, and in which the Ammonoosuc River has its source.

Tuckerman's Ravine can be seen from a point a short distance from the Summit, and in this deep ravine is left each year an arch formed of snow and which remains until sufficiently melted to fall, this generally occurring late in the summer.

From the Summit you may look across New Hampshire and Vermont to the Adirondack Mountains in New York; to Owl's Head at Lake Memphremagog in Vermont and Canada; Killington Peaks, Mount Mansfield, Camel's Hump, Jay Peaks, of the Green Mountains in Vermont; Mount Monadnock near the Massachusetts line; Mount Beloeil in Canada.

You may see the Atlantic Ocean, and the seacoast cities of Portland in Maine, and Portsmouth in New Hampshire.

Seventy-four sheets of water can be seen, and among them Sebago Lake, in Maine; Umbagog Lake, on the line between Maine and New Hampshire and Lake Winnipesaukee, in New Hampshire; the Connecticut, Ammonoosuc, Androscoggin and Saco Rivers.

You may bee the Fabyan, Mount Pleasant, the Mount Washington and Maplewood Houses; the villages of Bethlehem, Jefferson, Twin Mountain, Lancaster, Whitefield, Littleton, Sugar Hill, Franconia, North Conway and Intervale, and the cities of Laconia and Berlin.

The brakeman informed us that forty deer herded last year near the Half-Way House, and a five hundred pound bear was shot in Bretton Woods recently. We stayed over night at the foot of Mount Washington. Next morning at 8 o'clock we started on our tramp through Crawford Notch to Bartlett, a distance of nineteen and one-half miles, where we found the wildest kind of scenery all shut in by great mountains, wild ravines and beautiful streams. We lunched on the site of the old Willey House, where we found a fine spring and some beautiful blue harebells.

We arrived at Bartlett at 6 p. m., stayed there over night and continued our tramp to Jackson the next day, passing the famed Goodrich Falls on route. At Jackson we saw many beautiful summer residences with fine hedges of Cherokee roses, also hedges of barberry intertwined with woodbine. Two of the largest and most attractive places were General Wentworth's and Oliver Ditson Jr.'s. The Jackson Falls tumbling over the rocks for more than a quarter of a mile lent an added charm to the place. There are many good hotels and boarding houses there, as it is one of the most celebrated places for fine scenery and a central point for many day excursions.

We then continued our stroll to Intervale on the Saco River, where we had one of the best views of Kiarsarge Mountain with the house on the top of its conical peak. We then took the train back to the Dyke Mountain Farm well satisfied with our wild tramp, feeling, as Goethe has so well said:

"Far, high, splendid the view,
Around into life!
From mountain to mountain
Soars the eternal spirit,
Presaging endless life."

A REQUIEM FOR A DOG—DON

Killed by a Speeding Automobile

By Clark B. Cochrane

Where loving hands have made thy grave
Sweet be thy slumber and thy sleep;
Above thee let the wild flowers wave
And soft the tender raindrops weep.

In tears I bid a long adieu,
Dear comrade of my lonely days;
Thine was the whitest soul I knew
Along life's common beaten ways.

And you were more to me than men
Who in the limelight pray for grace,
But stab in secret, and again
Walk heavenward with averted face.

Men waver, falter, cheat and lie,
But thou did'st never fail a friend;
Men fail when fortune passes by
But you were faithful to the end.

Wise Pagans did of old predict
Our dogs to Heaven would follow us,
And Jesus loved the dogs that licked
The bleeding sores of Lazarus.

If love is God then love will live,
If God is love it cannot die,
But, passing on, will wait to give
Itself again with joyous cry,

When we, who on life's drifting sand
Wait calmly for the final pause,
Shall reach the unencumbered land
Where all love is that ever was.

O friends beyond! Advanced, not lost,
With joy enlarging more and more;
And one, because he loved me most,
Will greet me first on that glad shore.

Still, something would our pleasure mar,
A sense of justice unfulfilled,
Else we beheld from that fair star
The star where heedless fools are grilled!

Where Satan guards the realm of Fate
And sets his fearful grids a-row
We might complacent view his state
Who struck for thee the fatal blow.

Aye, where the slow years ceaseless roll,
And time no respite hath of night
Nor day for a beleaugered soul
To mark the stages of its flight!

Beyond the reach of Christ's dear grace
Cries for the beggar's touch were vain;
No dog could cross that awful space
To lap the twinges of his pain.

TRUE

By Stewart Everett Rowe

As through this world I wend my winding way,
And many different people chance to meet,
I look at them as we each other greet
And try to guess just what their features say.
I see the faces and the lines that play
Across their surface and they tell me true
Just what that person through his life may do
And how he'll be remembered when he's clay.

Not long ago I met you, and your face
Tells me for sure that you are good and true:
I know where'er you are you'll fill your place
And that you'll always strive the right to do.
I feel that when death comes to end life's race
With God you'll surely dwell beyond the blue.

SOME NEW HAMPSHIRE DUSTONS

By Edwin M. Currier

Many of the puzzles encountered by the genealogist, or local historian, arise from the duplication of Christian names with a given surname; and thus occasion many errors in our printed family histories. A noteworthy case in point occurs in the histories of Francestown and Claremont. Six individuals of the name of Duston settled in these towns and in Weare, namely: Paul, William, Eliphalet, Zacheus, Thomas and Timothy, the last two being twins, and all said to be sons of a Timothy Duston.

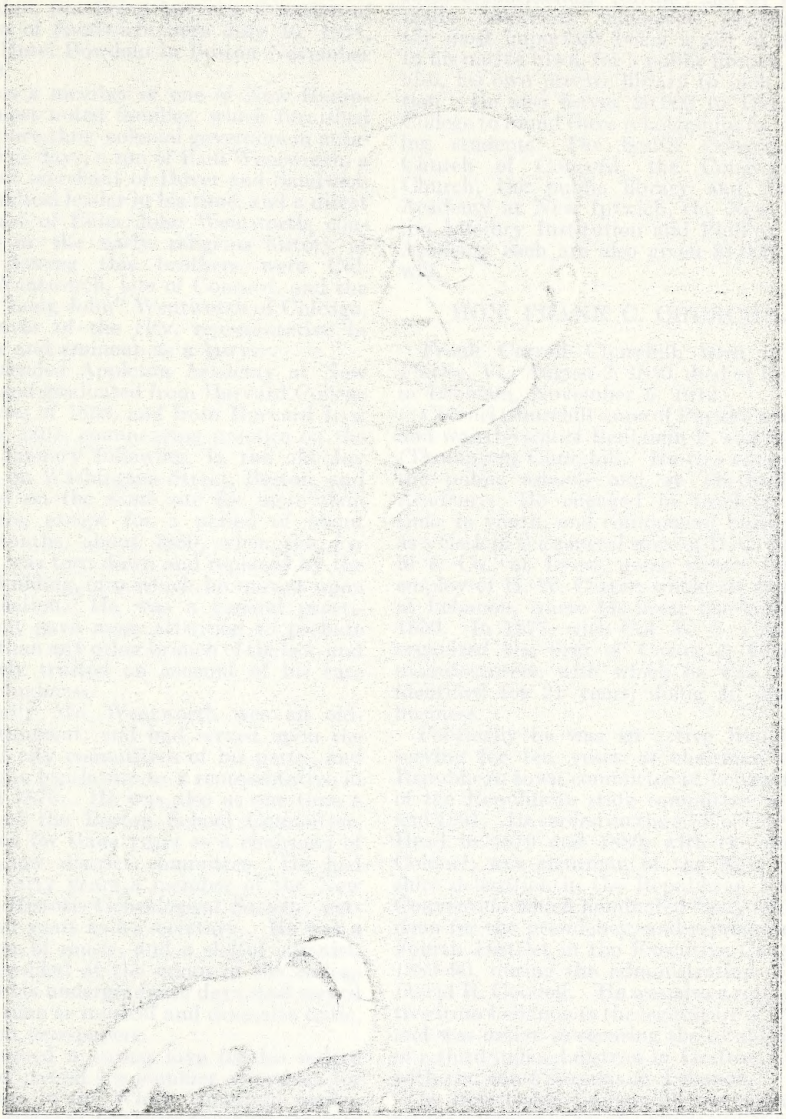
Naturally the historian of Francestown, and others, imperfectly acquainted with the genealogy of the Duston family, assumed the father, Timothy, to have been the son of Thomas and Hannah of the Indian raid. An inspection of the Haverhill (Mass.) records, reveals the following facts:

Timothy, the son of Thomas and Hannah (Emerson) Duston, born 1694, married 1718, Sarah Johnson, who died, 1735. They had six children recorded in Haverhill, namely: Samuel born 1719, Paul born 1721, John born 1724, Lydia born 1726, Sarah born 1728, and James born 1734. The second son, Paul, settled in Weare, and was one of the six Dustons first mentioned. It is not likely that Timothy married again, for the record says "Timothy, *husband* of *Sarah Johnson*, died after 1733." In fact, he may have died about 1740 or 41, as in the latter year, his oldest son, Samuel, was granted a letter of administration on his father's estate. In the probate papers, all of Timothy's children, as recorded in Haverhill, are mentioned by name, and no others.

Who, then, was the father of the other five Dustons, first mentioned in this article? Nathaniel Duston, the son of Thomas and Hannah, had a son Timothy, born Haverhill, 1716, and he must have been the Timothy who married at Beverley, Mass., November 29, 1739, Mrs. Lydia Raymond [Beverley Record]. We find no other Timothy of marriageable age at that time. It seems reasonable that three of the Dustons before mentioned, namely, William, said to have been born 1740, Eliphalet, born 1750 and Zacheus, born 1751, were sons of this couple; but where born is not known. As to the twins, Thomas and Timothy, the writer is convinced that they were not brothers of the other three, but their cousins, and sons of John Duston (son of Nathaniel) and his wife, Mercy Morse, born in Plaistow April 9, 1745. While children, they went with their father, John, to Groton, Mass., where he died. While in Groton, the twin, Timothy, married Eunice Nutting, and their first child, Abel, was born there, eight more being born in Claremont, where Timothy and his twin brother, Thomas, settled. On one occasion, as the Claremont record informs us, "a town meeting was held in Messrs. Thomas and Timothy Duston's barn."

Monuments and boulders have been placed on some of those localities that are associated with the history and exploits of Thomas and Hannah Duston. But it would seem to be high time that a memorial of another sort whould be erected to their names. There should be published a family history of the Dustons, commencing with the ancestry of Thomas and Hannah, so far as known; and comprising the latest of the descendants, in both male and female lines as far as can be ascertained. They had nine children who lived to have families; and over sixty grandchildren. Down to the present time, a fairly complete record, would comprise many thousand descendants of the celebrated pair.

Dracut, Mass.



SAMUEL HIDDEN WENTWORTH

NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY

SAMUEL H. WENTWORTH

Samuel Hidden Wentworth, one of Boston's oldest practicing lawyers, a native of the town of Sandwich, born July 16, 1834, died at Hotel Bowdoin in Boston November 10, 1912.

He was a member of one of New Hampshire's most noted families, which furnished the province three colonial governors in ante-Revolution days, a son of Paul Wentworth, a prominent merchant of Dover and Sandwich and a political leader in his time, and a direct descendant of Elder John Wentworth, conspicuous in the early religious history of Dover. Among this brothers were Col. Joseph Wentworth, late of Concord, and the famous "Long John" Wentworth of Chicago, once Mayor of the city, representative in Congress and eminent as a lawyer.

He attended Appleton Academy at New Ipswich and graduated from Harvard College in the class of 1858, and from Harvard Law School in 1861, commencing practice on the first of January following, in the old Joy Building on Washington Street, Boston, and continued on the same site for more than fifty years, except for a period of about eleven months, about 1880, when the Joy Building was torn down and replaced by the Rogers Building, into which he moved upon its completion. He was a general practitioner, but gave more attention to probate practice than any other branch of the law, and was widely trusted on account of his care and thoroughness.

Politically Mr. Wentworth was an old-school Democrat, and had served upon the ward and city committees of his party, and in the State legislature as a representative in 1877 and 1878. He was also at one time a member of the Boston School Committee, and served for three years as a chairman of the Mayhew district committee. He had been for forty years a member of the New England Historic-Genealogical Society, acting several years as its secretary. He was a great lover of music, and a skilful organist, having presided at the organ in the college church in his undergraduate days, and served for some time as musical and dramatic critic, for Boston newspapers.

He retained a strong love for his native state, and passed his summer vacations for many years in the White Mountain region, Thayer's Hotel at Littleton being his favorite resort.

He had made his home, being unmarried, during most of his life in Boston, at the Revere House, where he was quartered at the time of the fire in that hostelry, a year ago or more, when he received a severe nervous shock from which he never fully recovered, though he was out and attending to business not long after, removing to the Hotel Bowdoin for his abiding place.

By faithful attention to business, industry and frugality, Mr. Wentworth had accumulated a considerable fortune, and by his will made numerous handsome benefactions, the most important being a gift of $17,000 to his native town, for a public library, giving also, his own private library to such institution. He also leaves $9,000 to Dartmouth College to found three scholarships for deserving students. The South Congregational Church of Concord, the Congregational Church, the public library and Appleton Academy at New Ipswich, the New Hampton Literary Institution and Phillips Exeter Academy each are also given $1,000 by his will.

HON. FRANK C. CHURCHILL

Frank Carroll Churchill, born in West Fairlee, Vt., August 2, 1850, died at his home in Lebanon, November 5, 1912.

Colonel Churchill came of Puritan ancestry, and was the son of Benjamin P. and Susanna (Thompson) Churchill. He was educated in the public schools and at Thetford, Vt., Academy. He engaged in teaching for a time, in youth, and commenced business life as a clerk in the general store of D. C. Churchill & Co., at Lyme, going thence into the employ of H. W. Carter, wholesale merchant at Lebanon, where his home has been since 1850. In 1877, with Col. W. S. Carter, he organized the firm of Carter & Churchill, manufacturers, with which he was actively identified for 21 years, doing an extensive business.

Politically he was an active Republican, serving for ten years as chairman of the Republican town committee of Lebanon, and of the Republican state committee in 1890 and 1891. He served on the staff of Gov. Natt Head in 1879 and 1880, with the rank of Colonel; was chairman of the New Hampshire delegation in the Republican National Convention which nominated Benjamin Harrison for the presidency, and represented the Fourth District in the Executive Council in 1889–90, during the administration of Gov. David H. Goodell. He was also a representative from Lebanon in the legislature of 1891–2, and was active in securing the establishment of a third judicial district in Grafton County with the court sessions at Lebanon.

In 1899 Colonel Churchill was appointed revenue inspector for the Cherokee Nation of Indians, in Indian Territory, now Oklahoma, and, later, served as a special agent for the Interior Department to formulate a public school system in the territory, where all the land, outside the towns, was non-taxable, performing his duty to the general satisfaction. Still later he served as a special agent of the government in Alaska, and in 1905, was reappointed Indian Inspector, relinquishing the work, four years later, on account

NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY

of failing health, since when he has remained at home, in comparative quiet, though still actively interested in the affairs of the town. He was a director of the National Bank of Lebanon and president of the Mascoma Savings Bank. He was an organizer, and long president of the Mascoma Fire Insurance Co. He was chairman of the board of education in the Lebanon High School district; moderator of the Congregational parish of Lebanon and also town moderator, and to the excitement and anxiety incident to his duties in the latter position his sudden death, on the evening of the day of election, is attributed. He was a member of the Langdon Club of Lebanon, the Amoskeag Veterans, the N. H. Historical Society and the N. H. Society, Sons of the American Revolution. He was also prominent and active in the Masonic order.

Colonel Churchill married June 11, 1874, Miss Clara G. Turner, who has been his faithful life companion and survives to mourn his loss, in which she has the sympathy of his countless friends.

REV. JOSEPH E. ROBINS, D.D.

Rev. Joseph E. Robins, born in Littleton, December 9, 1843, died at Wolfeboro, October 15, 1912.

He was the son of Douglas Robins, a thrifty farmer and prominent citizen of Littleton, was educated at Newbury, Vt., Seminary and Wesleyan University, at Middletown, Conn., graduating from the latter in 1868 and entered the Methodist ministry, after short terms of service upon the faculties of Tilton Seminary and Drew's Ladies' College at Cornell, N. Y. He was connected with the New Hampshire Conference and held many of its best appointments, his last being at Peterborough, which he was compelled to relinquish on account of broken health. He served one term as a presiding elder of the Dover District some years since, and was known as one of the most forceful preachers in the Conference. He was particularly well and favorably known in Concord, where he held a pastorate for several years, and had served two terms as chaplain of the legislature —in 1899 and 1907. Norwich University conferred on him the degree of D.D. some years since.

He was long conspicuous in Masonry, and had been many years Chaplain of the Grand Lodge, Grand Council and Grand Commandery. He was made a life member of the Grand Lodge in May, 1911. He was also a member of the foreign correspondence committees of the Grand Council and Grand Commandery.

He is survived by a widow, who was Miss Margaret Harris, daughter of Rev. and Mrs. Winthrop Bailey of Rocky Hill, N. J., two sons, Joseph W. of Wolfeboro, and George, a teacher in New York, and a daughter Marguerite.

CHARLES F. EASTMAN

Charles Franklin Eastman, long a prominent citizen of Littleton, died at his home on Main Street in that town October 15, 1912.

He was the son of the late Col. Cyrus and Susan (Tilton) Eastman, born in Littleton, October 1, 1841, and educated at the public schools, Kimball Union Academy, Meriden, and the Eastman Business College at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., and in early manhood became a partner in the prominent mercantile firm of Eastman, Tilton & Co., subsequently C. & C. F. Eastman, in which he continued till 1882. Subsequently he became interested in banking, becoming a director in the Littleton National Bank, in 1882, and succeeding the late Judge George A. Bingham as president of the Littleton Savings Bank upon the death of the latter some seventeen years ago. He had also been long associated with the Profile House at Franconia being a large stockholder, director and treasurer of the corporation nearly up to the time of his death.

Mr. Eastman was politically a Democrat. He served as town auditor, highway commissioner, many years as a member and some time as treasurer of the board of education in Union District, several years as selectman and as a representative in the legislature of 1893–4. He was a trustee of the public library, and a member of the building committee which erected Littleton's elegant and commodious Carnegie library building. He was also a member of the commission which located and built the state highway, from the Profile House to Twin Mountain.

He was a prominent member of the Masonic order, active in Lodge, Council, Commandery and Temple, and had received the 32d degree in Scottish Rite Masonry.

He was twice married, first, September 15, 1875, to Miss Mary Ida, daughter of the late Richard Taft, the original proprietor of the Profile House, who died in 1887, and subsequently to Miss Mary B. Colby, who died in 1899. He is survived by a son and daughter by the first wife—Richard Taft and Ida Taft Eastman. The son was a delegate in the recent Constitutional Convention from Littleton.

FRANK P. HUNTLEY

Frank Pierce Huntley, long a prominent citizen of Claremont died in that town, October 16. He was a native of Stoddard, the son of Ezra B. and Jane (Towne) Huntley, born November 10, 1852. His parents removed to Marlow, where he resided in youth, was later in business in Alstead, and removed to Claremont in 1881, where he was long extensively engaged in the livery business, and subsequently, for a time in a hotel. Politically he was an active Democrat, and his popularity is attested by the fact that he was several times chosen a selectman in the strong Republican town of Claremont, and

twice a representative in the legislature. He had been three times married, his last wife surviving.

HON. F. TILTON FRENCH

F. Tilton French, a leading citizen of East Kingston, born in that town September 2, 1835, died November 13, 1912. He was the son of Enoch S. and Pamelia T. (Tilton) French, and had long been a partner of the late George W. Sanborn in the meat and cattle business, subsequently conducting the business alone for several years. He was an active Republican and had served as town clerk, selectman, representative and State Senator. He is survived by a wife and daughter.

HERBERT FOLSOM

Herbert Folsom, a native of the town of Newmarket, born October 22, 1850, died at Amarillo, Texas, October 3, 1912.

He was a son of the late Dr. William Folsom of Newmarket and a brother of the Hon. Channing Folsom, late State Superintendent of Public Instruction.

He went to Texas for his health a dozen years ago or more, after long residence in Kansas, and had been extensively and successfully engaged in Agriculture. He was a man of strong mind, literary attainments, brilliant conversational powers, and had a host of friends. He left three children—Mrs. Kate Clark of Lawrence, Kansas, Channing of the Kansas City Star, and Arthur, who lived with his father.

HON. JOHN C. BARTLETT

Hon. John P. Bartlett, a leading lawyer of Manchester, long prominent in Democratic politics, died suddenly, at his home in that city, Monday evening, November 18, from apoplexy.

Judge Bartlett was a native of the town of Weare, son of John and Lurena Bartlett, born February 4, 1841. His preliminary education was obtained in the common schools at Weare and in the academies at Francestown, Deering, Meriden and Mont Vernon, when having fitted for college, he entered Dartmouth, graduating with the class of '64. He then entered the office of Morrison, Stanley & Clark, at Manchester, as a student at law and was admitted to the bar in February, 1867. He went to Omaha, Neb., and in March, 1868, was appointed United States commissioner for Dakota territory with headquarters at Cheyenne City. He returned to Omaha in October of that year and was elected city solicitor, serving for two years. He was then elected as alderman and served his term. In November, 1874, he returned to Manchester and was elected city solicitor in April, 1875, and was appointed police judge of Manchester in June of that year, in which capacity he served until August, 1876, since which time he had been engaged in the practice of his profession, in which he attained high rank, as he also did a commanding position in the Democratic party to which he was always devotedly attached, serving six years as chairman of the Manchester Democratic city committee and four years as chairman of the state committee. He was also for two years president of the Granite State Club, a Democratic organization, formed in his office. He was chosen a member of the State Senate for the legislature of 1895, and, four years later, was a member of the House from Ward 8, Manchester, taking an active part in the work of both sessions.

The Southern New Hampshire Bar association was started on his motion and he served as chairman of the executive committee of this organization for three years.

He was made a Mason in Omaha and had served as master of Washington lodge here for two years and had been a member of the grand lodge for the past twelve years. He was a member of the Manchester lodge of Elks and held the office of judge advocate in the Amoskeag Veterans for some time.

He married in 1866 Miss Fannie M. Harrington, who departed this life in 1887. They had no children. In 1888 he married the second time, taking for his partner Mrs. Lizzie A. Crosby.

ARTHUR H. WHITCOMB

Arthur H. Whitcomb, long head of the Whitcomb Manufacturing Company, at West Swanzey, and a native of that town, born March 5, 1865, died November 12, 1912, at 187 Huntington Avenue, Boston, where he had lived since his retirement from business in Swanzey two years ago, to engage in the lumber business and real estate operations in the latter city. He is survived by a wife and one son.

SENECA B. CONGDON

Seneca B. Congdon, the oldest citizen of Lancaster, died at his home in that town October 7, 1912, aged 90 years.

He was born in Pomfret, Conn., August 19, 1822. In 1849 he married Miss Hannah Day Buck. In 1856 the family removed to Lancaster, where has since been their home. He was a carpenter and builder by trade and erected many buildings in Lancaster in the course of his life, though he retired from active labor some years since. He was the oldest member of the Congregational Church of Lancaster, and the first clerk of the society, holding the office from 1876 to 1896. He was a Republican for many years and was elected a Representative by that party in 1872 and 1873, but has been a Prohibitionist for a number of years past. His wife died in March of last year, and of their ten children all but one survived.

EDITOR AND PUBLISHER'S NOTES

While probably no surprise to the people generally, the result of the recent election effects a decided change in the political situation. For the first time since 1852—a period of sixty years—the Democratic party finds itself with a popular plurality in the State, controlling its electoral vote for President and Vice President. It also cast a decided plurality of the votes for Governor, while at the same time the people voted to adopt the constitutional amendment providing that a plurality shall elect in all cases. Whether or not the amendment goes into effect so as to cover the present election is a question upon which there may be an honest difference of opinion, but which will be decided by the incoming legislature when it comes, in joint convention, to canvass the returns of the votes for Governor and Councilors and declare the result. It may, or may not, as it pleases, submit the question to the Supreme Court for an opinion upon this point, and having secured such opinion, may or may not be governed thereby, as it chooses. Meanwhile the control of the legislature, itself, is in dispute. Ten Republicans and ten Democrats have been elected to the Senate, with no choice in four districts, while the House is claimed by both parties, the Republicans claiming all the "Progressives," variously estimated at from 20 to 45, while the Democrats claim that the latter will act with them. Nothing but the ballot for Speaker of the House will determine the actual status. For this office the Republicans have three candidates already in the field—Edward H. Mason of Nashua, Charles A. Perkins of Manchester and E. Percy Stoddard of Portsmouth. Dr. Charles A. Morse of Newmarket aspires to the Democratic nomination; while there is a very strong sentiment in many quarters favorable to the selection of William J. Ahern of Concord, one of the most capable and experienced legislators in the state.

Interest in the final outcome of the November election in this state, so far as the organization of the legislature, the control of the state government and the election of a successor to Hon. Henry E. Burnham in the United States Senate, are concerned, will continue most acute until the legislature meets, on the first week in January and the situation is cleared up by positive action. Until then speculation will be rife and all sorts of claims and predictions will be put forth. As is generally understood and believed, neither of the two leading parties has chosen a majority in the House. One hundred and ninety seven members elect are conceded to the Democrats, and the Republicans *claim* all the rest of the 405 men making up the membership of that body. A few of these were nominated as "Progressives," and quite a number more nominated as Republicans at the September primary, before the Progressive party had decided to make any nominations, are claimed as Progressives by the state organization of that party. In fact it is claimed that there are some forty-five men in all who will stand together and act independently when the time for action comes. What the outcome will be no man knows, positively, and no man can know. It is measurably certain, however, that nothing can be accomplished without some arrangement or understanding between those representing one of the old parties, and the new party men, or so-called Progressives. What sort of an arrangement, if any, that will be remains to be seen. Meanwhile the very deep general interest that prevails is accompanied by very great anxiety on the part of quite a number of aspirants for official positions in the different parties.

Recent developments, including the discontinuance of work in the Grand Trunk's projected Southern New England lines in Massachusetts and Rhode Island, the withdrawal of the Boston & Maine's petition for a charter for the proposed line from Claremont to White River Junction, and the announcement that negotiations are pending for a traffic agreement between the two roads, lead to the inevitable conclusion that the proposed Grand Trunk extension through this state has been abandoned, if it was ever seriously contemplated. This will be a deep disappointment to many people—not only in the city of Boston, who had been hoping for the benefits of railway competition, but for the people in that section of New Hampshire, now without railway facilities, which it was expected the projected line would traverse.

L. XLIV, No. 12 DECEMBER, 1912 New Series, Vol. VII, No. 12

THE GRANITE MONTHLY

A New Hampshire Magazine

evoted to History, Biography, Literature and State Progress

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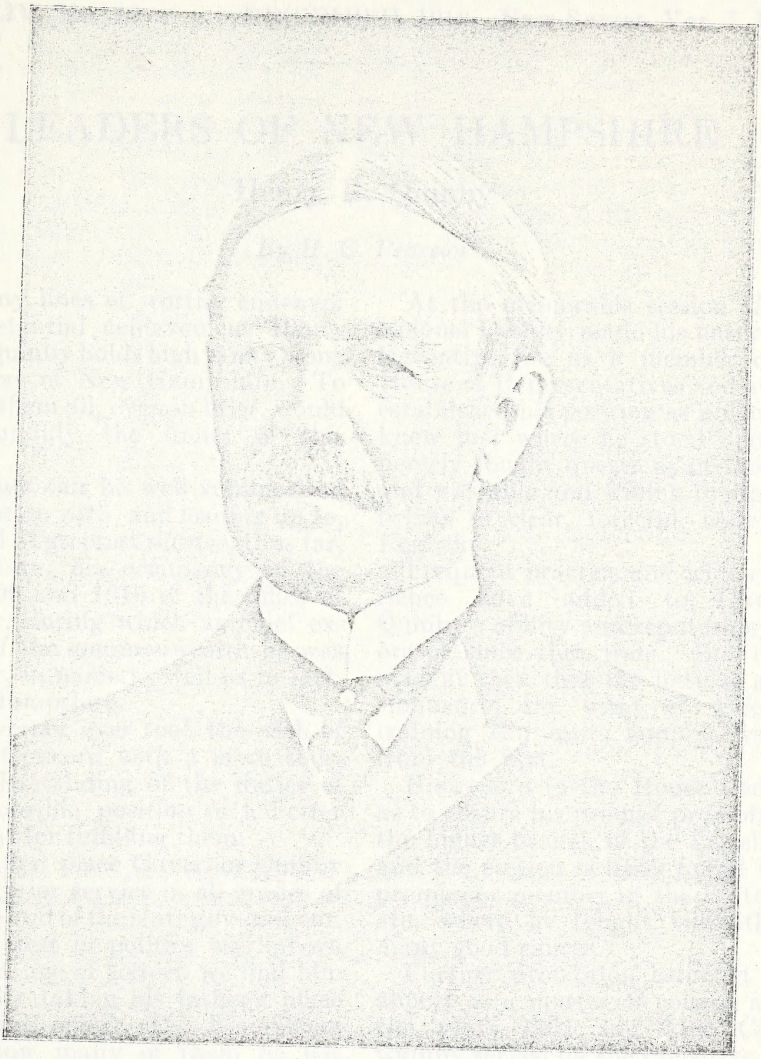
ssued by The Granite Monthly Company

HENRY H. METCALF, Editor and Manager

ERMS: $1.00 per annum, in advance; $1.50 if not paid in advance. Single copies, 15 cents

CONCORD, N. H., 1912

Entered at the post office at Concord as second-class mail matter.



HON. HENRY B. QUINBY



THE GRANITE MONTHLY

VOL. XLIV, No. 12 DECEMBER, 1912 NEW SERIES, VOL. 7, No. 12

LEADERS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

Henry B. Quinby

By H. C. Pearson

In many lines of worthy endeavor and substantial achievement Henry Brewer Quinby holds high rank among the leaders of New Hampshire. To consider them all, even in brief, would extend unduly the limits of this article.

But they can be well summarized in connection with, and leading up to, his period of greatest service, thus far, to the state, his occupancy in the years 1909 and 1910 of the office of Governor, during which as chief executive of the commonwealth he was *the* leader, in name as well as in fact, of New Hampshire.

No governor ever took the oath of office at Concord with a more thorough understanding of the duties of the responsible position or a better equipment for fulfilling them.

In the first place Governor Quinby had seen prior service in all grades of public life and of the state government.

His interest in politics was inborn and at the age of sixteen we find him successfully taking his father's place as presiding officer at a Republican rally. How many of them he has since attended, directed and addressed in his long years of unselfish devotion and unquestioned loyalty to that organization!

In youth Mr. Quinby served as an aide-de-camp upon the staff of Gov. Ezekiel A. Straw, thus gaining the title of Colonel, by which his friends were accustomed to address him until that of Governor superseded it.

At the memorable session of 1887 Colonel Quinby made his entry upon legislative life as a member of the House of Representatives and at once established his position as a man who knew just where he stood upon the fiercely fought questions of that day and was able and willing to state his beliefs in clear, forceful, convincing English.

Frequent practice and wide experience have added to Governor Quinby's ability and reputation as an orator since that time. But it was evident then that the natural gift of eloquence, the want of which no training can quite supply, was his from the first.

His record in the House was such as to ensure his prompt promotion to the higher branch of the Legislature, and the session of 1889 found him a prominent member of the State Senate, where he fought valiantly for many good causes.

Further promotion came at once, almost as a matter of course, and in the years 1891 and 1892 Colonel Quinby served on the executive council, gaining valuable experience for the years to come and having large part in such important public works as the representation of the state in the Columbian Exposition at Chicago and the establishment of the New Hampshire College of Agriculture and the Mechanic Arts in a new location at Durham.

In the years that immediately fol-

lowed the friends of Colonel Quinby often asked him to allow the use of his name as a candidate for the governorship or for Congress, but he declined to consent.

In 1892 he was chosen a delegate-at-large to the Republican National Convention in Minneapolis and there served upon the important committee on credentials. In 1896 he was made the president of the Republican State Convention and on that occasion he delivered in splendid fashion one of the finest orations in all the long line of such addresses in the history of the party in New Hampshire.

In 1902 he was chairman of the committee on resolutions in the Republican State Convention and there carried through to enthusiastic adoption an endorsement of the administration of President Theodore Roosevelt and the principles of progress for which it stood. Again in 1908 a similar duty was his and again he placed the party of the state, through its convention, on record in favor of the forward movement within the organization.

Such was Colonel Quinby's open, honorable and useful record in public life when the summons came to him in 1908 to do his party and his state further service by leading it out of a dangerous situation as its successful candidate for governor.

To the qualifications for chief executive which this wide experience of public life and state service gave him, Colonel Quinby added a thorough knowledge of New Hampshire and its people, the social and industrial life of the commonwealth, its possibilities and its needs.

At New Hampton Institution, at Bowdoin College and at professional schools Governor Quinby had fitted in youth for his later pursuit which connected him with one of New Hampshire's sterling industries, the Cole Manufacturing Company, and made him a leader in the business life of the state.

As a manufacturer, as the president of national and savings banks, and in other business relations, Governor Quinby displays the same qualities as in public life, namely, broadness of mind, keenness of brain, sincerity of honest convictions, and in addition to these attributes a deep, genuine and usefully manifested interest in the educational, religious and philanthropic activities of the state, irrespective of creed or nationality.

His personal qualities are such as make for success of the best kind in public life. Ever accessible to his constituents of every class, he never denies any man or any cause a hearing and at the same time he never makes a promise that he does not intend to keep.

It is these qualities of firmness, decision and duty, which have made Governor Quinby's popularity with the people and his reputation in state and nation enduring, not evanescent; increasing, not diminishing, in the perspective of years.

These were the qualities which he displayed in one of the most notable administrations of the affairs of the state which its history records; an administration skilfully performing the duty laid upon it of carrying the commonwealth from a past which had been good and great through a present period of transition to a future even greater and better.

Colonel Quinby was nominated for governor in the last of New Hampshire's delegate conventions, on September 17, 1908, receiving 397 votes to 246 for Rosecrans W. Pillsbury and 122 for Bertram Ellis.

The platform adopted by the convention and accepted *in toto* by its nominee pledged the Republican party on state issues to revision of the tax laws, limitation of railroad free passes, registration of lobbyists, a direct primary law, the protection of no-license communities, increased appropriations for the equalization of educational advantages, and just labor legislation.

In advocacy of these principles and

of the general policy of the Republican party Candidate Quinby made a strong and stirring campaign upon the stump, and was elected on November 3, 1908, receiving 44,630 votes to 41,386 for Clarence E. Carr, Democrat.

To the legislature which assembled on the first Wednesday in January, 1911, and before which he was inaugurated as governor on the seventh day of that month, the new Chief Executive made a clean-cut and vigorous address in which he asked of the General Court, on behalf of the people, tax reform, anti-pass legislation, the restriction of the lobby, a direct primary law, legislation protecting no-license communities, an enlarged measure of state aid to public schools in rural districts, an amendment of the trustee process law, the strengthening and enforcement of the laws against child labor, the appointment of a state forester, provision against state loss by fire, defense against insect pests and further supervision by the state of public service agencies.

It will be seen that in this inaugural message Governor Quinby not only reiterated the pledges of the platform, but that he went further and took an advanced position upon many great problems of society and government then just beginning to attract public attention and ever since increasing in imperative importance.

Nor did he content himself with calling the attention of the Legislature to these desirable reforms. Throughout the at times stormy session, which continued until April 9, the governor used constantly his influence and position to secure action on these subjects, and in most instances he was successful.

For the Legislature of 1909 enacted a direct primary law; protected no-license territory; prohibited the giving of free transportation by common carriers; required the registration of lobbyists; raised the rate for the taxation of public service corporations; appropriated $400,000 for the enlargement and remodeling of the state house; revised the militia law; appropriated $25,000 to fight the gypsy moth; raised to $80,000 a year the appropriation for the equalization of educational advantages; created the offices of state auditor and state forester; protected forests against fire; and authorized a bond issue of one million dollars for the construction of three trunk line state highways.

All these measures were approved and many of them were ardently championed by Governor Quinby, who sought also, to the very last, for the further and complete carrying out in legislation of the principles of his party platform. On the single occasion when he deemed it necessary to interpose his veto upon legislation his action was sustained unanimously by both the Senate and House, an unusual record.

In an editorial in the *Concord Evening Monitor* at the close of the session Hon. George H. Moses well wrote: "The real leader of the Legislature this winter sat in neither the Senate not the House. His chair was in the executive chamber and from there he laid a firm hand upon all the proceedings of the session. . . . On every pledge which he made to the people Governor Quinby has made good."

Throughout his administration Governor Quinby was governed by the same determination: to do what he had promised the people he would try to do.

He and his council laid out the routes of the three trunk line highways from the Massachusetts state line to the White Mountains and supervised personally their construction, as well as the expenditure of state aid upon other highways. Under no other administration has so much been accomplished in New Hampshire for good roads or as wise and ambitious plans made for the future.

An achievement of equal merit by Governor Quinby and his council in

the economical expenditure of the state's money was their satisfactory enlargement and remodeling of the state house within the limits of time and expense set by the legislature. On October 25, 1910, Governor Quinby presided at impressive exercises of rededication of a "million dollar state house for $400,000," and since that date architects and builders have come from the most distant parts of the country to inspect the remarkable combination of comfort, convenience and beauty which has been effected in the New Hampshire state capitol at a comparatively small expense.

During his administration Governor Quinby thoroughly organized the National Guard of the state; opened a state sanatorium for consumptives at Glencliff and a state normal school at Keene; added new buildings to, or in other ways increased the facilities of, the state hospital, the state prison, the state industrial school, the state school for the feeble-minded, the State College and the normal school at Plymouth. "Economy and efficiency," the favorite watchwords of the administration, were especially exemplified in the standardization of state supplies and the introduction of new and business-like systems of purchasing those supplies.

Nor did the Governor confine his activities in behalf of New Hampshire to her own borders. Several times he went to the national capital to press the cause of the Appalachian Mountain Forest Reservation and his persistence in that worthy cause was not the smallest factor in its final triumph. He attended the inauguration of President William H. Taft and later accompanied the nation's head on his famous waterways' trip down the Mississippi River. He attended and addressed the first sessions of the House of Governors, which was instituted during his administration, and from a great number of invitations to take part in various functions in many cities and states he accepted such as his other duties would permit and such as, he conceived, might be of benefit to his state.

Appreciation of Governor Quinby's record as leader and administrator was manifested during his term and after its close in many ways that must have been very gratifying to him; but of none, perhaps, is he more proud than of the fact that two famous institutions of learning, his own alma mater, Bowdoin, and New Hampshire's pride, old Dartmouth, conferred upon him the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws in recognition of his services.

So much of the space available for this article has been used in a mere outline of Governor Quinby's public career that but little remains for a consideration of the more personal elements of his biography. Born in Biddeford, Me., June 10, 1846, the son of Thomas and Jane E. (Brewer) Quinby, his ancestry on both sides is of the best old New England stock, Indian fighters, Revolutionary soldiers, Colonial clergymen and college presidents. He was graduated from Bowdoin College in 1869 and on June 22, 1870, married Octavia M. Cole, daughter of Hon. B. J. Cole, of Lakeport. Their two children are Henry Cole Quinby, Esq., a lawyer in New York City, and Candace Ellen, wife of Hugh N. Camp, Jr., also of New York.

In the family circle of his handsome and hospitable home; in the daily conduct of responsible business affairs; in the fraternal orders in which he has attained high honors and the clubs in various cities of which he is a valued member; in all the varied relations of life, in fact, Governor Quinby presents the same qualities that have marked his public career, courtesy, culture and kindliness combined with courage, capacity and candor.

In the short time that has elapsed since he laid down the reins of government Mr. Quinby has not in the least relaxed his interests in the affairs of

his state and his party. In the campaign of 1910 he worked hard upon the stump and he and his friends deserve much credit for the success of the whole Republican ticket in that election. Undismayed by the untoward circumstances under which the campaign of 1912 was waged, he gave to it his very best efforts, speaking early and often, and in every section of the state.

This notable series of political addresses, revealing the grasp of their author upon the state and national problems of the time and taking the only position consistent both with loyalty to the Republican party and hope for its future success, must have convinced his hearers that Governor Quinby today is splendidly qualified in every way for further public service; and it is not surprising that a large and enthusiastic body of his Republican friends are now engaged in an earnest and determined movement to give him a national opportunity for the exercise of the pre-eminent abilities which he has thus far used so finely for the advantage of the state of New Hampshire.

OCTOGENARIAN SONG

By Charles Caverno

I am glad I am eighty years old,
  Glad of the years that have been,
Glad of what to me they have brought
  Of the acts and thoughts of men:

Glad that to me as to them
  The door to effort open stood,
That I and they might enter in,
  And reap reward who would:

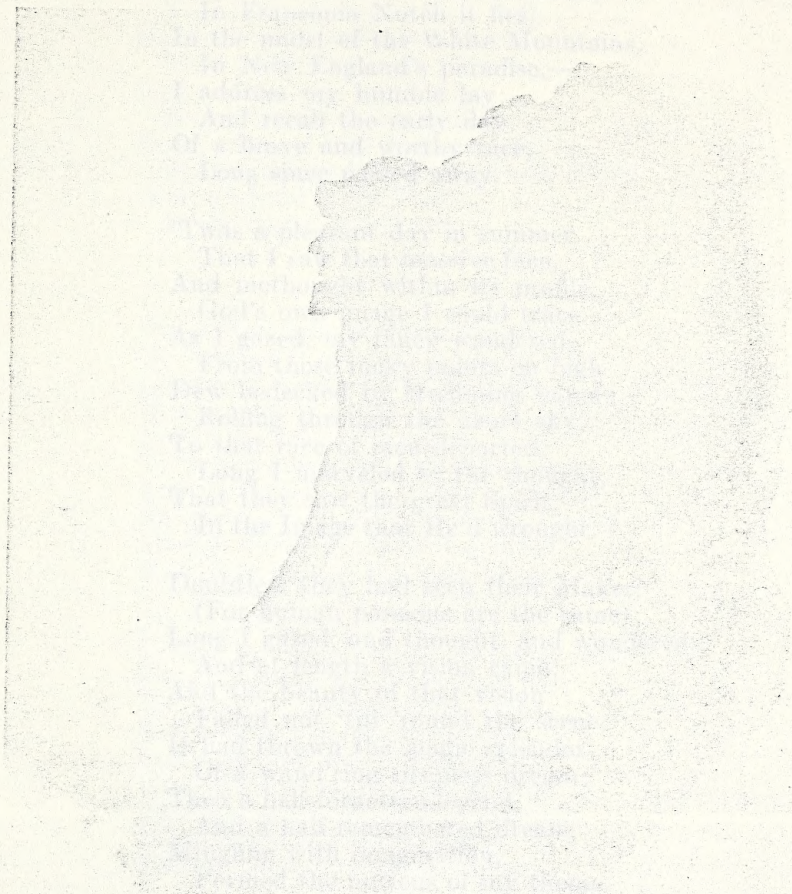
Glad of the beauty I've seen,
  From plain, from mountain height;
In flowers by gliding stream,
  In wheeling stars by night:

Glad of the thought revealed,
  In the number writ in things,
In the various rythmic songs
  The infinite ether sings:

Glad of the joy and the peace
  I have found in walk with God,
When in the path of duty
  I plain and straight have trod:

Glad of the faith that in cycles of life
  I still shall find new birth,
As, swiftly succeeding each other,
  I've lived the years of earth.

Lombard, Ill.



The Great Stone Face

THE LEGEND OF THE PROFILE

By Ira W. Thayer

Proem

To the Old Man of the Mountain,—
  In Franconia Notch it lies,
In the midst of the White Mountains,
  In New England's paradise,—
I address my humble lay;
  And recall the early day
Of a brave and worthy race,
  Long since passed away.

'Twas a pleasant day in summer
  That I saw that massive face,
And methought within its profile,
  God's own image I could trace.
As I gazed, my fancy wandered
  From those rocky points on high
Dew bedecked by streaming vapors
  Rolling through the azure sky,
To that race of men departed:
  Long I marveled at the thought,
That they saw the great Spirit,
  In the Image that He'd wrought.

Doubtless they had seen their Maker,
  (For human passions are the same);
Long I gazed, and thought, and wondered,
  And at length a vision came:
And the beauty of that vision
  Faded not 'till 'round the scene,
It had thrown the magic splendor
  Of a wand'ring sleepless dream;
Then a half-forgotten legend,
  And a half-remembered dream,
Mingling with imagination,
  Formed the nucleus of my theme.

'Tis an ancient Indian tale;
  A legend of the long ago,
When the camp-fire of the Red Man
  Filled the forest with its glow.
Long, long years ago it happened
  Ere that little Pilgrim band,
Dared to brave the dark Atlantic
  For this strange and unknown land;
Ere a bridge had crossed our rivers,
  Ere a dam had checked their sway;
Unmolested o'er the forest
  King Indian held his sway.

Could thy hand, O Bard departed!
Swell again that quiv'ring strain,
Pouring melody of music
Over mountain, hill and plain:
'Tis the bard of Hiawatha,
That I fain this tale would tell:
He who told an Indian legend,
Told it truthfully, told it well.
But he's gone, lamented Singer!
Thus to thee the tale I'll tell.
Every mountain, every river,
Every dingle, dale and dell,
Bears a legend that endears them,
To the beings that 'mong them dwell:
Such a legend is the Profile;
Is the legend now I tell.

The golden light of closing day,
On Gardner's[1] wooded mountain lay;
And every upland shrub and tree
Was dressed in yellow livery:
But in the valley far below,
No longer streamed the ruddy glow;
And placid lake and tumbling stream
No more reflects the glimm'ring beam;
Already evening's dark'ning shade
Was low'ring o'er the leafy glade.

Old Connecticut's rolling tide
Sweeps by the mountain's western side;
Smooth on the water's surface lay,
The sky-line with its cloud array;
Reflected in the mirror sheen,
And bank and tree of evergreen,
With cliff and boulder in between;
All blending on the glimm'ring sight,
Until within the fading light,
Their shadows are no longer seen.

Along the mountain's eastern side,
Through many a pleasant lowland wide,
By leafy glade and rocky dell,
By many a moor and barren fell,
The rippling waters with stately pace
The curving Ammonoosuc trace.
Descending from the uplands far
Where winds its course by cliff and scar,
'Till at the base of Gardner's side
It joins Connecticut's swelling tide.
United, both with murmurs sweet,
Roll on together toward the deep.

[1] A mountain at the junction of Connecticut and Ammonoosuc Rivers.

Within the river just below,
The mingling waters swiftly flow
In many an eddying current deep,
And swirling 'round an island[1] sweep
Their irresistless way.
The island passed,—the high banks steep,
No more confined the waters keep,
But winding through the meadows low,
The calmer waters gently flow,
And 'mong drooping willows stray.

Now at the close of parting day,
Near where the rivers join their way,
A tribe of Indian warriors brave
Gather to their glimmering camp:
Gathered where the willows wave,
And in the waters drooping lave
Their long and slender leaves.
From the mountains came the hunters,
Bearing through the evening damp
All the yieldings of the forest
That the steady arrow brings
When swiftly from the bow it springs;
Death dealing as the air it cleaves
Toward the object of its aim.

Down the rivers swiftly riding
In their little frames of bark,
Came the Indian hunters riding
Underneath the branches dark,
That hanging o'er the river side
Cast reflections in the tide:
Through the rapids of the river
Shot the barks without a quiver
Guided by a steady hand.
Through the stiller waters gliding,
Over shallows gently sliding,
As the shadows over land
When the clouds that floating high
Sweep across a summer sky.

Then as the evening shades descend
O'er the virgin forest still,
And shadows into shadows blend,
The mournful song of whip-poor-will
Mingles with the plaintiff cry
Of the night-hawk riding high
Through the dark'ning summer sky:
And the crickets are chirping shrill
In the meadow by the rill,
While the rising evening breeze
Sweeping through the mighty trees
Lends it solitary sigh.

[1] "No Man's Island" in the Connecticut River, Woodsville, N. H.

Now gathered are all the warriors
By the flowing river's side,
Where the camp-fire's flick'ring beams
Dance upon the rippling tide.
Now finished are all the labors,
The toils of day are o'er;
And the silence of the night
Falls upon the river shore.

At an angle from the sky
Falls the light of crescent moon,
That o'er forest, mead, and stream
Casts its silver gilding beam;
Making pathways clear and bright
Through the gathering gloom of night;
Flooding all the wooded glade
With its checkered spots of shade:
Ever here and there revealing,
As it through the wood came stealing,
All the queer and curious shapes
Every natural object takes
In the opalescent sheen,
When by erring humans seen
In the half uncertain light.

On the island in the river
Where the fluent waters meet,
Where the tall and stately pine trees
With their odors fresh and sweet,
Rear their mighty trembling arms
Heavenward, as if asking alms
From the Giver of all good,
Burned the council fires of war;
That flick'ring casts its ruddy gleam
O'er the surface of the stream;
And sends its soft and glowing beam
Through the dark and shaggy wood.

Gleams darkly every face with ire
As the trembling rays of fire
Light the features of the braves
To that crescent council called:
Mennehassett, speaking counsel,
While the younger warriors listen
Sees his words of wisdom welcomed;
Sees them lodge, take root and flourish,
In the breasts of stalwart youths;
Sees their eyes with passion glisten,
As with heads inclined they listen,
To the bloody tales he tells:
Sees their breasts with anger heaving;
Hears their deep and labored breathing,
As his legend their ardor swells.

"Warriors," thus spoke Mennehassett,
In his measured accents slow,
"Pennacook my mortal foe,
Is encamped in equal numbers,
In the valley here below.
Warriors, one of you must go
Where the waters smoothly flow,
Winding like the bended bow[1]
As it seaward moves its way;
And ere the coming of the day
Take from out her guarded wigwam,
When buried in her slumbers
Kostelilla, handsome face,
The pride of all her race,
Daughter of my mortal foe.'

"He who from within this council
Undertakes the dangerous task,
Must remember that she's guarded,
And this night may be his last.
In this crescent council seated
Can a single brave be found,
Who will not for Mennehassett
Court the happy hunting-ground?"
Barely had the words thus spoken
Lodged within the warriors' breasts,
Ere Ammonoosuc, standing forth
Thus his aged chief addressed:

"Mennehassett, learned in wisdom,
Tried in every daring deed,
Long thou shalt not want a warrior
To perform thy wonted deed;
Thy request and thy permission
Is the only law I need,
And the doing of thy will
Shall be my only meed."

Ammonoosuc, tall and sturdy,
Like the giant oak his frame,
Stood revealed in stalwart beauty
In the glowing ruddy flame.
He a strong and youthful warrior
Was the bravest of his race,
Yet beneath his copper color
One a kindly look could trace.

Ammonoosuc from the island
Unmoors his little frame of bark,
And with a swift and steady stroke
Glides across the waters dark.

[1] The "Ox Bow" near Newbury, Vt.

Winds he through the meadows wide
Where on the river's either side
The drooping willows intertwine
And form a dark and solid line
Against the midnight sky.
Like a serpent 'round its prey,
The twining vines of bitter-sweet
Through the willow branches creep
Their interlacing way.
Gliding onward swift he sees
Through the rift of bord'ring trees
The rising mists of evening stray
O'er the banks and roll away
Across the waving meadows green
'Till right against the hills it lay;
And like a heavy cloak of gray
Wraps the lowlands in its folds.
As onward swift his course he takes
Not a sound his paddle makes;
And save the murmur of the stream
In its placid tranquil flow,
And the hum of insects low,
All the air a stillness holds.

In the meadow near the river,
Where like a mighty bended bow
The murmuring waters flow
In their strange meand'ring way,
With many a twist and curving turn
As they seaward roll their way,
Encamped is Mennehassett's foe.
The dying camp-fires lowly burn,
And 'round them sleeping lay
The braves of Pennacook, the foe;
And as the shadows deeper grow
In the fading flick'ring glow,
Ammonoosuc takes his way
Towards the camp where ere the day
Must he silently bear away
Kostelilla, handsome face,
The pride of all her race.

Like a panther crouching low
Behind its unsuspecting prey,
Ammonoosuc still and slow
Circles 'round the camp his way;
Slyly toward his object creeping,—
'Tis the maiden who now sleeping
In her guarded wigwam lay:
Not a sound his footfall makes,
Not a branch or dry twig breaks,
Not a single warrior wakes
From his slumbers deep and sound
As he creeps along the ground,

Toward a wigwam that he sees
Half-hidden in the willow trees;
The wigwam found and on the ground
The guard is soundly sleeping,
Unsafe he is, unsafer still
The ward whose watch he's keeping.

Then by the guard unnoticed
He into the wigwam passed,
To remove the maiden fair
And her gentle form to bear
By her guard lay sleeping there,
Was his undertaken task:
Should the maiden's faintest cry
Rouse the warriors nodding by,
His chieftain's cause would then be lost,
And his life would pay the cost.

And the camp-fire smould'ring low,
By its pale uncertain glow
Makes the shadows come and go
In the hut where bended low
O'er the daughter of his foe,
Is Ammonoosuc kneeling.
Gazing on her features fair
As innocently she lay there,
Penitently came the feeling
That he on that fair and lovely face
Should cast the vengeance of his race.

Kostelilla from her slumbers
Woke as from a feverish dream:
In a vision she had seen
The coming of the warrior brave
To make her Mennehassett's slave.
But in a sequel to that vision,—
Such a wierd and strange decision
That the power of love can make—
Saw she Ammonoosuc's hate
Slowly cool and then abate,
And turn to everlasting love,
Engendered by the Power above.

When from her slumbers she awoke
Not a single word she spoke,
But gazed upon the warrior fair
In the faint light kneeling there.
Neither sound nor cry she uttered,
Neither moved she from her place;
Nowhere in her features,
A fear could Ammonoosuc trace.
For a moment he knelt gazing
In those eyes that love impart,

Ere he felt their deep impression:
Then the yearnings of his love
Conquered all his indecision,
Conquered then the Indian heart.

Then to his side the maiden drew,
And spóke in whispers low:
"Kostelilla be my bride;
To some distant dell we'll go,
There to live secure from foe."
Forgets he then the quarrel,
Forgets he then his race,
In finding love's own answer
In Kostelilla's smiling face.
Then to his breast the maiden press'd
And from the wigwam sped
'Way from the camp so still in foot
No warrior heard his tread:
As light into the dark they move,
And leave no trail behind,
No path he seeks, the way is found
Through instinct of his kind.

Their way across the meadow's sweep
And up the bank that bord'ring steep
Circles 'round the river low.
Across the plains of studded pine
Obliquely in a northward line
Pushing onward swift they go.
Right across their hurried way
High a granite mountain[1] lay,
And at its base a little lake[2]
Whose shore is easy skirted;
Before the forest dark and deep,
Behind a race deserted.
O'er rocky hills, through valleys deep
They sped ere break of day.

Then in the eastern sky was born
The saffron-colored morn;
And golden gleams of early sun
Kissed a stream that wildly run,
Winding through its bed of stone
And on the wood refulgent shone.
Kostelilla, the maiden fair,
Was enraptured at the sight,
And turning to her warrior fair
Said in words of keen delight;
"Henceforth, this stream, it shall be styled
The Ammonoosuc Wild."

[1] Pond Ledge, near Center Haverhill, N. H.
[2] French Pond.

For three days still they wander,
Northeastward in their way,
Until they reach a valley deep[1]
Wherein two lakes doth lay;
And where between the mountains steep
The echoes rolling play.
Here within these mountains bold
Where echoes on reëchoes roll'd
The lovers chose to dwell:
Here, secluded they would live
In this cheer-inspiring place,
Forgetful of their dangers,
Forgetful of their race.

Kostelilla's tribe deserted
Find the trail and follow fast
To reclaim their daughter fair.
Barely had the third day passed
O'er the happy bridal pair
Ere the warriors ('vengeful men),
Descended to this mountain glen
And found the dwelling there.

The sun sank down behind a cloud
That o'er the western mountain hung;
And soon from out that little cloud
One large and shapeless sprung,
That threw its heavy sable shroud
O'er all the heavens high:
Abrupt against that ebon cloud
Mount Cannon threw her form,
And dark and still was all the air
Before the coming storm;
And here and there and everywhere
Turn wheeling birds in flight:
The lowering clouds the sky o'er cast
And night replaces day;
The wind drives on a mighty blast
That makes the forests sway:
Then from the heavy laden clouds
The flashing lightnings play,
And peals of jarring thunder
Roll through the deep'ning umbra
Of the rocky mountain wall,
And rolling far they die away
Where wand'ring echoes stray,
As the heavy raindrops fall.

When the low'ring clouds of storm
Had darkened all the summer sky
Loud above the rush of storm
Was heard the Indian warriors' cry.
Ammonoosuc, Kostelilla,

[1] Franconia Notch.

In their wigwam heard the cry:
Well they knew their dream was o'er:
"Shall we tempt the farther shore
And climb the mountain high?"[1]
Was Ammonoosuc's hopeful cry:
Her acceptance was not spoken,
But her loving eyes the token
Of her willingness to try.

Scarcely had they reached the shore
Ere an arrow tightly pressed
That was aimed at Ammonoosuc
Pierced the gentle maiden's breast.
Ammonoosuc with the maiden
Slowly dying by his side
Turned to face the Indian warriors
That had slain his lovely bride.
Clear and strong his voice now raises
Loud above the stormy sounds,
"I the maiden now will follow
To the happy hunting-grounds.
Great Spirit! on this mountain
By omnipotence divine,
Place a face, our resting place
To guard throughout all time."
Ammonoosuc, Kostelilla,
Bound in love no death can sever,
In their arms each other fold
As o'er their forms forever
The dark'ned waters rolled.

When o'er the twain the waters roll'd
The storm burst uncontroll'd.
The stormy blasts of heaven sweep
In fury through the valley deep;
Lightnings flash and rolls the thunder;
Tow'ring rocks are split asunder,
That loosened from their place on high
With thund'rous noise come crashing down;
And lo! Mount Cannon high,
Wears a profile in its crown.

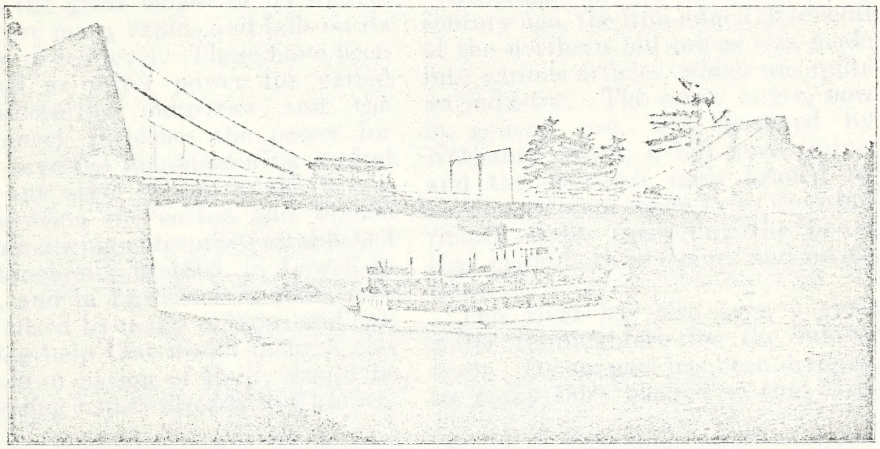
Still stands the face through all these days
Its solemn vigil keeping,
While far below beneath its gaze
The youth and maid are sleeping.
And so throughout all future time
It shall mark their resting place,
A symbol of the power of love
And the red-man's doomèd race.

[1] Mount Cannon.

THE BEAUTIFUL MERRIMACK

By Eben Little, Jr.

The beautiful Merrimack and its valley were known by the northern Indians long before its discovery by the white man, as they often told early voyagers, along the coast of Maine and the north, of the river far to the south they called the Merrimack, and sang its praises as the "bright rapid water," "the beautiful river with the pebbly bottom," "the water that comes from the high places," and since its discovery by de Champlain in 1605 its beauties have become known world-wide and often rehearsed in song and story.

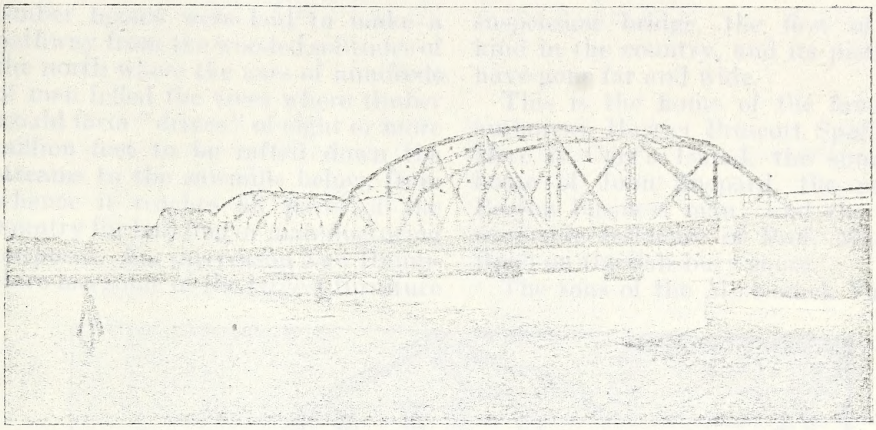


Chain Bridge, Newburyport, Mass.

Under the patronage of Henry IV of France, Seur de Monts, a noted Huguenot chief was fitted out with four vessels on a voyage of discovery to New France, giving him the government and patent for land which now comprises a large part of Canada and our New England and Middle States. De Monts sailed from Havre, March, 1604, with de Champlain, an experienced voyager, as pilot.

After arrival on these shores, to the north, he commenced exploration at once, spending the winter on the island of St. Croix, on the Maine coast. In the spring one of the vessels left St. Croix to explore the coast as far as Cape Cod. In the course of this cruise, de Champlain discovered the Merrimack and entered the harbor July 17, 1605. De Champlain, the faithful pilot of de Monts and chronicler of his voyages, has left a notice of this discovery in a work that ranks among the most romantic of the literature of the sea.

The Merrimack River rises near the summit of Mt. Willey, of the White Mountain range. From a pond on its western slope, 4,000 feet above the sea the small rivulet flows in a southerly direction connecting with the outlet of Ethan Crawford's pond (named for the pioneer of the Notch) forming the nucleus of this magnificent stream which flows thence 260 miles on its way to the sea. "For forty miles from its source high up in the mountains, it runs through the center of the most romantic country that human eye ever feasted on."

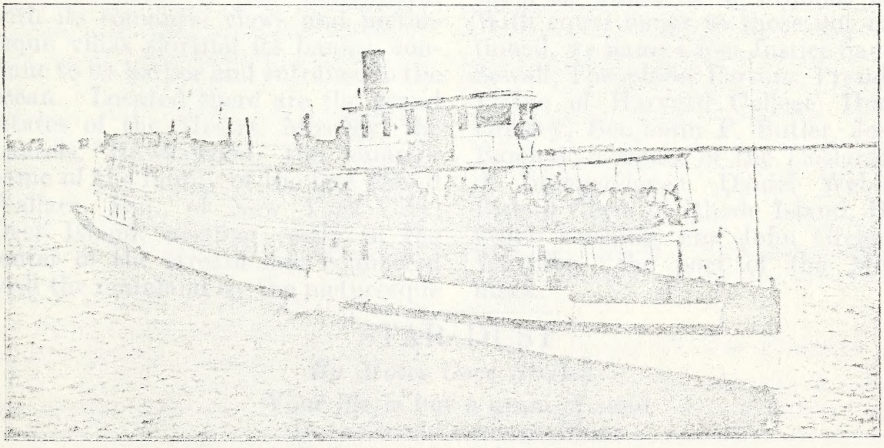


Bridge over Merrimack River, Newburyport

From the great height of its source, there are many rapids and falls on its course to sea level. These have been utilized as water power for varied manufacturing industries and the Merrimack furnishes the power for more invested manufacturing capital than any other stream in the world. To mention the cotton and woolen manufacturing enterprises established at Manchester in 1809, in Lowell in 1832, and in Lawrence in 1846, now capitalized by many millions and employing help that would make a cosmopolitan nation of itself, would be rehearsing a story already well known.

Although not so extensive as a century ago, the iron mined in several of the northern hill towns was made into various articles, which was quite an industry. The screw auger, now in general use, was invented by Nathaniel Weed, a hill town native, and the first cut nails headed by machinery were made here, the Merrimack water furnishing the power that made both machines and inventions.

This river has also been a great water thoroughfare for the lumber trade. Its channel has been dredged, its rocky sides blasted so that large



Steamer Merrimac leaving Black Rocks

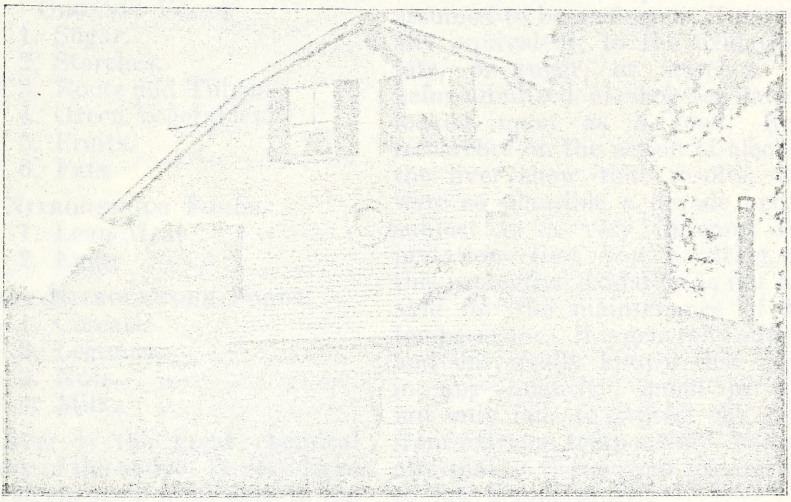


timber booms were laid to make a pathway from the wooded solitudes of the north where the axes of hundreds of men felled the trees where timber would form "drives" of eight or more million feet to be rafted down the streams to the sawmills below, from whence it reaches all parts of the country for building or manufacturing purposes. For this reason New Hampshire has some of the largest furniture and wood-working factories in New England.

The beauties of the Merrimack, with its romantic views and picturesque villas skirting its banks, continue to its harbor and entrance to the ocean. Located there are the grand estates of the Messrs. Moseley, the Laurels, Hawkswood, the summer home of the family of the late David Wallace, Esq., of New York City; Deer Island, nestling cosily in the center of the stream and connected with the mainland by the picturesque suspension bridge, the first of its kind in the country, and its pictures have gone far and wide.

This is the home of the favorite authoress, Harriet Prescott Spofford. Here is Carr's Island, the summer home of John Shepard, the noted Boston business man; and the fine waterside residence of Prof. Marcus Buell on the Salisbury shore.

The sons of the Merrimack Valley who have had a high stand in the walks of life are legion; to mention them all would be an arduous task. With equal honor to those not mentioned, we name Chief Justice Samuel Sewall, Theophilus Parsons, President Felton of Harvard College, Horace Greeley, Benjamin F. Butler, Josiah Bartlett, a signer of the Declaration of Independence, Daniel Webster, Bishop Clark of Rhode Island, Hon. Caleb Cushing, and John Greenleaf Whittier, "the poet of the Merrimack."



Harriet Prescott Spofford's Residence

STAR-DUST

By Moses Gage Shirley

Your life is but a grain of sand
In the world's composition;
A little star-dust, but you came,
And live, and have a mission.

NUTRITION AND DIET

By Evelyn Waite

First of all, what is food? A food is any substance which will supply the material needs of the body. We must therefore make a classification of foods: First:—

INORGANIC FOODS
Water and salts.

ORGANIC FOODS
1. Sugar.
2. Starches.
3. Roots and Tubers.
4. Green Vegetables.
5. Fruits.
6. Fats.

NITROGENOUS FOODS.
1. Lean Meat.
2. Eggs.

CARBO-NITROGENOUS FOODS.
1. Cereals.
2. Legumes.
3. Nuts.
4. Milk.

The liver is the great chemical laboratory of the body. A very large part of the chemical work done in the body is done by the liver. The food materials are distributed to the liver cells, and they slowly filter through the blood capillaries, between the cells within the lobules of the liver. The liver cells, which lie along the capillaries, absorb several substances, among them, *sugar*. Another important function of the liver has to do with the proteins. While these are practically unchanged in their passage through the liver, when they come back from active tissues, particularly from the muscle tissues, partly oxidized and broken up into simpler mid-products, the liver cells absorb these mid-products of protein calabolism, and further oxidize and combine them with the nitrogenous excreta, which will be later thrown out of the body by the way of the kidneys. Incidental to the oxidation of alcohol into the liver two things happen that have been misunderstood by clinicians. In the first place, oxidation naturally and necessarily liberates that energy, increasing the sum total of body heat. Second, oxidation of the carbonaceous substances increases the output of carbon-dioxide gas.

Oxidation is easily and naturally assumed to be analogous, if not actually equivalent, to the oxidation of fats, or sugar, or starches. This being admitted, alcohol was naturally looked upon as a food. Recent researches on the action of alcohol in the liver show that results, which were so plausible a decade ago, are subject to a very different interpretation—that *heat* resulting from this protective oxidation is not available for the maintenance of body temperature. It is generally admitted and universally known that alcohol in any quantity, small or great, not only fails to protect the system from extreme temperature, but actually makes the system less resistant to low temperature.

THE WORK OF THE LUNGS

The lungs are the respiratory organs and perform a double function: First, to take the oxygen from the air, which is absorbed through the moist thin membrane of the air sacs into the blood of the capillaries. Second, to exhale the carbon-dioxide into the air. This is carried from the active tissues of the body in the venous blood to the lungs and diffused through the capillary walls into the air contained in the air cells. Incidentally the lungs give up a certain amount of water and minute quantities of organic material.

THE WORK OF THE KIDNEYS

The work of the kidneys is solely excretious. The blood passes through them from a short transverse branch on the abdominal aorta, in far greater

NUTRITION AND DIET

quantities than would be necessary to supply the kidneys with nourishment and oxygen. The blood is sent to the kidneys, not for the kidneys' sake alone, but for the blood. It is sent to the kidneys to be purified.

The Work of the Skin

The skin is usually named among the excretory organs. It secretes *oil* from its sebaceous glands. It has a part in the protective function in regulating body temperature, including the excretion of water from the sweat glands of the skin. Certain salts are also excreted, and these salts are practically the same as those excreted by the kidneys, including urates in traces.

The Work of the Intestines

A very great part of the waste matter passes away from the intestines, daily, known as feces. The fecal matter represents the indigestible and undigested food material that has passed through the whole length of the alimentary canal. Of the mass of material that makes up the feces, only a very small amount is real excretion, because an excretion is a substance which has been within the tissues. Even the mucus, poured out of the wall of the large intestine to facilitate the movement of its contents, would be called an excretion, though it is part of the feces.

Diet

There are some first principles which should govern the physician, the nurse, and the mother, in considering a diet for those under his or her care. Having decided upon the amount of protein which the diet represents, one must next consider the form in which the protein is to be given. Next to decide is the amount and source of carbonaceous foods. These foods include starches, sugars and fats. Carbonaceous foods must be made up largely from the carbohydrates. For a person using the brain in study, etc., the proper diet if of good, physical, growth would be:

Breakfast: Oatmeal (sugar and cream), dry toast, cup cereal coffee, grapes.

Lunch: Cream soup (potato, tomato, celery), bread, butter, fruit, (stewed), glass of milk, cake.

Dinner: Roast beef, gravy, potatoes, vegetables (fresh), bread, butter, fruit (apple sauce, rhubarb, rice pudding.)

Menu for a growing child:

Breakfast: Glass milk, thoroughly cooked oatmeal and cream, baked apple, buttered toast.

Lunch (10 o'clock): Graham crackers, milk or water (preferably water).

Lunch (1 o'clock): Bread and butter, creamed potatoes, fruit (stewed or fresh).

Lunch (4 o'clock): Graham crackers, milk.

Supper: Glass of milk, soft boiled eggs, shredded wheat biscuit, fruit (apples).

Menu for the constipated—Constipation is a condition brought on less by the diet than any other condition, usually departure from *hygiene.* If the habit is begun in childhood, it is easy to get a confirmed constipation habit, which would be acquired before the twentieth year. Bodily exercise is most effectual, before breakfast, in the regulations of the bowel movement—that which takes in flexion and torsion of the trunk.

Breakfast: Cereal, oatmeal, corn meal or wheat, sugar and cream, fresh fruit, coffee, dry toast.

Lunch: Soup, bread (whole wheat or graham), fresh fruit.

Dinner: Soup, meat—any kind, potatoes (any way except fried), vegetables (prepared any way), fruit, rhubarb sauce, desert, custards, simple pudding.

Bed-time: Four figs, or six prunes, or two apples.

Unless the alimentary canal is completely demoralized, it is hardly conceivable that it should not respond to this sort of treatment by a regular

quantities than would be necessary to supply the kidneys with nourishment and oxygen. The blood is sent to the kidneys, not for the kidneys' sake alone, but for the tissues. It is sent to the kidneys to be purified.

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A very great part of the waste matter passes away from the intestines, daily, known as feces. The fecal matter represents the indigestible and undigested food material that has passed through the whole length of the alimentary canal. Of the mass of material that reaches up the feces, only a very small amount is real excretion, because an excretion is a substance which has been within the tissues. Even the mucus, poured out of the wall of the large intestine to facilitate the movement of its contents, would be called an excretion, though it is part of the feces.

Digestion

There are some first principles which should govern the physician, the nurse, and the mother, in considering a diet for those under his or her care. Having decided upon the amount of protein which the diet represents, one must next consider the form in which the protein is to be given. Next to decide is the amount and source of carbonaceous foods. These foods include starches, sugars and fats. Carbonaceous foods must be made up largely from the carbohydrates. For a person using

movement of the bowels, at least *once* a day. Try to cultivate the habit of going to the closet at a regular hour a day, the best time immediately after breakfast. If this regularity is kept up, week after week, continuously and conscientiously, there will be a normal response at a regular hour every day. Children should be taught to go to the closet every morning after breakfast, that being their first duty every day, thus saving annoyance and inconvenience in their later life. The medical profession has given much study to drugs, and knows the kinds to use, and the exact amount for a given result, but foods are so common they have neglected them. The amount of food is just as important as the kind, and by amount we do not mean simply the number of ounces, or pounds, but the number of food units or calories. One is bulk, the other is value; one fills, the other nourishes. We must be able to reduce foods to their simplest terms. But mistakes are made in the use of foods. In some groups of cases such as malnutrition, fevers, diabetes, obesity, and renal and gastro-intestinal cases, the patient's health or life, even, depend upon *how* he is fed, *what kind* of food, and *how much* he is given.

DECEMBER

By Bela Chapin

How quick the seasons come and go!
The summer hurried through the sky,
The autumn tints were all aglow;
Now dreary prospects meet my eye;
Now winter freezes every scene
Where lately all was summer green.

The frost, the snow, the raging blast,
The sad and short December day,
The brook now held in fetters fast,
The icy hilltops far away,
The naked trees, such gloomy things,
Are but the objects winter brings.

STAR OF THE EAST

By Maude Gordon Roby

O little Star, that guided the three Wise Men—
Who journeyed far o'er Eastern lands their Lord to see
Who worshipped long, and offered their oblations—
Still beam in sweet effulgence upon me!

Shine bright adown the thorn-clad Path of Ages,
For blindly, men and women grope their heavy way;
They stumble, aye, and fall upon their sin-stained faces,
Have pity, Star, show *us* the Christ today!

movement of the bowels at least once a day. Try to cultivate the habit of going to the closet at a regular hour a day, the best time immediately after breakfast. If this regularity is kept up, week after week, continuously and conscientiously, there will be a normal response at a regular hour every day. Children should be taught to go to the closet every morning after breakfast, that being their first duty every day, thus saving many sure and unnecessary ills in their later life. The medical profession has given much study to drugs, and knows the kinds to use, and the exact amount for a given result, but foods are so common they have neglected them. The amount of food is just as important as the kind, and to amount are do not mean simply the number of ounces or pounds, but the number of food units or calories. One is built, the other is value; one fills, the other nourishes. We must be able to reduce foods to their simplest terms. But nutrition are made in the use of foods. In some people or cases such as malnutrition, nervousness, dyspepsia, obesity, and mental and general intestinal ones, the patient's health or life, even, depend upon how he is fed, what kind of food, and how much he is given.

NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY

MILTON B. WADLEIGH

Milton B. Wadleigh, born in Sutton, December 4, 1839, died at the old family homestead in that town, November 24, 1912.

Mr. Wadleigh was a descendant of that Robert Wadleigh who settled in Exeter in the early days of our history, and whose great-grandson, Benjamin Wadleigh, was one of the first settlers of Sutton, locating on the place which has ever since been known as the Wadleigh homestead. Benjamin Wadleigh was the first clerk and one of the first selectmen of Sutton as well as the first justice of the peace, and the Wadleighs have ever since been prominent in the affairs of the town. Benjamin Wadleigh, Jr., and Erastus, son of the latter, were alike active and conspicuous, and Milton B., son of Erastus and Almina (Challis) maintained the standing and reputation of his ancestry.

He was educated in the common schools and at New London Academy, and had devoted his life mainly to agriculture, the Wadleigh farm embracing some 300 acres of land; while outlying possessions brought the acreage up to more than 2,000. He had also been extensively engaged in lumbering; was the prime mover and principal owner of the Sutton creamery, and a leading promoter and treasurer of the Merrimack County Telephone Company.

He had served several years as selectman, was a member of the legislature of 1907, and of the last Constitutional convention.

Mr. Wadleigh had never married and was the last representative of the family in town, his nearest relatives being two cousins, one of whom is Miss Ella Wadleigh of Concord. Politically he was a Republican and in religion a Baptist.

WOODBURY M. DURGIN

Woodbury M. Durgin, a leading citizen and the oldest resident of the town of Northwood, died at his home in that town November 22, 1912.

He was born in Northwood June 8, 1825, the eldest son of Miles and Jane (Knowlton) Durgin, his ancestors removing to Northwood from Durham Point. He was educated in the common schools, and took an early interest in politics and public affairs, allying himself with the Republican party upon its organization. He was moderator of the town in 1859, representative in 1860 and several times a selectman. He was a commissioner for Rockingham County three years, from 1873, and appointed Register of Probate in 1876, and served five successive terms after the office became elective.

He enlisted in Company D, Fifteenth New Hampshire Regiment, in the Civil War, served most creditably and attained the rank of lieutenant. For ten years, from 1865 to 1875, he was extensively engaged as a contract shoe manufacturer, bringing the work from Lynn, Mass., to Northwood, where it was given out to men at their homes.

Mr. Durgin was a Free Baptist, a Mason, Odd Fellow and Patron of Husbandry, as well as a member of the G. A. R., having been at the head of the local organization in each order. He married, December 16, 1847, Abby G. James of Northwood, deceased.

GARDINER GILMAN

Gardiner Gilman, a prominent citizen of Exeter and a representative of one of the town's most noted families, died at his home in that town November 24, 1912. He was a son of Capt. Nathaniel and Elizabeth Gardiner Gilman, born December 8, 1829. His father, who was a soldier in the war of 1812, was a nephew of John Taylor Gilman, one of the early governors of New Hampshire. He was educated at Phillips Academy, entering in 1843. In 1852 he went to California, where he remained five years. He served in the Union Army in the Civil War as a member of the Forty-fifth Massachusetts Regiment. Aside from his stay in California and his army service Mr. Gilman had always lived in Exeter at the family homestead, embracing one of the largest farms in Exeter, from which a large donation had been made to the hospital grounds, and the balance of which, including some 250 acres, he deeded last year to Phillips Academy, retaining a life estate.

Mr. Gilman never married, but leaves two nephews and two nieces as next of kin. He lived a quiet, dignified life, largely in retirement, but enjoyed the companionship of many warm personal friends. He was a member of the New Hampshire Society of the Cincinnati, and of the Second Congregational Society of Exeter. By his will he left $1,000 each to Phillips Academy, the Cottage Hospital, Phillips church, and the Society of the Cincinnati.

HENRY A. MARSH

Henry Augustus Marsh, a prominent citizen of Nashua, died at his home in that city, November 21, after a long illness.

He was a native of Amherst, born November 2, 1839, and was educated at Claremont to which town he removed with his parents in early childhood. He went to Nashua in 1860, as a telegraph messenger, but enlisted in the Third New Hampshire Regiment in the Civil War the following year, and gained the rank of lieutenant in the service. He was appointed postmaster of Nashua by President Grant in 1876 and served till 1885, when he established Marsh's Nashua & Boston Express, which he conducted for many years. He was a republican in politics and had served in the Legislature and as a member

NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY

of the Nashua Board of Assessors. He was a 33d degree Mason and a member of the G. A. R.

HENRY C. BROWN

Henry C. Brown, a well-known musician of Boston, born in Westmoreland, December 12, 1837, died at his home, 41 Mt. Vernon Street, Boston, December 6, 1912.

He was a son of John Dwight Brown, a violinist and noted local teacher of vocal music, and when twenty years of age went to Boston and became deputy leader of the old Boston Brigade Band, and later held the same position in P. S. Gilmore's band. He organized a band for the Twenty-third Massachusetts Regiment in the Civil War, and was a member of the orchestra that played at the Peace Jubilee in 1869. In 1872 he toured Europe and with his band played at Saratoga in 1877–78–79. Later he devoted himself to teaching and solo-playing. He was a member of the Masonic fraternity and the G. A. R.

EDITOR AND PUBLISHER'S NOTES

While nearly every town in the state has a free public library accessible, under certain conditions, to all its people, not all towns, and in fact but a small proportion of them have special buildings erected and equipped for the proper housing of such libraries. Fortunately every year witnesses one or more additions to the number of these buildings generally provided for through the generosity and public spirit of some well-to-do citizen or former resident of the town, who thereby not only serves most effectively the public, now and hereafter, but builds for himself a most enduring monument. One of the latest accessions to the number of our free public library buildings is that in the town of Franconia, dedicated and opened to the public December 11, it being the gift of Col. and Mrs. Charles H. Greenleaf. It is one of the most substantial and thoroughly constructed, as well as the most conveniently arranged to be found in the state, Colonel Greenleaf having inspected many buildings of the kind in this and other states before perfecting his plans. The exterior is of sandstone and Indiana brick, with steel girders and cement in the interior, and mahogany trimmings and furniture. All the appointments are perfect in taste and adaptation, and the town may well be proud of so valuable an addition to the attractions it enjoys. Colonel Greenleaf has been identified with the leading interests and the material and social life of Franconia for more than fifty years, in connection with the management and proprietorship of the Profile House, and in thus sharing the fruits of his prosperity with the people of the town, he proves his loyal devotion as a true and patriotic citizen. May others follow his example.

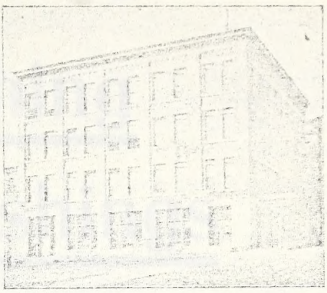
It is gratifying to learn that a history of the town of Hudson is in preparation, and will soon be ready for the printer, the work being in the hands of that veteran citizen and careful historical student, Kimball Webster, than whom no man is better equipped for such service. There are many towns in the state of which no adequate history has ever been written, and the time is rapidly passing in which it will be possible to secure the necessary data for their preparation and completion. There should be decisive action along this line without further delay in all these towns.

At the spring meeting of the New Hampshire Board of Trade in Exeter last May, a resolution was presented and adopted, urging the inauguration of measures to insure the holding of a great international exposition in Boston in 1920 in observance of the three hundredth anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth, and the settlement of New England. The Boston Chamber of Commerce gave no response to the call of the resolution regarding the undertaking as too great to be ventured upon; but the idea, fortunately, has not been lost, and an organization has already been formed looking to a proper and formal observance of the anniversary in question, and in furtherance of the movement a monthly publication, to be known as the *Pilgrim Magazine* is about to make its appearance in Boston, and the same will be awaited and welcomed with interest, not only by all descendants of the Pilgrims, but by all citizens who take pride in the great structure of civil and religious liberty whose foundations they laid, and whose blessings we all enjoy.

Volume 44 (No. 7 of the New Series) is completed with this issue of the GRANITE MONTHY. Those subscribers desiring to exchange their unbound numbers for 1912, for the bound volume, which they may do for 50 cents, should notify the publisher at once. All subscribers now in arrears are requested to make payment up to the present time and a year in advance. Any subscriber desiring to distribute appropriate New Year's presents among his friends can order this magazine sent to three different addresses for the year 1913, for $2.00.

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